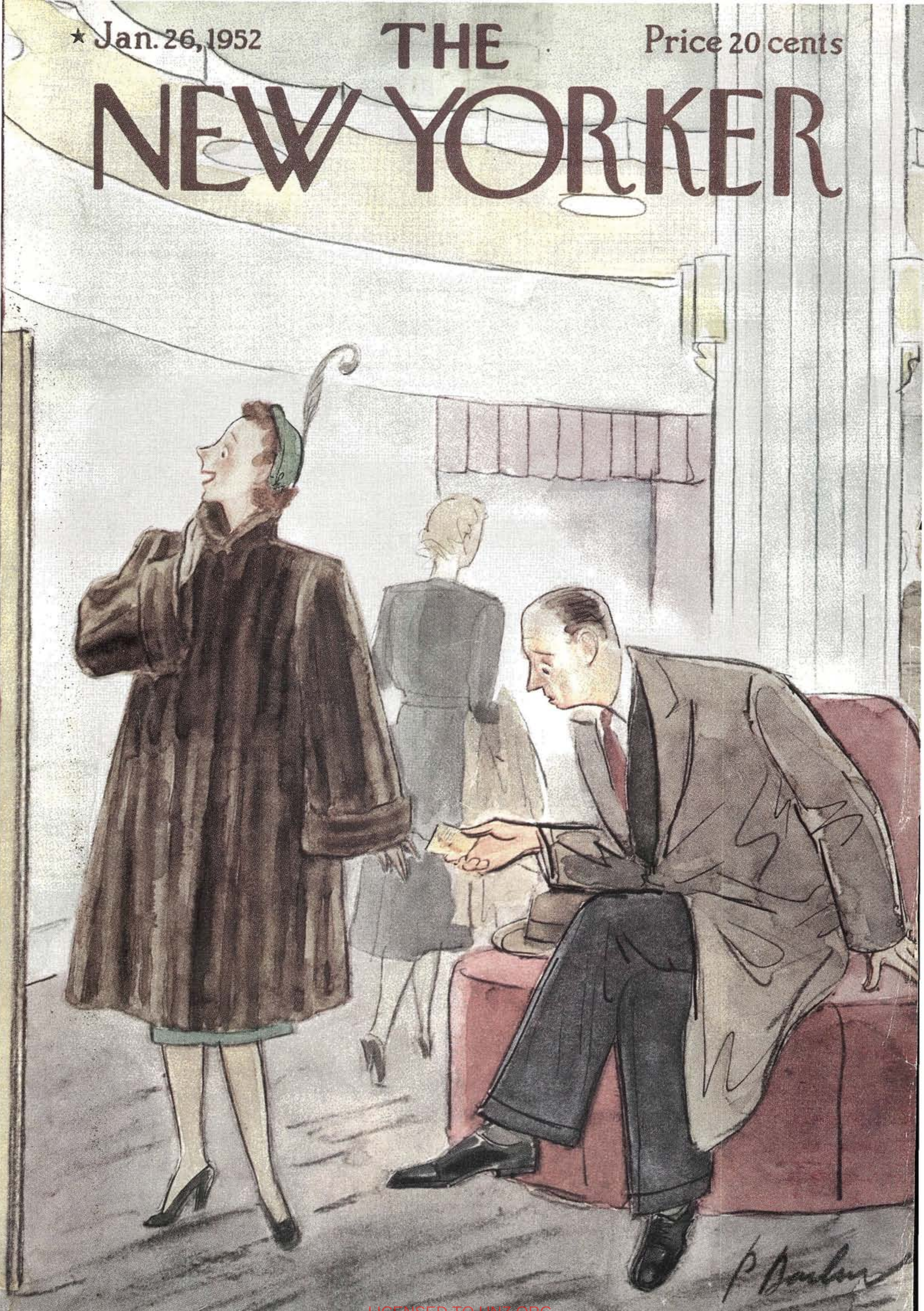
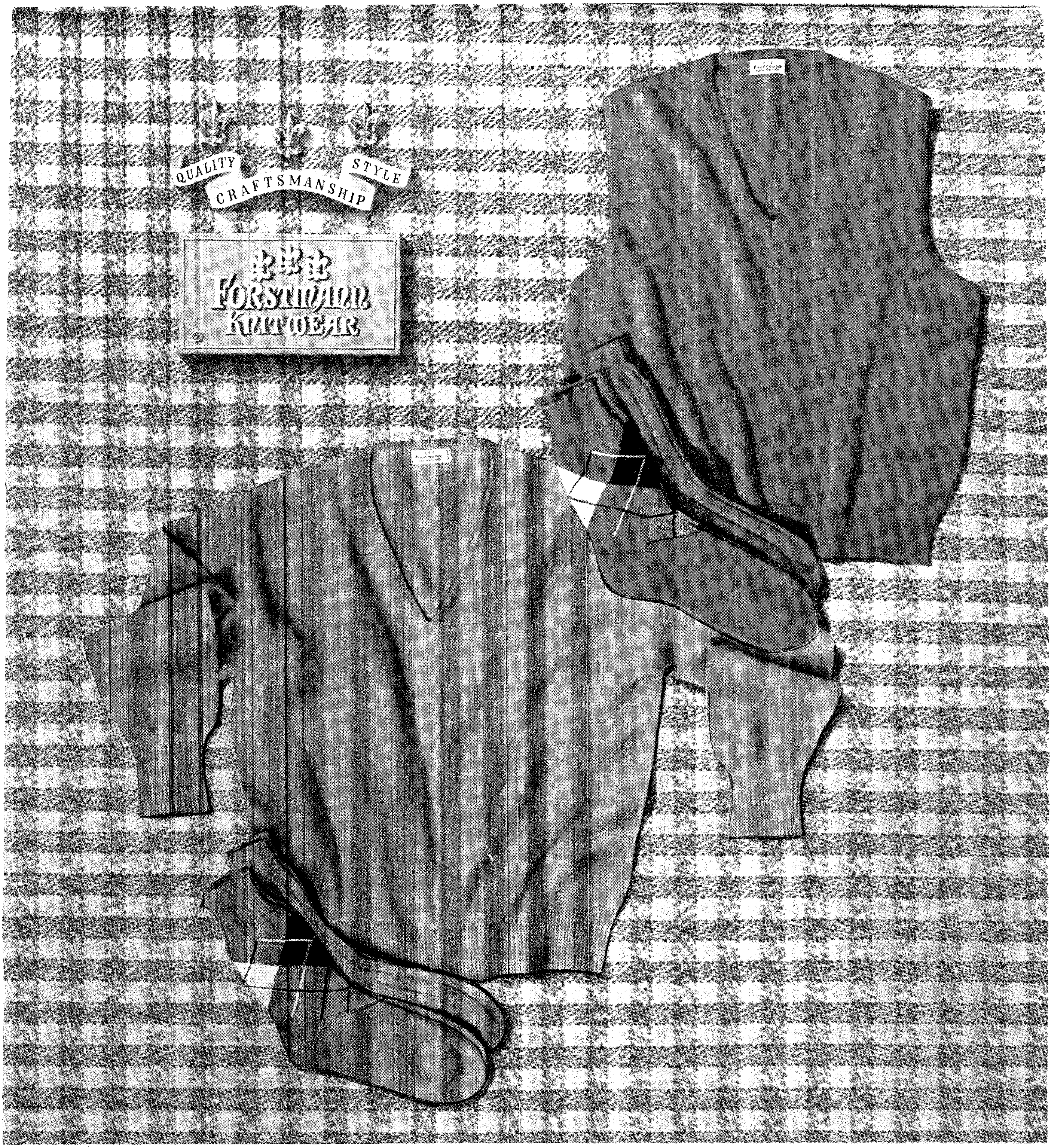
★ Jan. 26, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents




QUALITY
STYLE
CRAFTSMANSHIP
FORSTMANN
KNITWEAR

The
Excellence You Expect
of **FORSTMANN**

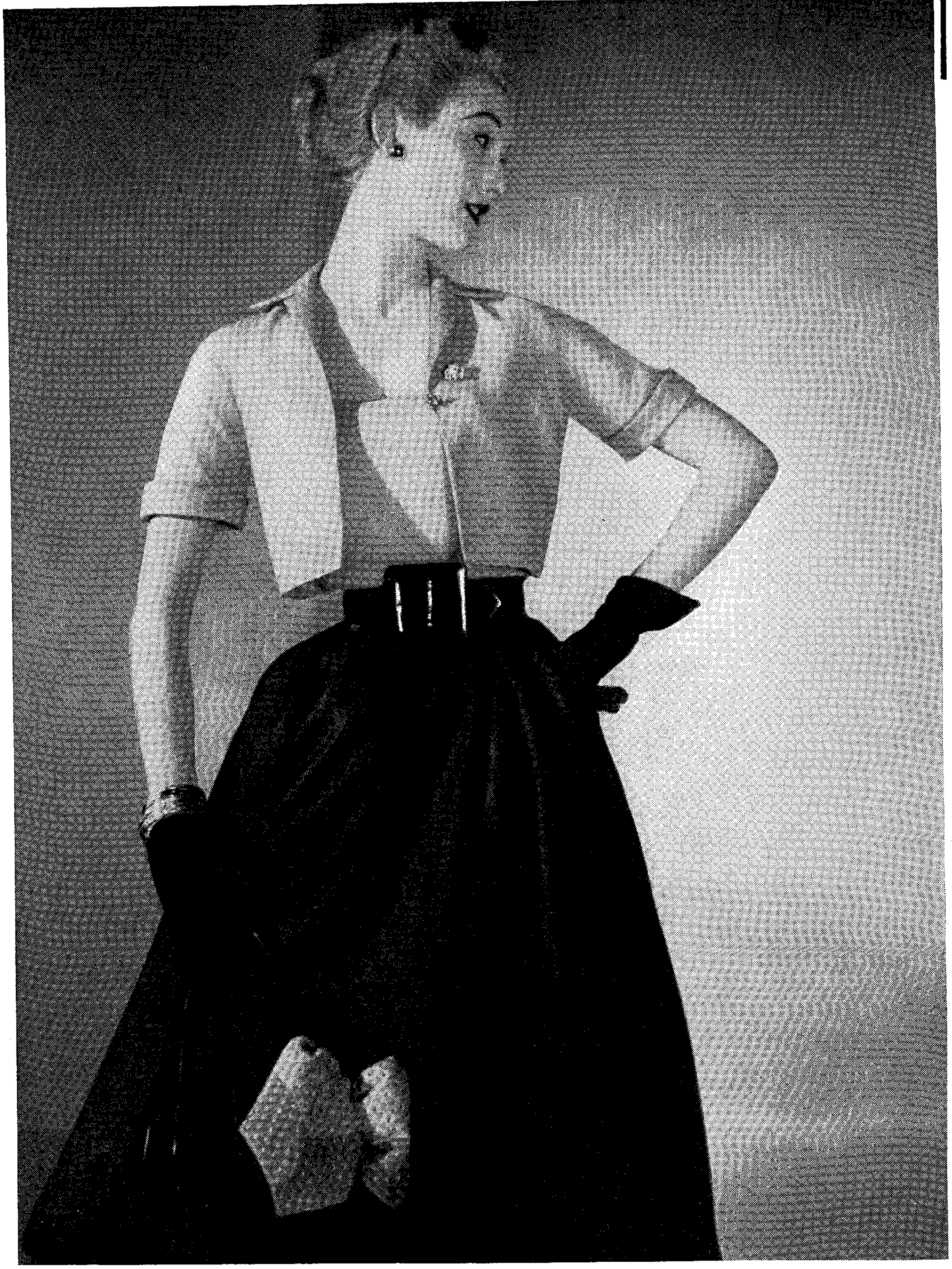
FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

©

The superb quality you associate with the Forstmann label is typified by this knitwear of the world's finest cashmere. The pullovers, full-fashioned of 100% cashmere, are available with or without sleeves. Ribbed socks in companion colors, or matching Argyle patterns, are 75% cashmere reinforced with 25% nylon . . . *In a wide range of colors at better stores.*

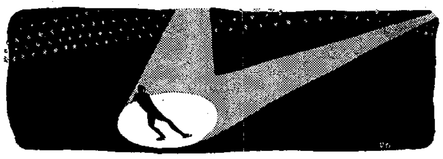
SUNNING UP THE NEWS NOW...

BONWIT TELLER



a classic, a paragon,
this square neck sundress that's full dress with its own jacket.
Pure Irish linen in beige or pink with black
10 to 18 sizes 49.95 by Nantucket Natural
New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNA CHRISTIE—Celeste Holm, Art Smith, Grace Valentine, and Kevin McCarthy in a revival of the O'Neill play. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA and **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. All very eminent. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Friday evening, Jan. 25; Monday evening, Jan. 28; Wednesday matinée and evening, Jan. 30; and Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 2. "Antony and Cleopatra": Thursday evening, Jan. 24; Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 26; Tuesday evening, Jan. 29; and Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 31-Feb. 1. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 12.)

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Somerset Maugham's 1926 comedy concerning a lady who has remarkably superior views about sex has been revived with a cast headed by Katharine Cornell and including Brian Aherne and Grace George. In spite of the efforts of these talented people and of Guthrie McClintic's direction, it shows its age. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—This revival of one of Eugene O'Neill's most distinguished tragedies is certainly worth your attention. Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson are the trio who brood about adultery, property, and various other matters in the grim confines of a New England farmhouse. The first of a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

THE FOURPOSTER—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GIGI—Anita Loos's lively dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided fine period surroundings for her, and has given her the assistance of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I AM A CAMERA—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NEW YORK CITY THEATRE COMPANY—Clemence Dane's "Come of Age," with music by Richard Addinsell and starring Judith Anderson, is the last in a series of three plays presented by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

POINT OF NO RETURN—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Mr. Fonda has the assistance of Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige and Jackie Cooper. It is rocky going for every one of them but they show remarkably few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SAINT JOAN—Shaw's famous play about that girl from Domremy has been given a rich production by the Theatre Guild, and the result is plainly a triumph. The first-rate cast, directed by Margaret Webster, is headed by Uta Hagen, who is enthusiastically abetted by John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and a multitude of others, almost equally gifted. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

THE SHRIKE—Joseph Kramm's play, about a man who tries to commit suicide and the woman who drove him to it, is one of the most intelligent and disturbing works of the season. José Ferrer, who is also the director and coproducer, plays the unhappy hero and his mate is Judith Evelyn. Among the others involved in the action, which takes place in a hospital ward, are Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

STALAG 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company in it. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**AFFAIRS OF STATE:** Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are around, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MOON IS BLUE:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

PAINT YOUR WAGON—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, and Gemze De Lappe are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PAL JOEY—A happy recurrence of the famous musical show that John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart put together twelve years ago for adults of all ages. Harold Lang, Vivienne Segal, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander have a jaunty time putting it through its paces, which haven't slowed down a bit over the years. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOP BANANA—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 27.)

TWO ON THE AISLE—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner still have the leading parts in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** George Britton is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

GERTIE—A play by Enid Bagnold, with Glynis

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 56
BOOKS 86
THE CURRENT CINEMA 69
LETTER FROM PARIS 76
MUSICAL EVENTS 81
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 70
THE RACE TRACK 85
THE THEATRE 52

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 50, January 26, 1952. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

Charles of the Ritz
hand-blends
your face powder
right before your eyes

that's why it does the most for your beauty, $1, $2, $3 sizes (plus tax)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Johns and Albert Dekker at the head of the cast. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JANE—Edna Best and Basil Rathbone in S. N. Behrman's dramatization of a story by W. Somerset Maugham. Presented by the Theatre Guild and directed by Cyril Ritchard. Opens Friday, Feb. 1. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—A revue, starring Barbara Ann Scott. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2-3, at 2:30. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6.)

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

CHARLES LAUGHTON—Readings from Shakespeare, Dickens, James Thurber, and others. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

DUDLEY-MASLOW-BALES—And their company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler fools around with his violin in the rotunda.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than those in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A hanging garden that must have been left over from comfy, carefree old Babylon. Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra make the night merry from eight-thirty on. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Thursday, Jan. 31, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room's new ice show, the pretty girls are sometimes costumed as daiquiris, sometimes as Confederate pfc.s, but the discerning eye can easily penetrate these innocent disguises. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, the girl who made Milwaukee and Mack trucks famous. Dancing to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, a dinner show only. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre, where there are also songs by Suzanne Raye.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jimmy Savo, the saddest and perhaps the most lovable waif in town, is cheering up the Persian Room, where Rolly Rolls lays slightly heavy hands on both his humor and his piano. Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's orchestras take care of the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras slither from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Guy Lombardo's assorted music-makers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, June Roselle, a small coloratura seraph from Oklahoma, glides from Porter to Puccini with a grace and aplomb far beyond her years. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Emil Coleman and Jan Brunesco, and the bands belonging to them, are at work in the social little Carnaval Room. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's orchestra trumpets away during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. On Monday, Jan. 28, Tex Beneke's band will replace Mr. A.'s. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A sort of gold-plated Chock Full o' Nuts. The service, they say, can be leisurely, but there's dancing while you wait.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A fetching lot of youngsters—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—put their hearts into their work, which happens to be a blithe little musical comedy. Carmen Torres, who's also concerned, has a tremendous voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, there's Gloria De Haven, a shooting star (Hollywood) with a helter-skelter way of singing, and Bob Fosse, who dances. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away the whole evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve.... ¶ Michael Zarin's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—A romantic view of New York 19, N. Y., and one or two other glamorous areas, is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge, which is open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The moving spirit here is Eddie Davis, whose dance music is wedding-party and whose smile is all-embracing. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A gathering spot for young ones who have a few hours to kill before dawn. Louis Hawkins serves as moderator, pianist, and bulletin board from eleven on, and Van Wood, from the *boîtes* of Paris and Capri, serves as troubador after nine. Fridays and Saturdays, Jo Hurt pipes her cheery ballads after the theatre. Mr. Hawkins is also at the piano evenings from six to nine. Closed Sundays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Dorothy Dandridge, a singer we've all been hearing a lot about, is the main interest in this offshoot of Broadway. Dancing to Phil Moore's trio and others.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the dark hours between ten and one, except Sundays, with his nostalgic piano.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for one of the town's most energetic bunch of conversationalists. Closed Sundays. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, this guys-and-dolls trysting place has (after dinner) the trio of Sonny Kendis, who drives his piano as if he were Barney Oldfield.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive man with a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jackie Miles, repository of many a tried-and-true gag, and Mitzi Green, a brash and bouncing comedienne. The dance team of Harrison and Fisher is another part of the teeming cast. On Thursday, Jan. 31, a new carnival arrives, headed by Jan Murray (humor) and Toni Arden (song).... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White's highly stylized voice and guitar are deep in American folk music, both ancient and Tin Pan Alley. ... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, burlesque, sawdust, hubbub, and stupendous puns by Paul Killiam. Visiting performers drop in on Mondays at midnight. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Along with some fine old favorites—the glee-club Delta Rhythm Boys, the rampageous Jane Dulo's comedy, and the delectable Portia Nelson's songs—there's one of the novelties of the season, Les Mains d'Yves Joly, a pantomime made up of equal parts of art, artfulness, and charm. The richly inlaid background music comes from the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross.... ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides piano music at the dinner hour. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30, Eadie and Rack will be playing their celebrated piano duets there after the theatre, except on Saturday.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Mickey Deems, a new edition of Peck's Bad Boy, is hot as a pistol these wintry nights. Bibi Osterwald, a blockbuster of a soubrette, takes her ballads by storm; the Three Riffs set their brisk banter to brisk music; and Bud McCreery intones his homemade commentaries on the passing scene. The Norman Paris trio plays celestial

How to make a suit jacket suitable

UNSEEN AND OFTEN UNSUNG—but very important to your personal appearance – that's your rayon coat lining! Without it the smartest tailoring job would refuse to drape properly . . . seams would give up faster . . . suit wear would be accelerated.

So let's take it out from under and see what makes this suit essential tick.

First of all—why *rayon* suit lining? A short consideration of the job a lining must perform will answer that. It must withstand constant rubbing against starched shirts. Here, of course, man-made rayon is tops. Then, too, rayon's smooth-surfaced fibers make it easy to slip the coat on and off. Because rayon can be lastingly dyed, and made strongly resistant to shrinkage and perspiration, it generally outlasts the rest of your suit.

Present day linings are the result of many years of cooperation between Avisco experts and textile manufacturers. How successful have they been? Just try finding a suit without a rayon lining! American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Avisco®

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music, and Julius Monk is the *conférencier.* Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté has at last found his niche, which turns out to be folk songs. Phil Leeds tells funny stories on everyone, including himself, and Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews' authoritative discussion of some pressing problems—how to get the wolf inside the door, etc., etc.—and Jeff Warren's warm-hearted ballad singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The feline Thelma Carpenter's vivid songs, along with romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels, and barrel-house piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, not to mention the catalytic ditties of the Three Flames, led by the super-heated Tiger Haines, or the raffish fun Tony and Eddie make of some notable recording artists. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, whose happy little hunting horn echoes from wall to wall, is aided in his lifework by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and even Mr. Condon, when he isn't table-hopping. Don Abney is currently the interlude pianist. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hot-shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sunday evenings, Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow is on guitar) turns out quiet and sort of wonderful progressive jazz, and, except Mondays, Barbara Carroll (who learned bop piano early in her young life) paces her trio. Sunday evenings, Bobby Hackett and his light artillery help out. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is back home in this noisy old parlor. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's group, which includes Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, performs its special brand of welkin-ringing. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Billy Taylor's trio, with Charles Mingus on bass, is the principal reason for getting an earful here. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Jan. 25, a group of familiar faces, among them Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, George Wettling, Sonny Greer, Lou McGarity, Bobby Byrne, and Omer Simeon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This time (Jan. 25), Conrad Janis, his band, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton, Ohio, will perform. On Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3, the Janis group and Willie the Lion Smith will hold forth. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—At the **CARLEBACH,** 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Pieces mainly from the Paul Guillaume collection; through March 15. . . . **SEGY,** 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Showing of tribal sculptures from the French colonies, sponsored by the Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy; through Feb. 22.

JOSEF ALBERS—Squares and triangles in a series of dazzling studies of the interplay of color and abstract form; through Jan. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics, rather mixed both in styles and in quality, in this group's tenth annual exhibition; through Feb. 3. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

ALEXANDER CALDER—A show of new stabile and mobile sculptures, graceful, whimsical, and inventive as usual; through Feb. 9. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

HY COHEN—New oils, marked by solid design and a generally fresh use of color; through Jan. 26. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Paintings, swiftly linear in style, in a first American showing by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Jan. 31. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Lively and animated paintings of "Little Italy," more fluent in color and design than the previous work of this veteran portrayer of the district, plus some water colors of Italy itself; through Jan. 26. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

NANCY PROSKAUER DRYFOOS—Sculptures, mostly small and gracefully sinuous in design; through Jan. 25. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

LEO GAREL—A series of studies in oil of New York at night, best when they are least panoramic; through Feb. 9. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New paintings, many of them freer in design and more varied in motivation than formerly; through Jan. 26. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Touches of Chagall show up in a series of phantasmagoric drawings and water colors by this well-known sculptor; through Jan. 26. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Homer, Ryder, Ratkai, and Jackson; through Jan. 31. . . . **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Seldom seen works by a number of veterans of the modern movement, including Mondrian, Ben Nicholson, Morgan Russell, and others; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tanguy, Roszak, Giacometti, and others, along with a single sculpture by Matisse; through Feb. 9. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures by Barbara Lekberg (steel), Cleo Hartwig (mostly stone), and Ellen Key-Oberg (glazed terra cotta); through Jan. 25. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.

PHILIP GUSTON—Paintings, from 1949 to 1951, by one of the younger abstract Expressionists; through Jan. 26. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.)

HONDIUS—New paintings, many of them on maritime subjects, by an artist whose work has grown steadily more articulate and authoritative in recent years; through Feb. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LEONID—Salt flats and salt marshes by an artist who gets considerable poetry out of such sombre subjects; through Jan. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN—Ten oils and ten water colors, done during 1951 by this American master, now in his eighties; through Jan. 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

HENRY MATTSON—Rocks and waves and wintry landscapes, with a dreamily effective, if slightly monotonous, blue tonality; through Feb. 2. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstract paintings, all of landscape subjects and done with a kind of futuristic bravura reminiscent of the early Kandinsky; through Feb. 2. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

MODERN DRAWINGS—Six works apiece by Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, and Léger, in both black-and-white and color; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes, slightly Feiningeresque in influence, but executed with great grace and serenity; through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings, 1939 to 1945, in a collection that includes a good many that have never been seen here before; through Feb. 28. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

SCHANKER—Abstract paintings, variously involving the circle as their central image; through Feb. 2. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 9.)

GERALD VAN DER KEMP—First showing in this country of paintings and drawings, mainly of Paris subjects, by the curator of the Museum of Versailles; through Jan. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DE NAGY,** 206 E. 53rd St.: Robert Goodnough; through Feb. 9. Weekdays, 11 to 5. . . . **PORTRAITS, INC.,** 460 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A loan show of portraits, for the benefit of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York; through Feb. 16. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: Attilio Salemme; through Feb. 29. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Ary Stillman; through Feb. 9. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 44 W. 11th St.: Ninth annual show of oils; through Feb. 9. Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection. . . . ¶ A nostalgic potpourri of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—an array, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits, costumes, and household furnishings; starting Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures (about twenty-five in all) acquired through the Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund. Among them are Picasso's "Three Musicians" and Henri Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy," and sculptures by Maillol and Despiau, among others. Through March 23. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Works in various mediums by the Cosmopolitan Artists, a new group whose members come from many places—America, Egypt, Wales, Catalonia, and so on; through Jan. 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

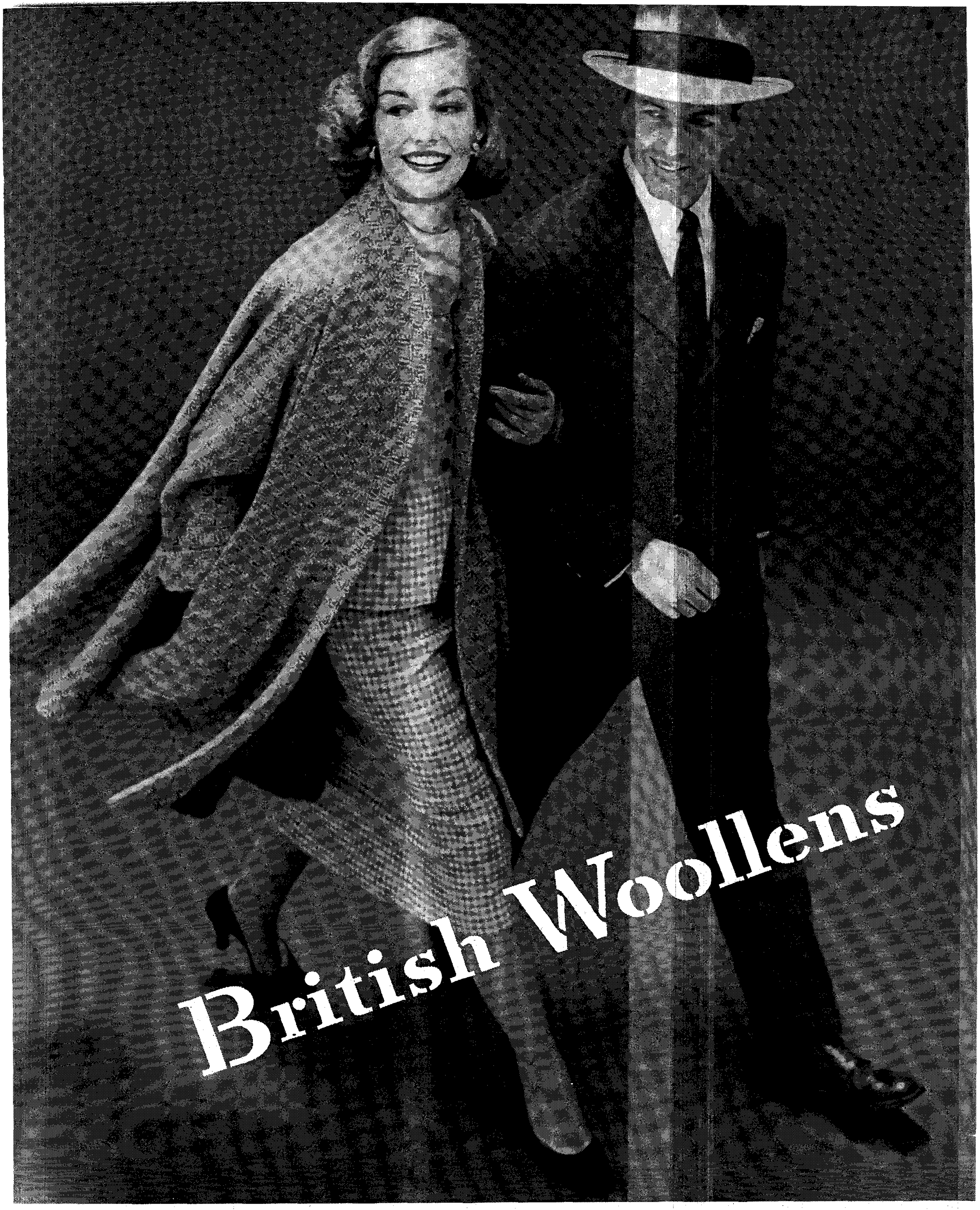
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

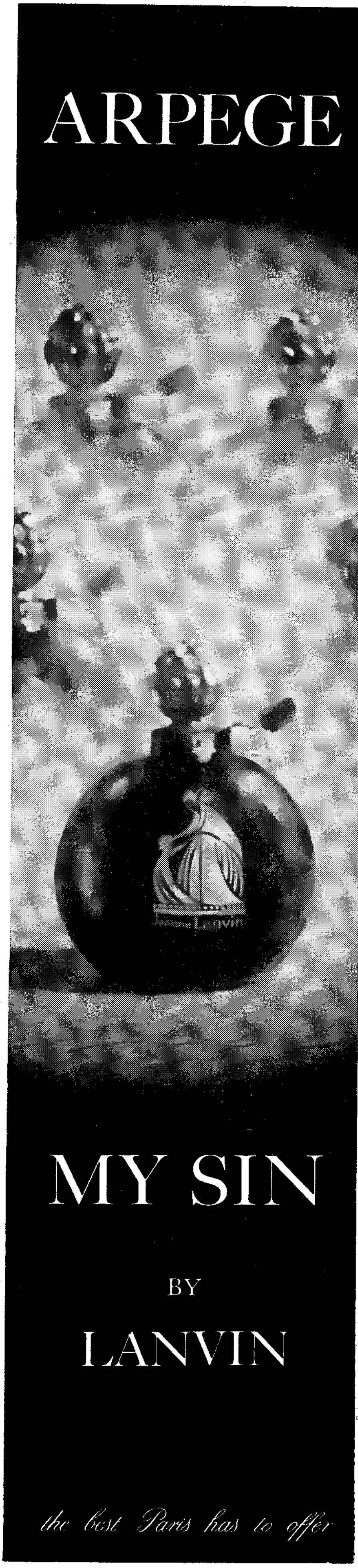
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni,



Motion pictured in glorious tweed. Transatlantic plaudits for British Woollens as directed and cut in the U. S. Co-starring his laird green, County Cut Scottish tweeds, to order at Sills of Cambridge and New York; her British wool, gray-checked suit and swashing topper by Monte-Sano.

SPONSORED BY THE NATIONAL WOOL TEXTILE EXPORT CORPORATION OF GREAT BRITAIN • 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Genevieve Warner, Nell Rankin, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Kurt Baum, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Manon," with Eleanor Steber, Giacinto Prandelli, Frank Valentino, and Nicola Moscona.... ¶ Monday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Aïda," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ljuba Welitch, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Irene Jessner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Paolo Silveri. (A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.)

MASQUE AND LYRE LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting: Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:45, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 (both with Nicole Henriot, piano).... ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin).

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Moura Lympany, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

JOSÉ ITURBI—Playing the piano and conducting the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in four concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30.)

SINGING BOYS OF NORWAY—Ragnvald Bjarne directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Sam Morgenstern directing a performance of Purcell's opera "Dido and Aeneas," in concert form, by the Mannes Choral Group, an orchestra, and soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5:30.)

CHORAL MASTERWORK SERIES—Robert Shaw directing the Robert Shaw Chorale and the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

CLIFFORD CURZON—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

GUILET STRING QUARTET—With Gaby Casadesus, piano, in an all-Fauré program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

LOEWENGUTH QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

NEW MUSIC STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

ERNA BERGER—Soprano, in the second of three lieder programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

NICOLA MOSCONA—Bass. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

SCHNEIDER QUARTET—The eighth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8:40.)

UTA GRAF—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

LILY PONS—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of five chamber-music programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:40.)

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

NIKITA MAGALOFF—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

EDMUND KURTZ—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Guiomar Novaes will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 29, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—The annual Franklin D. Roosevelt Birthday Memorial Concert, Deems Taylor presiding, with Erica Morini, violin; Licia Albanese, soprano; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; and Carlos Salzedo, harp, who will play alone and with his quartet. A benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Johnny Saxton vs. Livio Minelli, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30 A.M.: School-figures competition; Juveniles, Men's and Women's Novice Singles, and Women's Junior Singles.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs, as well as exhibitions.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30 A.M.: School-figures competition; Men's Junior Singles, and Women's and Men's Senior Singles.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Women's Pairs, as well as exhibitions.... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 27, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.: Junior, Senior, and Veterans' dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. CO 5-0681.)

TRACK—Millrose Athletic Association meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

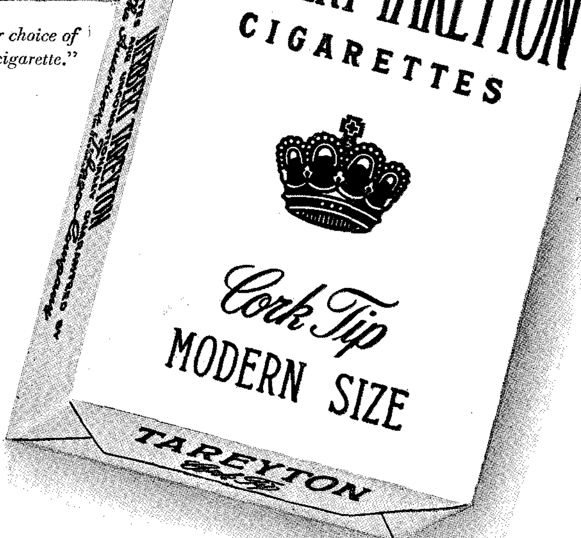
FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11.)

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART: "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... JUNIOR

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON

MISS CHESBROUGH L. HALL, lovely young member of New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Hall says: "So many of my friends have changed to Herbert Tareyton, my favorite cigarette."

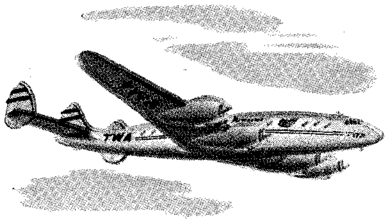


Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips...it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Sign of a good time to fly



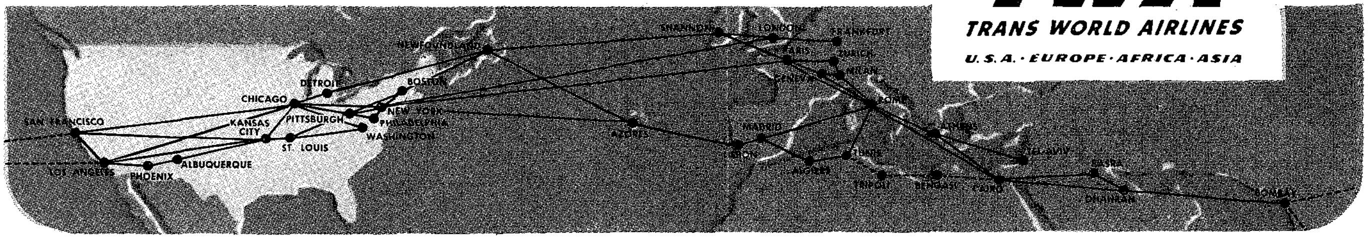
Don't let your winter travel plans bog down in ice and snow. Take to that wide clear road at the "fair weather level" where TWA Skyliners fly. With surface storms and icy going far below, relax—and watch your travel problems melt away in the warmth of world-famed TWA hospitality. Next trip, whether your destination is across the U.S. or overseas, try TWA—and you'll never again let winter get you down!

Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS... YOU CAN DEPEND ON **TWA**

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

U.S.A. · EUROPE · AFRICA · ASIA


SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PHOENIX
ALBUQUERQUE
KANSAS CITY
CHICAGO
DETROIT
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON
BOSTON
NEWFOUNDLAND
AZORES
SHANNON
LONDON
FRANKFURT
PARIS
ZURICH
GENEVA
MILAN
ROME
MADRID
LISBON
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
BENGHAZI
CAIRO
ATHENS
TEL AVIV
BASRA
DHAHRAN
BOMBAY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATRE: "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **ADELPHI COLLEGE CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Thirteen Clocks," by James Thurber. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.) . . . **HANS MANN'S CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE:** "Cinderella." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.) . . . **MERRY-GO-ROUND THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11 and 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Golden Apple." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

MISCELLANY—At the **LITTLE THEATRE CLUB:** A variety show. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 11.) . . . **CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL:** "The Skating Season," a program of dancing and singing. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up very shortly. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here later over WCBS-TV, nightly, except Saturdays, at 6. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

ARCHITECTURE AND ORNAMENT—Architectural books and drawings, in an exhibition that includes Italian, French, and English works of the fifteenth through the eighteenth centuries, starting with the earliest printed book on architecture, published in 1485. Also, original drawings by Robert Adam, and a five-volume series of architectural plans of royal houses and gardens in France. Through April 12. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK COUNTRY HOUSES, 1750-1860—A pictorial survey (paintings, lithographs, and photographs) of about a hundred country estates as they appeared in the days when Fourteenth Street marked the northern boundary of the city's residential area and the rest of the island was farmland. Among the houses depicted are those of the Brevoorts, the Beekmans, and the Rikers, as well as four that remain standing today: the Morris-Jumel house, the Dyckman house, Gracie Mansion, and the Hamilton Grange. Through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

POETRY READING—Dylan Thomas presenting some of his works. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:40.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 1:45: French and Italian Provincial furniture and decorations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from various sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: First editions, manuscripts, and autograph letters, including items by Keats, Dickens, Beethoven, and Whitman; French illustrated works; and other books, all the property of Jacob J. Podell and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at about 9: An early Christian musical manuscript, owned by H. Aram Gulezyan. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 1:45: Ancient Egyptian art, dating from the predynastic era to the Saite and Ptolemaic periods, collected by M. A. Mansoor. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 25.

FOR THE **Parliament** SMOKER

and **NOW** for others

BSG
Parliament
G
B*S
B·S·G

Increased production now enables us to offer our famous sterling silver cover for Parliament cigarettes at a new price, and also covers for other popular brands. This sterling silver crush-proof container takes the place of the outer cover of your Parliament box, and fits snugly over your other favorite brands.

If you are one of the many whose order could not be filled earlier, our apologies and assurance that all orders can now be met.

Parliament cover **$10.** King size cover **$9.50**
Standard size cover **$8.75**

Hand engraved custom style monograms as shown **$1.** No C.O.D.'s. Add 40¢ per cover for postage and packing. All covers available in 14 kt. Gold. State your cigarette brand and style of monogram, underlining the *last* initial.

Federal tax included. Mail orders filled by Jean Tree. PL 7-8100.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a wonderfully entertaining musical. Gene Kelly is a most diverting American artist on the loose along the Seine. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 25, tentative. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Jan. 29.)

Detective Story—A first-rate treatment of the Sidney Kingsley melodrama dealing with the activities in a police station. The acting is uniformly excellent, and among those who figure in the film are Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Jan. 30.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—Cecil B. DeMille's Second-Coming description of the workings of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. Just the thing for big-top buffs when Mr. DeMille sticks to the circus and action, but rather on the silly side when he starts bleating about the troubles of lovers cavorting under Ringling canvas. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Light Touch—A moderately amusing account of the theft of a masterwork from a museum in Sicily and of the subsequent machinations among art lovers, dealers, and crooks, to get hold of the canvas. The cast, headed by Pier Angeli, has a pleasantly wry attitude toward all the carefree melodramatics that attend this movie. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Miracle in Milan—A funny Italian picture about an inspired foundling who becomes the teen-age leader of a mob of highly picturesque tramps living on a dump near Milan. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film is reminiscent of the old works of Chaplin and Clair. Winner of the New York Film Critics' Award as the best foreign film of 1951. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to that one, but still very worth while. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 25.)

Quo Vadis—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—The Northern Blues against the Southern Grays, in a picture, made by John Huston, that somehow isn't anything like as compelling as the Stephen Crane novel from which it derives. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 30.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11. Reserved seats only.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A literal translation to the screen of the Tennessee Williams play about a Southern lady, no better than the next, and her Polish brother-in-law, who is much worse. Directed by Elia Kazan, and powerfully enacted by Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1951 Award. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 25-27. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 25-29.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Tony Draws a Horse—The English having some amiable fun at the expense of a number of their own social customs. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford are included in a very satisfactory cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 30.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Jan. 24.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Foolishness about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 27-28.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Five Men and a Woman (1938)—A French film (formerly called "They Were Five") concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 24.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Some high-toned Indians battling U.S. Army troops in the Custer period. Henry Fonda is the colonel. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 26.)

The Golden Twenties (1950)—Highlights of the twenties from movies and newsreels. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 26-30, tentative.)

Immortal Sergeant (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 26.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Jan. 27-28.)

Odette (1951)—The British Military Intelligence at work during the war. An English picture, with Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 27-28.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 26-30, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 27, showings at 3: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Zasu Pitts. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Cry, the Beloved Country," Canada Lee.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE LIGHT TOUCH.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Jan. 30: **DETECTIVE STORY.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 29: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed.
From Jan. 30: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

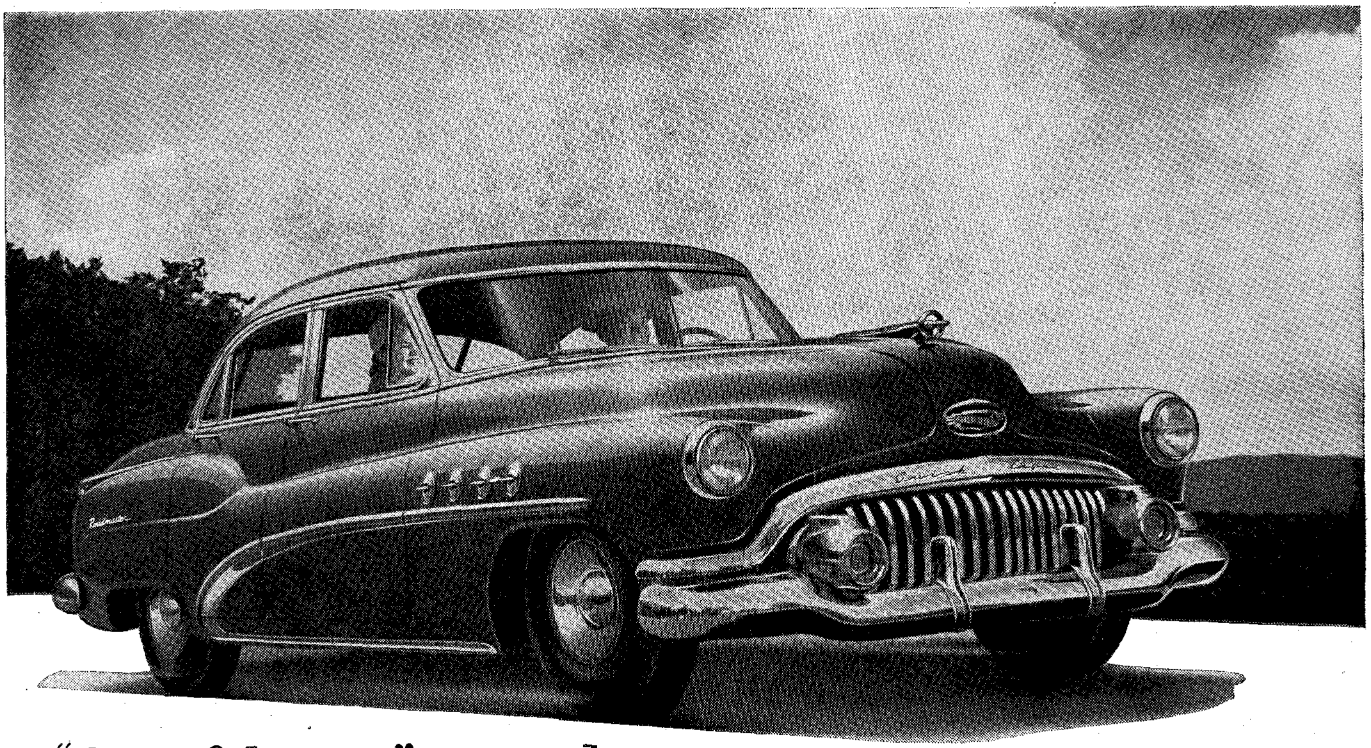
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
From Jan. 29 (tentative): "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).



"Out of thin air" comes the HIGHEST HORSEPOWER in Buick history

NOTE FROM YOUR BUICK DEALER

Presented here is the story of a great new engine development, as told by the men who did the job. We reprint the story here in its entirety—as we couldn't beat it if we tried.

* * *

No, we didn't have to build a new engine to do it.

We took Buick's valve-in-head Fireball Engine—which makes the most of high compression. We drew on 12 patient years of Buick carburetion research.

And we came up with more might, more miles, from gas—right out of thin air, in more ways than one.

When you talk about "miles per gallon" you think of fuel, because that's what you buy.

But air's free—and for every gallon of gasoline, a busy engine can gulp more than 8,000 gallons of air.

The problem is to deliver air in the right proportions, throughout the full range of speeds at which you drive.

A carburetor—big enough to supply the air needed at full throttle—can be wasteful in stop-and-go driving.

A carburetor sized for thrift in city traffic literally smothers your engine when you really give it the gun.

So Buick engineers came up with the Airpower carburetor—a four-barrel automatic—and here's how it works.

Loafing along, two barrels are working, two stay closed. And you get a low-speed thrift and smoothness that's out of this world.

As you pick up speed, the "stand-bys" smoothly come into play—feeding not just more gas, but more air too — which means that you keep on getting maximum power from each drop of fuel.

You have 170 effortless horsepower when you need it—a tremendous reserve ready to go into instant action at the nudge of your toe.

You have the satisfaction of knowing that you get this power with a frugal use of gas. At 40 you use less gas than you formerly used at 30.

* * *

That's the story of Airpower carburetion in facts and figures straight from the factory.

But statistics can't tell you the breath-taking joy of heading for new horizons in a great-powered new ROADMASTER.

When can you do that? Better come in soon. Lots of other folks are flocking into our showroom these days to see the greatest array of new Buicks we've had in years.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

Sure is true for '52...

When better automobiles are built
BUICK
will build them

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

**How many times a year
do you shop for a gift
that will give special pleasure
to someone?
These are occasions
for a gift from Altman's . . .
you'll find
Altman ideas for giving
in every section of our store.
Come in, write or phone us
next time you are gift-shopping.**

**Altman's East Orange,
White Plains or
Manhasset stores are
your gift counsellors
if you live in the
suburbs . . . a gift from
Altman's means more.**

EVERYONE LIKES A GIFT
◆ ESPECIALLY FROM ALTMAN'S ◆

BA

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

telephone MUrray Hill 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the television set of a small saloon on Forty-fourth Street, we watched Churchill address Congress. The occasion showed the persistent nationalism of these times—more unflinching, perhaps, than in the years just before the last war. Churchill's speech quite plainly revealed the unrelaxed sovereignty of Britain, and her stiffness toward European federation. But even more sobering was the unyielding sovereignty of the customers in the saloon, each arguing his personal affairs loudly. Very few listened and watched. There were tables along the wall, and lunch was being served within easy view of Washington, D.C. Each table was a world unto itself; each man eagerly shaped his own immediate strategy—in advertising, in business, in promotion, or in some other sphere of activity. The voices, the ice in the shaker, almost completely drowned out the Prime Minister as he pleaded for unity in great causes. Every issue at the tables, of course, depended for its outcome on the Churchillian event and its significance and its consequences, just as England's and France's and Belgium's outcome depends on global destiny. But sovereignty remained unbroken in the saloon, each fellow loudly reinforcing his own little fences. Fences, fences, fences!

THE *Post* has been running some pieces on Walter Winchell, showing, among other things, how far a man can fall who goes out of Mr. W.'s good graces. We know something about this of our own experience. In fact, we are almost at the bottom of the heap. The first piece we wrote about Winchell was in the winter of 1928, when we called *Punch's* attention to his column in the *Evening Graphic*. (*Punch* was struggling at the time with American slang and seemed to need guidance.) Winchell was pleased with our brief note and came into the *New Yorker* offices, which were then on Forty-fifth Street. He thanked us kindly and said that our paragraph had meant a good deal to him. That was 1928. We have come upon evil days. Not long ago, Winchell took notice of something on this page and ended his dissent with the simple plea "Oh, wake up!"

THE first time we ever saw a large, heavy airplane drop swiftly out of the sky for a landing, we thought the maneuver had an element of madness in it. We haven't changed our opinion much in thirty years. During that time, to be sure, a great many planes have dropped down and landed successfully, and the feat is now generally considered to be practicable, even natural. Anyone who, like us, professes to find something implausible in it is himself thought to be mad. The other morning, after the Convair dived into the East River, an official of the Civil Aeronautics Board said that the plane was "on course and every circumstance was normal"—a true statement, aeronautically speaking. It was one of those statements, though, that illuminate the new normalcy, and it encouraged us to examine the affair more closely, to see how far the world has drifted toward accepting the miraculous as the commonplace. Put yourself, for a moment, at the Convair's controls and let us take a look at this day's normalcy. The speed of a Convair, approaching an airport, is about a hundred and forty miles an hour, or better than two miles a minute. We don't know the weight of the plane, but let us say that it is heavier than a grand piano. There are passengers aboard. The morning is dark, drizzly. The skies they are ashen and sober. You are in the overcast. Below, visibility is half a mile. (A few minutes ago, it was a mile, but things have changed rather suddenly.) If your forward speed is two miles per minute and you can see half a mile after you get out of the overcast, that means you'll be able to see what you're in for in the next fifteen seconds. At the proper moment, you break out of the overcast and, if you have normal curiosity, you look around to see what's cooking. What you see, of course, is Queens—an awful shock at any time, and on this day of rain, smoke, and shifting winds a truly staggering shock. You are close to earth now, doing two miles a minute, every circumstance is normal, and you have a fifteen-second spread between what you *can* see and what you can't. What you hope to see, of course, is Runway 22 rising gently to kiss your wheels, but, as the passenger from Bath so aptly put it, "When I felt water splashing over my feet, I knew it wasn't an airport."

AIRPLANE design has, it seems to us, been fairly static, and designers have docilely accepted the fixed-wing plane as the sensible and natural form. Improvements have been made in it, safety devices have been added, and strict rules govern its flight. But we'd like to see plane designers start playing with ideas less rigid than those that now absorb their fancy. The curse of flight is speed. Or, rather, the curse of flight is that no opportunity exists for dawdling. And so weather is still an enormous factor in air travel. Planes encountering fog are diverted to other airports, and set their passengers down hundreds of miles from where they want to be. In very bad weather, planes are not permitted to leave the ground at all. There are still plenty of people who refuse to fly simply because they don't like to proceed at two miles a minute through thick conditions. Before flight becomes what it ought to be, a new sort of plane will have to be created—perhaps a cross between a helicopter and a fixed-wing machine. Its virtue will be that its power can be used either to propel it rapidly forward or to sustain it vertically. So armed, this airplane will be able to face bad weather with equanimity, and when a pall of melancholy hangs over Queens, this plane will be seen creeping slowly down through the overcast and making a painstaking inspection of Runway 22, instead of coming in like a grand piano.

•

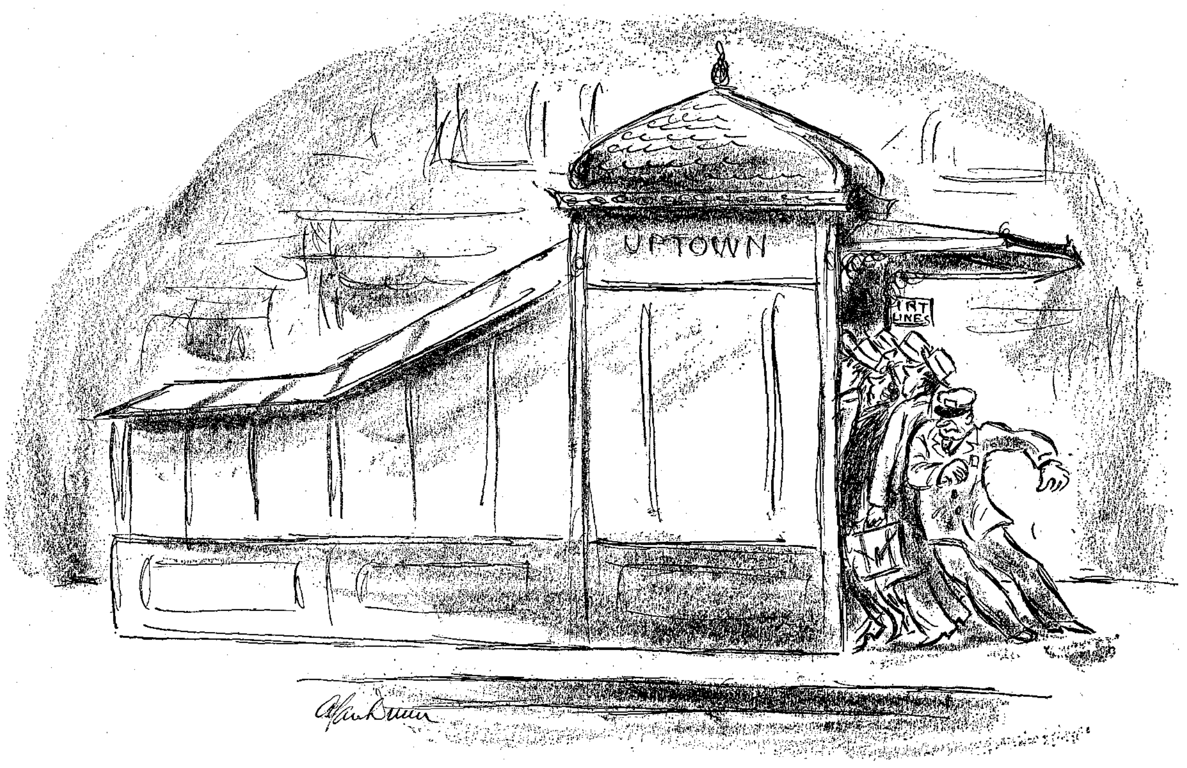
BOSTON INTELLIGENCE: The following listing graces the Boston telephone directory:

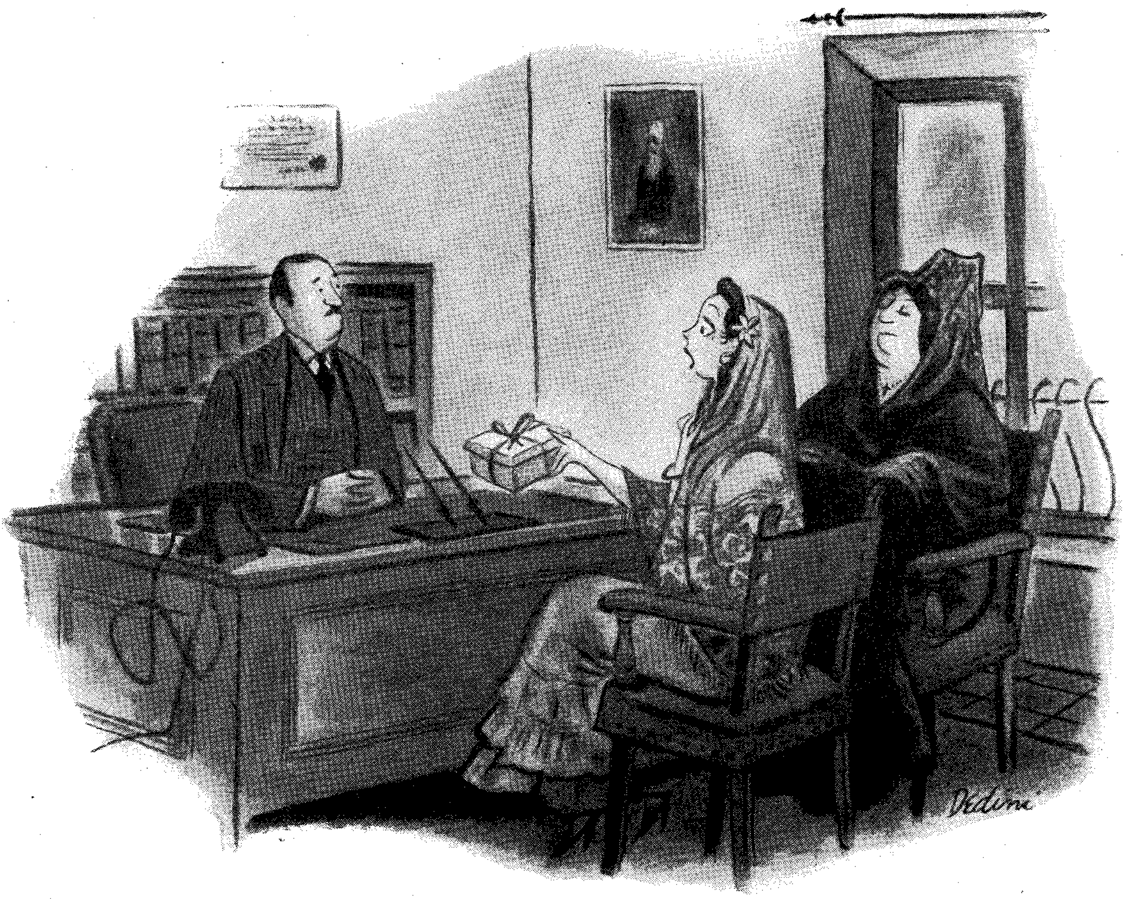
Princeton Alumnae Assn of New Eng
20 Thorndk TRobrdg 6-6247

Hero's Welcome

TEN-FIFTEEN in the morning of the day the city extended its official welcome to Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen, of the Flying Enterprise, found us, by fortunate prearrangement, in the office of Grover Whalen, chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Receptions to Distinguished Guests. Mr. Whalen, who was on the phone when a secretary ushered us in, waved to us genially, muttered concernedly into the mouthpiece, listened attentively for a moment, and then hung up with a sigh of relief. "We've got seven hundred boys from the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point coming down in a ferryboat to greet the Captain," he said to us. "Thank goodness, they won't be held up." He went to a closet, supplemented his blue suit, blue shirt, blue-and-white-striped tie, and blue socks with a blue overcoat, a blue scarf, and a black hat, and proceeded to whisk us, by city car and the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, to the shores of Bay Ridge, at Sixty-ninth Street, where the Captain was to embark for Manhattan. "He came in by air, though he's a man of the sea," the Chairman observed as we went lickety-split down the West Side Drive. "Naturally, we had to arrange a boat trip to let seamen pay him tribute." Mr. Whalen looked at us with the air of a man discussing a mild impropriety. "He really should have come in by sea," he said. "We thought of putting him on the Queen Mary. Hans Isbrandtsen, his employer, suggested this to him by transatlantic phone, but he wanted to get back to his family by the quickest way. He landed at Idlewild early this morning. I was up until four—I met him, of course—and I had to be at my office at eight, to prepare for a nine-o'clock meeting." We expressed a hope that Mr. Whalen, who looked as fresh as a cornflower, would get to bed early that night, and he said, "Certainly not. I'm having a dinner party."

As we sped by the wharves of the New York Dock Company, in Brooklyn, Mr. Whalen said, "This idea of a reception is totally foreign to the Captain's nature. He feels he's a failure, because he lost his ship. However, he said he'd like to walk from the Battery to City Hall, rather than drive. I don't know, though. If the crowd gets out of hand, it might be dangerous." We asked Mr. Whalen whether he planned to walk, too, and he shook his head. "Not that I mind the walk at all—it takes exactly thirteen minutes—but I don't want to share any of the Captain's limelight," he said. We drove onto the Bay Ridge pier, which was flanked by two city tugs and two hundred-and-ten-foot Coast Guard cutters, and boarded one of the latter, the Sauk, where we found Mr. Meyer Berger, of the *Times*. The other ships were crowded with Mayor's Committee personnel and with other members of the press, scores of them cameramen. Mr. Whalen remained ashore for a few minutes, until, at five past eleven, Captain Carlsen, his wife, and their two daughters, Sonja and Karen, accompanied by Mr. Isbrandtsen, his son Walter, and his sister, Mrs. Carl Hogstedt, and also by a tall, bearded man with a wooden leg, drove up in the wake of a motorcycle-police escort bearing federal, state, and municipal flags. Blasts from all four ships hailed their arrival. Mr. Whalen welcomed the Carlsens and their entourage with a seasoned smile and a hearty handshake, and guided them to the bridge of the Sauk. Piteous cries of "Captain! Captain Carlsen! We can't see you, Captain! Step to the rail, Captain!" rose from the cameramen. The Captain posed obligingly, looking dignified and bewildered. The Sauk cast off, Whalen, Carlsen, and the Isbrandtsens fell into chat, and the Irish Willow, a small freighter anchored to starboard, hurled great honks in our direction. We buttonholed the Captain briefly, and learned that he was brought up in Elsinore, Denmark; as a youth roamed its fabled castle, whose keeper was a friend of his; has sailed on ships since 1929,





"And these are tape recordings of all his serenades."

when he was fifteen; had been too excited to sleep the night before; and couldn't understand the whole thing. We also learned that the one-legged bearded man was Captain Peter Freuchen, a fellow-Dane and an Arctic explorer, who is an old friend of Hans Isbrandtsen's. It was terribly cold, so we left the Captain and went inside, behind the wheel, where Mrs. Carlsen and Mrs. Hogstedt were having a Danish conversation and the two Carlsen girls were having an English conversation. "There's another one starting," said Sonja, eleven, to Karen, seven, as we came in sight of the second of two fireboats, which were raising tremendous geysers. "Most powerful fireboat in the world," said a tall man, who was identified to us as Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., Commissioner of the Department of Marine and Aviation. "It can shoot eight thousand gallons a minute out of one nozzle." "The girls and I can't really take it in," said Mrs. Carlsen, "but it will be a nice memory."

As we neared the Battery, a dozen tugboats bellowed a welcome. We disembarked near the Staten Island ferry, at Pier A, which bore red, white, and blue bunting and a large sign, reading, "Well Done Captain Kurt Carlsen," and watched Captain Carlsen, Captain Freuchen, and Mr. Whalen get into an open gray Chrysler convertible, while the three lady Carlsens, Mr. Walter Isbrandtsen, and Mrs. Cavanagh boarded an open brown De Soto bearing a New York dealer license plate. The remaining members of the party mounted other vehicles, while we, inspired by Mr. Berger's example, climbed onto an open Signal Corps truck, and followed the Captain, who was preceded by a Merchant Marine honor guard of twenty midshipmen, to City Hall. "Whalen persuaded him not to walk," a man in our truck said. "He told him that the mob might break through the police lines and prove hazardous." The sidewalk crowds appeared to us large, polite, and unmenacing. Carlsen smilingly waved his cap at them, now in his right hand, now in his left; his family waved their hands, looking serious. Confetti and pieces of torn paper fell on one and all. "A bit of the New York *Times*, I believe, Mr. Berger," a lady reporter in our truck said deferentially, handing a scrap to Mr. Berger. He looked at it and nodded. We pulled alongside the Carlsen-Whalen car near Liberty Street, and overheard a lady bystander exclaim, "That Grover Whalen is such a hospitable man!" At Fulton Street, another sidewalk lady jangled a large bronze bell at us.

We debouched at City Hall, where a purported replica of the stern of the Flying Enterprise had been constructed as a speakers' platform. "Mr. Mayor," we heard Mr. Whalen say a few minutes later, "in introducing the member of the armed forces who will speak on behalf of the—ah—armed forces, I take pleasure in presenting the distinguished Admiral Badger," and we knew we were safe on dry land.

Emergency Equipment

THERE'S a sign on the bulletin board of the Colony Club that reads:

> The rather shabby curtains now hanging on the first and second stair landings have been hung there temporarily by Civil Defense order as a protection against shattered glass in case of an air raid.
>
> CIVIL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Nyabongo's Project

ONE of the strangest projects around town is that of Dr. Akiki K. Nyabongo, an East African prince residing at 1536 President Street, Brooklyn. For the past year, he has been spending his days in the Botanical Garden library, preparing a book about Ebito, or flower language, a symbolic method of communication among his compatriots, involving the use of flowers, leaves, grass, seeds, twigs, clay, beads, animal hair, and stones. Dr. Nyabongo was born in Uganda, and there, in 1937, he made a collection of some three hundred botanical communications. He has since presented it to the Buffalo Museum of Science, which will publish his book. Drawing upon the Botanical Garden reference library, he is presently engaged in setting down detailed scientific descriptions of these plants, which he will then key to their messages, in Rutoro (a Uganda dialect) and English. We visited him at the library, where he has a desk in the stacks, and he supplied us with several examples, mostly sentimental, of which we relay a typical one. "Akaisabisabi, or Asparagus puberulus. A much-branched climbing shrub. Branches long, flexuouse, terete, pubescent; branchlets long, spreading . . ." means "*Wali Kaisabisabi kahamuhanda kakwata embogo zabagenzi, nanyowe ndikwata engonzi zawe*," or "You are the puberulus that grows at the side of the road and grasps the bark cloth of every passerby, and I will grasp at your love." Dr. Nyabongo observed that he had also lined up a number of messages of hate, some conveyed by poisonous plants.

Ebito's historian, a handsome, liquid-eyed man of forty-two, is a prince by virtue of being a son of the late Kyebambe, King of Toro, a state in Uganda, and a doctor by virtue of a Ph.D. he took at Oxford in 1940. He was born in his father's palace in Kabarole, Toro's capital, which, he advised us, is in the heart of Africa, in the shadow of the Ruwenzori Mountains, sometimes known as the Mountains of the Moon. "My brother Rukidi is the present King of Toro," he said, communicating in broad Oxford English. "We believe in the divine right of kings, and trace ourselves back to God at the beginning of creation. I was brought up by my mother's sister—we think children should be raised not by their parents, who tend to spoil them, but by relatives, who love them yet are more likely to correct their faults—and I didn't know my father was the King until I was twelve. I had my own nurse men and nurse women, but I was brought up democratically; in the afternoon, I'd wrestle with neighboring children, and help them take care of cows in the pasture." Prince Nyabongo was sent to Mengo High School, in Kampala; then to a mission boarding school two hundred miles from his home; and later to King's College, in Budo, which he described as the Eton of East Africa. Starting in 1924, he spent several years at Howard University, for the most part incognito ("I just wanted to be treated like any man. A leader must undergo hardship, like anybody else"); a few Washingtonians were on to his identity, among them Canon Anson Phelps Stokes, of Washington Cathedral, who occasionally invited him to tea. He entered the Yale Graduate School in 1931, and frequently lunched with William Lyon Phelps. In 1934, Phelps, after reading a couple of chapters of "The Story of an African Chief," a novel Nyabongo had written, called up Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's and told him about it. Scribner's subsequently published the book, with an introduction by Professor Phelps; it was a Book-of-the-Month Club recommendation. Dr. N. handed us a copy, and we read, at random:

> Through his interpreter, Stanley [the explorer, visiting Buganda] proceeded thus: "Your Majesty, I have . . . a present for you." Speaking thus, Stanley offered the gun to the King and explained that it could kill quicker than a spear.
>
> The King laughed in appreciation. Calling one of his pages, he said, "This is a weapon which has been given to me by the Muzungu, the white man. He says that it can kill quicker than a spear. Go out and try it on somebody and see if it works."
>
> The page was then instructed as to the use of the gun. He immediately left the King's palace and went into the courtyard. Here he saw many slaves who were just coming from work near the Prime Minister's estate. Walking up to one of these, he said, "This weapon has just been given to His Majesty. It is supposed to kill quicker than a spear. Stand still now, so that I can try it on you and see if it works."
>
> The slave trembled slightly—not knowing whether to be flattered or afraid. "I am glad to be of use to His Majesty," he said.
>
> The page walked up to him, awkwardly placed the point of the gun over the heart and fired. The man fell over, killed instantly. Elated over his success, the page rushed back to the King and knelt before him, smiling. "Your Majesty, I have experimented with this new weapon and it works. I just shot it at a slave out there, and he fell dead on the spot."
>
> At this the King smiled with appreciation, and turned to thank Stanley for the gift.

Prince Nyabongo came to Brooklyn from Oxford, in 1940. Summers, he generally travels. "If I went home," he said, "I'd be involved in politics, and scholarship would be thrown aside. This flower-language research is terribly tedious. Sometimes I wish I hadn't started it, but nothing has been written on the subject and I feel something should be. I've asked museum people all over what they knew about it, and the only thing they were familiar with was forget-me-nots."

New Technique

WE'RE pleased to report a solution to one phase of the local traffic problem, worked out by a couple of teachers in a private elementary school on the East Side. The other afternoon these ladies were observed proceeding south on Lexington Avenue in the Seventies, at either end of a long rope knotted at intervals of about two feet, and between them were fifteen seven- or eight-year-olds, each one clinging firmly to a knot.

In-Town Buyers

HEARING last week that the out-of-town buyers were in town in unprecedented numbers, we resolved to peek at some of them at work, and, on the advice of a friend who knows his way around the garment district, we forthwith hied ourself to 1400 Broadway, fourth floor, showrooms of the Puritan Dress Company, which manufactures three low-priced fashion lines—Forever Young, Casually Young, and Gloria Swanson. We were taken in tow by a youthful official named Robert Collin, who, after he had gamely swallowed his disappointment at learning we were not authorized to place an order, offered to steer us around. "This is probably the busiest showroom on the street," he said, and added that since the January buying rush began, Puritan had been visited by close to two thousand buyers, representing fourteen thousand stores—an increase of thirty per cent or so over last year's figures. "That's the Cavendish buying office—very big," he whispered, pointing out a lady seated in one cubicle of an extremely modern-type showroom, "and over there is the White House, San Francisco, and the College Shop, Tucson. And we have Richmond, Virginia, in the next room."

We expressed a desire to look at Richmond, Virginia, which proved to consist of a lady and gentleman. They were being courted by a Puritan salesman, who was whipping dresses off a rack with the skill and speed of a prestidigitator. "Best basic buys you could find," he was saying. "And notice the notch-shape cuffs. Every dress will have notch-shape cuffs."

"How about washability?" asked the distaff side of Richmond crisply.

"This line represents the marriage of nylon and orlon," the salesman replied, "and will wash easily in lukewarm water and dry in twenty minutes."

"How about perspiration?" the lady went on bluntly.

The salesman winced. "Well, there's *nothing* that will completely handle perspiration," he said, "but with the marriage of nylon and orlon, as we call it, the problem is relatively minor."

"This fabric feels scratchy," continued the lady, fingering a dress.

"Just a sample," said the salesman. "In the actual dress, the fabric is softer and more lustrous. Now, what do you think of the line?"

"I think it's gorgeous," said the lady.

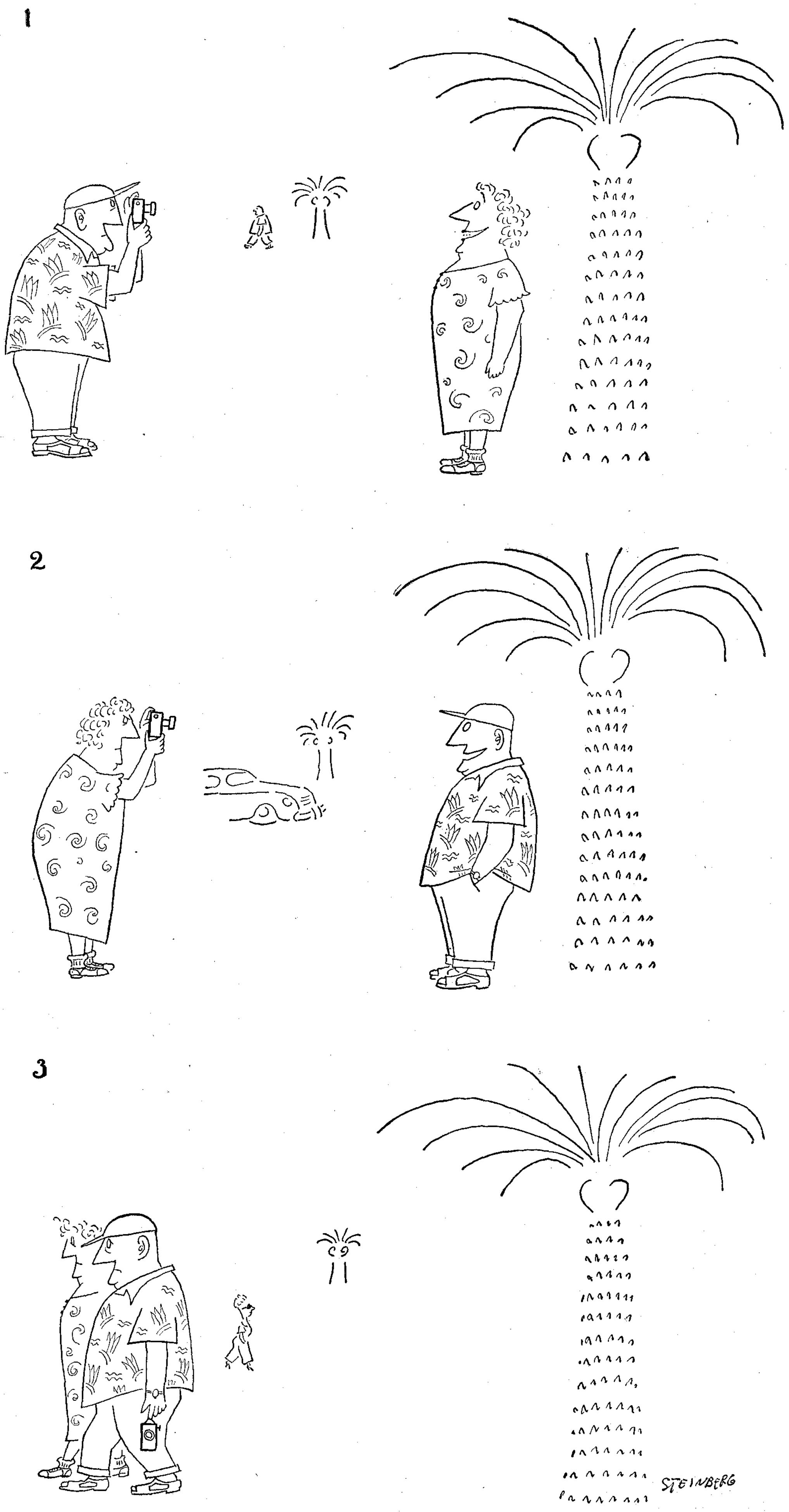
Mr. Collin was tugging at our arm. "We have Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, in another room," he said proudly. We permitted ourself to be led away, but before we had got much past Trenton, he stopped us to say that Puritan is the largest half-size-dress house in the United States. "Seventy-eight to eighty per cent of the women in the U.S. are half sizes," he said. "That means they're a combination of a straight woman and a junior. Narrower in the shoulders, you know, and fuller in the—ah—derrière." Suddenly pointing to a man and a woman waiting in still another cubicle, he said, "That's Carl Day, and she's got a store with her." We blinked, but presently deduced that the lady was from a firm of merchandise brokers called Carl Day, and that the man was the store. He was a nice-enough-looking store, with a brown gabardine façade, but before we could learn any more about him, we found ourself plunked down next to Marshall Field, who also was a lady. "Have you seen *these*?" a salesman was asking her, whisking onto a convenient rack a half-dozen orlon-nylons. "They come in baby mauve, aqua, and toast. It's a chambray type of orlon-nylon."

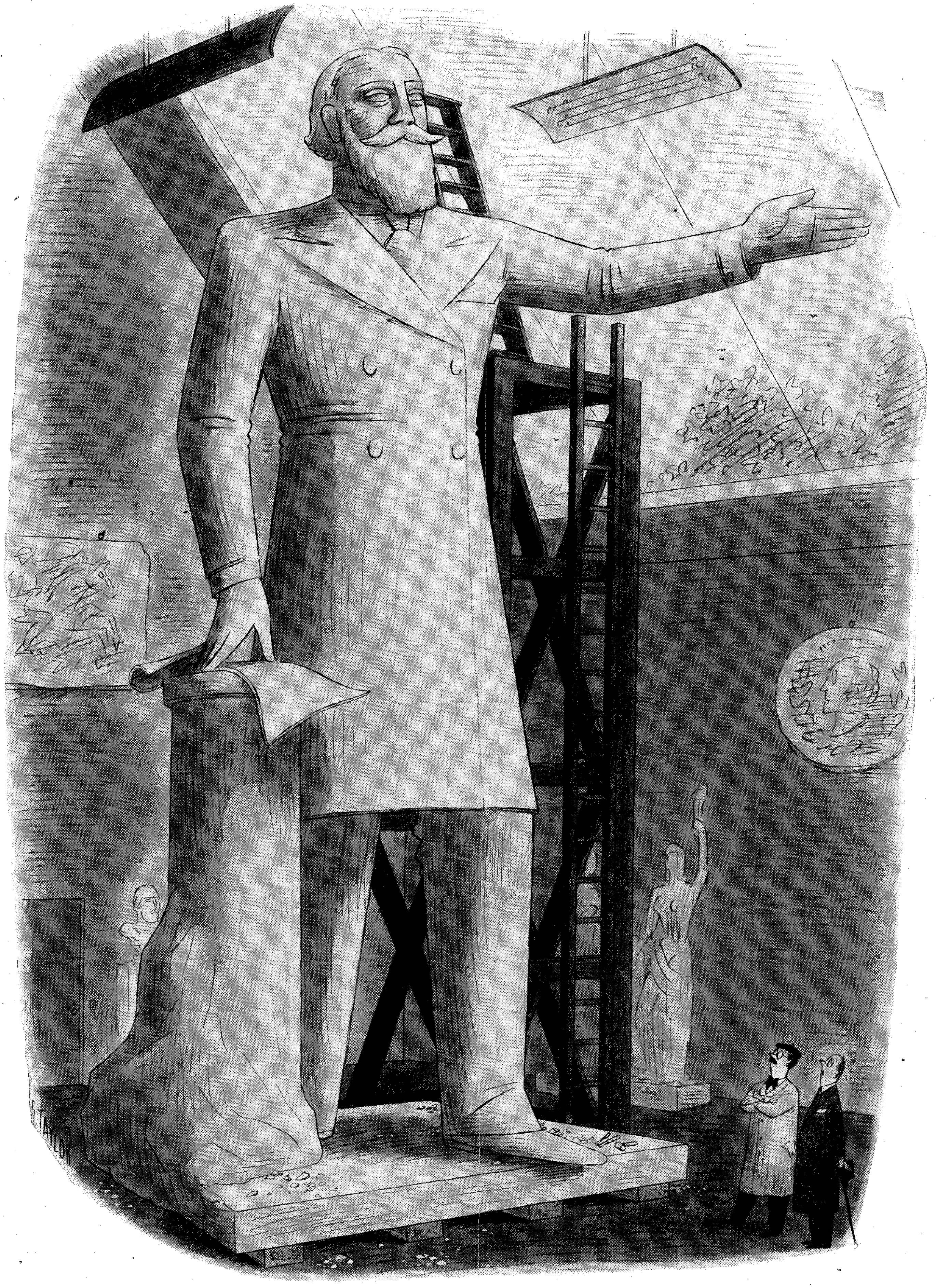
"Yes," chimed in Collin enthusiastically. "This fits into the theme of the new frosted look." Our brain reeled.

"But what I'm really missing are the puckers," said Marshall Field. The salesman dashed off, presumably to fetch some puckers, and we excused ourself.

As Ordered

MAN phoned his grocer the other day for a can of soybeans and was asked whether he wanted domestic or imported. He'd never heard of imported canned soybeans, and said, "Domestic." A package presently arrived from the store—no soybeans, but a nice little can of sardines from Thomaston, Maine.





"I hate to mention it, but you've got his coat buttoned the wrong way."

MALACH HAMOVIS

OUR tenement on Providence Street, in Worcester, Massachusetts, besides housing my parents, my two older brothers, and me, was heavily populated with angels. Every night, as I was falling asleep in the bedroom I shared with one of my brothers, I would hear my father, through the door that separated me from the kitchen, pacing back and forth and intoning in Hebrew his evening prayer, which he would repeat three times. Its mournful cadences ended with the words by which, before committing himself to sleep, he invoked attendant presences: ". . . and may the Angel Michael be at my right hand; Gabriel on my left; before me, Uriel; behind me, Raphael; and over my head the divine presence of God."

As long ago as I can remember, I was acutely aware of this quartet of angels and felt that their general disposition was protective and friendly; indeed, I often called upon them to help me in my desperate nocturnal wrestlings with a fifth, and sinister, angel, who also, and unwelcomely, persisted in staying with us on Providence Street. This was the Malach Hamovis, the Angel of Death, a familiar character in Jewish folklore, who was very real to me because of the constant references to him in the conversation of my father and his friends. The very sound of his name was dark, hooded, penetrating, and the personality it evoked gelid and implacable. Somehow, against him, Michael and Gabriel, Uriel and Raphael seemed to be, with all the good will in the world, of small avail. Though often, in my nightly struggles with their opposite number, they entered my room en masse to assist me, their joined strengths invariably proved unequal to the agonizing climactic tussle. Even when my own screams woke me while the battle was at its tensest and the outcome not yet decided, I always had a horrid feeling that if the struggle had continued even a moment longer, the issue, in spite of the good offices of my four friends, would have been decided in favor of the Evil One.

How lightly the four good angels were regarded in Providence Street is illustrated by an anecdote about them that I heard first when I was so young I could only dimly apprehend it. It concerned an excessively pious lady who had married a gentleman less devout. It was the bride's habit to repeat the evening prayer three times before she went to bed. The worldling, lounging in bed one night, found the long procession of holy presences oppressive and protested with some petulance, "You invite in so many angels, there'll be no room in bed for me!" As I grew older, I, too, came to feel for the quartet a kind of affectionate contempt—at least when I thought of them in the daytime. But when they made their entrance into my father's prayer as I was dozing off at night, they were somewhat more formidable. Their presence brought sharply to mind, with a tightening of fear, the hovering figure of their malevolent colleague. Were they, these four, really so amiable? Why, then, did they follow the same profession as the Malach Hamovis, who by his intractability and venom gave the whole company a dubious name? Still, my father had such confidence in the four and implored them with such fervor to attend him that I, though with less confidence, joined in the petition. In so hard a pass as mine during my struggle with the Other, I was glad of help from any quarter, and I consoled myself with the thought that the four would presently come to my aid. But here, too, I felt a sinking of the heart. They were *too* amiable. Their very good will, I felt, rendered them impotent in the impending struggle. This was the genesis, perhaps, of a cynical idea I had to combat later—that the good cannot also be powerful.

The form of my struggle—its terrain and its tactics—was always the same. It was a fixed dream of horror, which came to me early in the evening, before my older brother had come into our room to go to bed. It had settled upon me when I first began to have a dim notion of what death meant. Perhaps my antagonist was the more vividly embodied for me because my mother, from the earliest time I can remember, was intermittently pronounced to be dying. She suffered from asthma, and her prolonged suffocations in her incense-laden room were struggles I identified as daytime versions of my own nocturnal bouts with the Malach Hamovis. When I was allowed to see her during an attack, she would be either sitting up in her bed struggling for breath or walking about trying, as I understood from my own experience, to shuffle off her tormentor, and I wondered why she scattered her energies thus instead of focussing her strength, as I did at night, on remaining flat on the bed, inviolate.

Sometimes, on late-summer or early-fall nights, after a day of swimming or canoeing at Lake Quinsigamond, I would go to bed exhausted and drowse, pleasantly at first, revolving in my mind the hazards and excitements of the day, and anticipating already that moment in the morning when the other boys would pick me up for the long trudge to the lake. Presently, there would come through to me from the next room my father's measured pacing and the creak of the floor boards while he intoned, softly but distinctly, his prayer. The words, although I did not understand them all, had become familiar to me, syllable by syllable, and their cadence was so unvarying that it took the place of words that had meaning. Their unbroken modulation was always sad, but it was also soothing. This sedative effect lasted until, at the very end of the prayer, the four made their entrance. By this time, I had moved too far toward sleep to turn back, but I held on desperately to the filaments of consciousness until the four should reappear, when my father repeated the prayer. I knew that to lose hold entirely left me open to the stern visitation from the Other, and I fought off sleep because I did not want to be alone when he came. Before long, I would hear the familiar names again, though more dimly, following my father in drowsy processional as he circled the kitchen—Michael and Gabriel, Uriel and Raphael. These four names, at least, were friendly and reassuring. But what was the proper name of their co-worker and what, in off hours, did his friends call him? It struck me bleakly that he had no familiar name, he had no off hours. His black title was his specialty. Nightly I vowed that *this* time I would be prepared for his appearance in advance, *this* time I would actually see the nameless one cross the threshold of my room and be ready to spar with him. Yet I was never able to achieve that active vigilance. Never once, in my numberless encounters, did I see the Malach Hamovis make his entrance. He always just materialized and was standing by my bed, looking down at me.

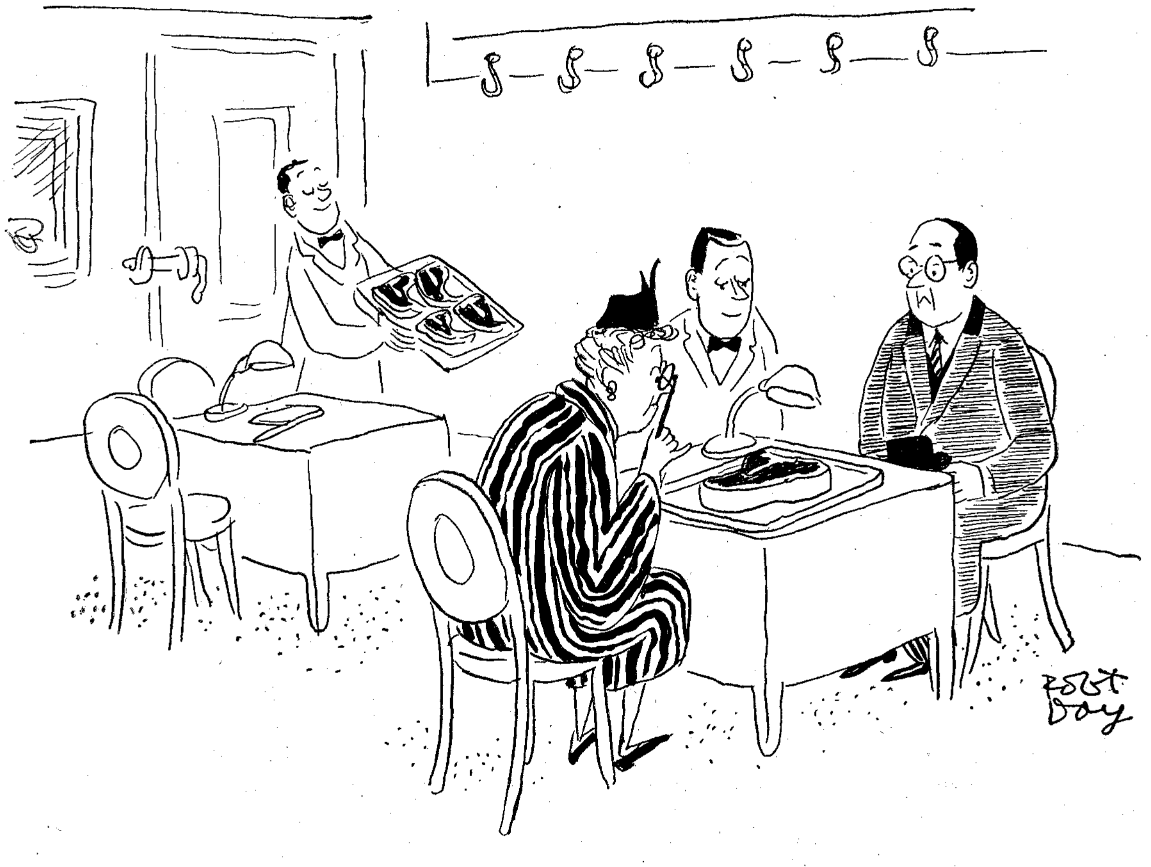
He was monkish, soberly gowned, and very tall, with a long, thin face and an expression that was detached and not in the least hostile. This impersonality was the most terrifying thing about him. One knew at once that he was beyond argument and that, in the last analysis, he would have to be met by force. He would stand motionless by my bed for a long time, looking down at me. My first maneuver was to roll to the other side of the bed, as far away from him as I could get, but I would find him standing at that side then, gazing down at me. At first, he did not reach out his hands to take me or even beckon to me, but because I knew what was about to happen, I dug in for the siege. My tactics were purely defensive—quite literally a holding action. I slept on a white-painted iron bed. The headboard was a frame with short posts at each side that terminated in the unexpected elegance of brass knobs. The metal runners that supported the bedspring were round and easy to grasp. Since it was the Angel's object to get me out of bed and take me away with him, I would turn on my side and seize a runner with one hand and with the other clutch the brass knob over my head. This position, a sort of lopsided crucifixion, was awkward and eventually fatiguing, but it meant that I was already holding on ferociously when the Angel reached out to take me. There followed a tug of war. Oddly enough, I could not feel the Angel's hands; although they gripped mine to pry them loose, there was no contact of flesh. The force he exerted was not a matter of physical contact but a kind of suction, in which I felt myself gradually being drawn off. I held on for dear life, until the pain in my fingers and knuckles became almost insupportable. To hold on to some part of the bed, to maintain contact with it, became the essence of survival, and the bed seemed to be the only familiar thing in a swirling and fearsome unknown. Sometimes, when the contest approached its climax, the four friendly angels would come in and try to neutralize the determination of my antagonist, but they were ineffectual and he ignored them, concentrating on me. They fell upon him and melted like snowflakes. In fact, I proved hardier than they. Yet a moment always came when I knew I had to give in and felt my fingers begin to relax. I was lost, and awoke screaming.

I remember wondering, when I was told that someone had died, whether he had not resisted the Angel of Death, as I had, and whether he might have lived if he had simply held on to his bed and refused to be dislodged. Before we moved to Providence Street, we had lived on Water Street, and there, one afternoon, my sister, who was only a year older than I, had run out into the street to play and had been killed by a streetcar. Somehow, except for the reflection I got of it in my mother's grief, this event did not really affect me; it was an accident and therefore not an expression of my familiar angel's professional malevolence. My mother's prolonged dying was different; that did relate, and directly, to my own experience, for I saw that her suffering was also a contest, and I deplored, though I could never bring myself to tell her so, what seemed to me a lamentable feebleness in her technique of evasion.

ONE night during an unusually severe attack of my mother's, I was lying in bed and heard my father and my brothers, in the kitchen, repeating in hushed voices what our family physician, Dr. Jim Nightingale, had told them—that they must prepare for the worst, that my mother would probably not live through the night. I instantly determined to go in and tell her just what to do; I even imagined myself fixing her hand tightly on one of the rails and then closing my own hand over hers and sitting through the night with her, keeping her hands thus double-locked against the adversary. But while I was planning these heroics, I was overtaken by sleep and was soon engaged in my own tussle.

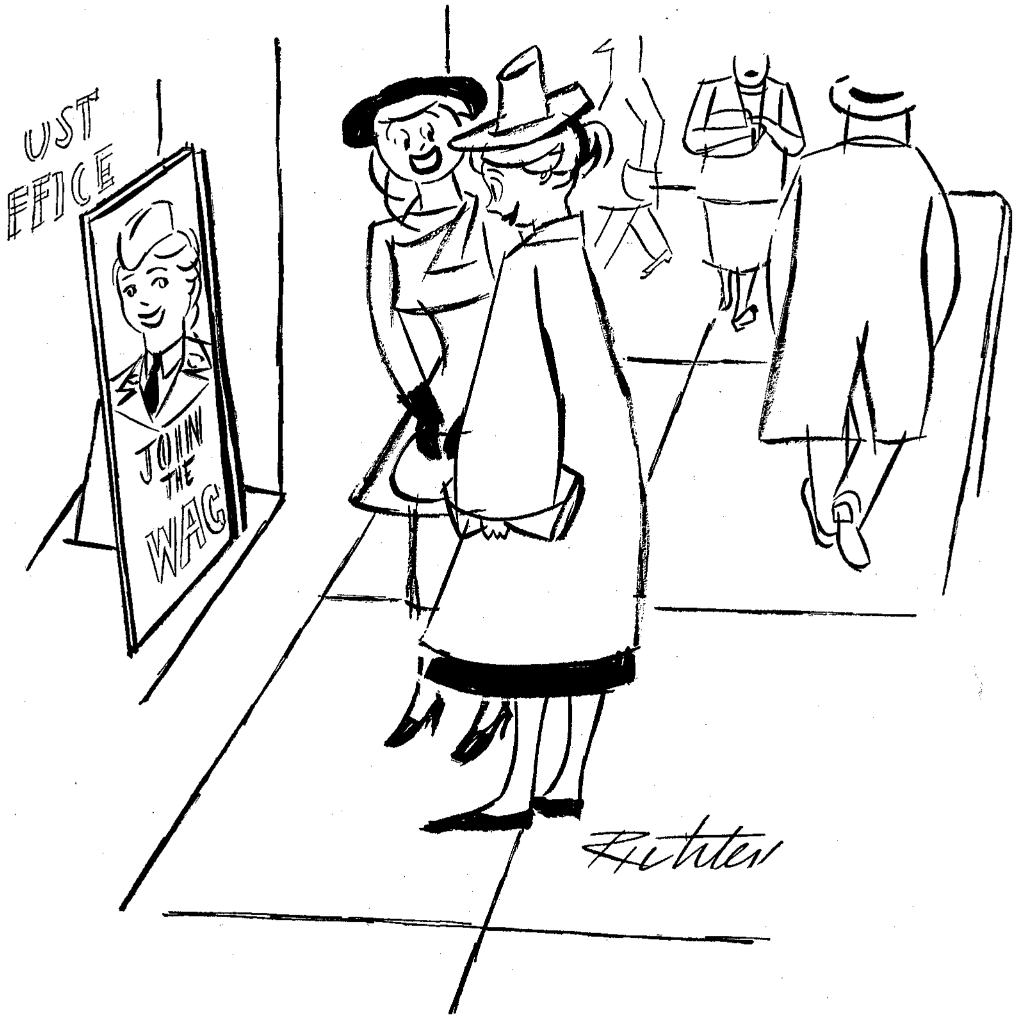
My father must have not gone to bed at all that night, for I did not hear his prayer, but I did not need the entrance of the amiable four to evoke the Other, since he was in the flat already. As I dropped off, I even felt a kind of security, because I was sure the Black Angel must be busy in my mother's room. But in a few moments, when I saw him standing beside me, I realized, with a sinking of the heart, that his activities were multifarious; he had time for me, too! Then it occurred to me that perhaps my mother's case was easier now that I had drawn off her tormentor. Whatever comfort this gave me was soon blotted out in the stringency of my own battle. It went on for a long time, soundlessly and mercilessly, and, for the first time, the Angel seemed personally ferocious. There grew in me the sense that if he won over me, he would win over my mother, too, and my determination to hold on tightened indomitably. I knew that on other occasions I had screamed; this time I must not scream, for my mother would hear it and might take it as a signal to capitulate.

When I could hold on no longer and was about to cry out, I was awakened by my father. To my surprise, I could see the first morning light coming in the windows. My father stood where the Angel had stood. His face was gray. I waited for him to tell me that my mother was dead. I was



afraid that even though I had won, she had lost. But my father said only that my mother was very bad; he wanted me to get dressed quickly and go with him to fetch Dr. Nightingale while my brothers stayed with my mother.

Dr. Jim Nightingale was held in affectionate awe by the residents of Providence Street. To them, he was a figure of scandal and mystery. I was not old enough to take this in quite, at the time my mother was so sick, but as I grew up on Providence Street, I assimilated the Doctor's story. He was ribald, but he was also erudite and endlessly devoted to his patients. He played the oboe, which struck them as a singular avocation for an overworked general practitioner, and went to Boston once a week to take lessons from the chief oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. People shrugged their shoulders at this perversion. Wasn't it an accepted fact that Nightingale, though a wonderful doctor, was crazy? Jim, as my elders called him, and as I came to think of him, was a bachelor, which to Providence Street was eccentric, and he was invariably accompanied on his rounds by a cadaverous young man, whom he referred to as his assistant. This assistant was a tall, incredibly emaciated, goggle-eyed diabetic, who had come to the Doctor as a patient when he was sixteen and remained to work for him until the young man died, twelve years later. I was at first terrified of this skeleton, but when I was given "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" to read in the Providence Street School, I immediately identified him with Ichabod Crane. After that, I felt better about him. Among the hushed whispers concerning Dr. Nightingale was one to the effect that he used Ichabod for experimental purposes, in order to find a cure for diabetes. The truth, as I was to discover later, was more prosaic. The boy was an orphan and penniless, and if he hadn't become Jim Nightingale's assistant, it was difficult to imagine what he would have done; Jim gave him the job out of sheer kindness. Ichabod would sit in Jim's buggy, holding the reins, while the Doctor was inside making his calls, and when Jim came out with his little black bag and climbed aboard, Ichabod would cluck up the horse and drive off. On summer evenings, anyone who strolled past Dr. Nightingale's office could hear the mournful mewings of his oboe and see his assistant sitting on the black leather sofa in the waiting room listening, expressionless. In all the years I saw the Doctor's assistant, I never heard him say a word.



"If you got sent to Alaska, do you suppose they'd give you a fur coat?"

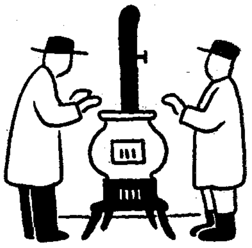
Everything about Dr. Nightingale—his personal appearance, his horse and buggy, and his office, which was also his home—was rather sloppy. He was quite short, his skin was very dark, and his ruddy cheeks were the color of black oxheart cherries. He laughed easily and had great, merry black eyes. He liked children and he gave the Providence Street kids the run of his office. We used to pore over his medical books; the illustrations in the obstetrical tomes were prime favorites. His office was also a kind of negligently managed private museum, in which the objects on display ran the gamut of the Doctor's dissolving hobbies. The walls were covered with framed butterflies that he had collected and mounted himself. There were filing cabinets containing colored cards on which he had transcribed quaint prescriptions and medical references from sixteenth-century English literature. He was always planning to write a book to be called "Medical References in Elizabethan Literature," and these cards were his notes for it, but he never got around to writing the book. Jim's waiting room was the only one in my experience that had a piano in it. The music rack of his upright was covered with Mozart and Beethoven sonatas. He played the piano, but he said he played it badly—his instrument was the oboe. The other major object in the waiting room was an extremely dilapidated black leather sofa, on which he slept at night. His friends were always asking the Doctor whether he couldn't afford to buy a new sofa to replace this one, which sagged more and more over the years as his patients sat on it, and Jim would reply amiably that he would much rather get rid of his patients than of his sofa. Then he would go on to make tantalizing, enigmatic remarks about the sofa, attributing its odd curvatures to the exercise of his seductive prowess. Ichabod occupied a room, no larger than a closet, that opened off the office and was full of surgical instruments. People used to ask Jim whether he wasn't afraid of his assistant's cutting himself at night on one of these instruments. "If he does," he'd say airily, "he won't bleed."

The ladies of Providence Street, particularly, adored Dr. Nightingale; to them, he represented romance as well as mystery. He would tease them unmercifully and call them hypochondriacs. When they telephoned him to tell him about their colds and beg him to call, he would tell them that there was nothing wrong with them and that he needed the time for patients who were really sick. If he did call, he would as likely as not make light of their ailments. "The truth is you're bored with your husband and crave my society," he would say. Or he would get up abruptly and shut off an inventory of trivial symptoms with the taunt "How long do you expect me to stay and listen to you for a dollar?" or "Why don't you go to a fancy, two-dollar doctor? He'll listen to you. Why don't you go to Dr. Pofcher?" Dr. Pofcher was a rather pompous rival of Jim's for the Providence Street practice, who took himself and his profession very seriously. What made Jim loved the most was the knowledge that he was not mercenary; his "really sick" patients for whom he needed more time were often ones whom he treated without charge.

People called Jim Nightingale crazy without actually meaning it. They knew that in a real crisis, such as my mother's, he was endlessly devoted, unselfish, and efficient. And yet the affectionate, half-meant epithet was prophetic, because Jim died in an asylum.

I LEFT the house with my father to fetch Dr. Nightingale at a little before five that morning. It was early September; the leaves of the trees were still a summer green, and there lingered among the branches a faint, milky fog, which the sun had not yet washed away, although the floating wisps were already translucent with pink light. My father said nothing as we walked down the steep, silent Providence Street hill. I saw his lips move; he was muttering something to himself. The air was soft and full, but with an intimation of sharpness, an edge of something that was not summer. I was conscious of the prodigality of the air, so abundant and ample and circumambient; perhaps this consciousness was heightened by the realization that my mother was in her room suffocating for lack of it. The outlines of the buildings we passed were sharp against the sky: the Catholic church, with its cross; the somewhat grandiose, curved twin staircases that led to the puny façade of the synagogue; the commonplace flat rooftop of the Providence Street School. In the limpid melting-together of summer and fall, there was the fullness of expectancy and the merest hint of farewell. The fear of death had never been so vivid to me before, nor has it ever been since, and yet I felt, as I walked down the hill, a kind of pride in my own indestructibility and a certain impatience with my mother for dying. I was proud because in my recent contest I had won out without screaming; I had in me a tenacity that my mother evidently lacked. And, too, the Doctor had said that she might die—and people did die. I knew what it was to struggle with death; I did not know, nor could I imagine, what it was to die. What it was like if you lost out was a fearsome speculation.

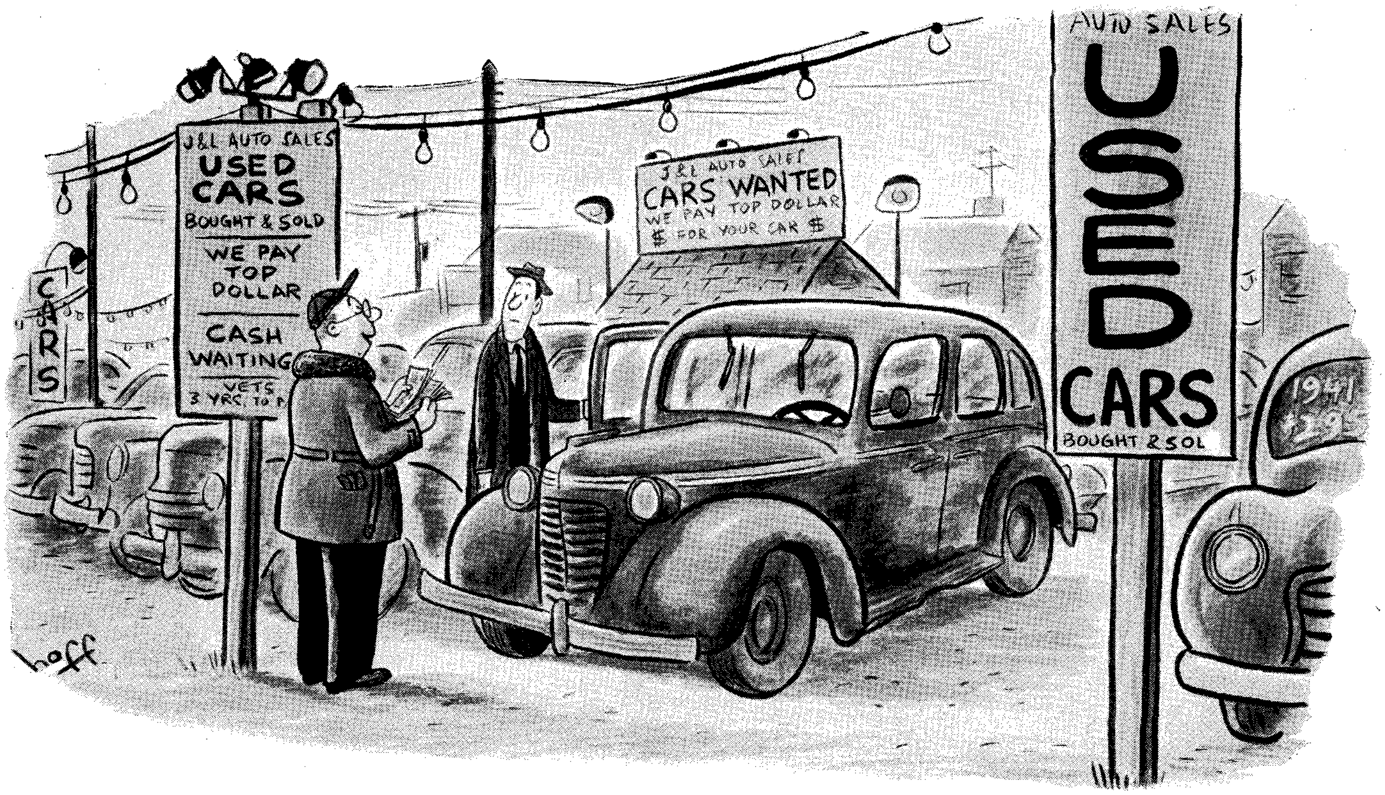
The brass plaque bearing the legend "James Nightingale, M.D." was filmed with dew when we pressed the electric button beneath it. The Doctor opened the door almost at once; he already had his trousers on and was slipping his suspenders over his shoulders. He must have grabbed the trousers the moment he heard our steps on the little stoop. Through the open office door, I saw Ichabod emerging from his closet. Nobody said anything; it was a dream scene in dumb show. Ichabod went to the barn, and we waited until he brought the horse and buggy to the curb. Jim and my father squeezed in beside him, Ichabod clucked, and the equipage creaked off. I returned on foot. On the way back, I wondered whether my mother would be dead when I arrived and, if so, what she would look like. My own sense of immortality intensified. I breathed deep of the now warmer and still more gracious air, as if to demonstrate my capacity for unlimited inhalation. Suddenly, the whole idea of my mother's problem became infinitely remote, even uninteresting. Definitely, death was the concern of other people.



But when I reached our tenement, this cavalier attitude vanished, for the Dark Angel, the Tireless One, was inside, and he had a victim who was without my experience or technical skill. I had no faith whatever in Jim Nightingale. I had seen him carry that little black satchel of his into our house so often that what it contained seemed to me to have no potency. You could not put the Angel off with pills or instruments or stratagems. It was a question of will, a question of strength. Ichabod sat in the buggy, his vacant eyes staring at nothing. He appeared to have no vitality whatever and I felt that the Angel could dispose of him with a flick of his wrist; if he hadn't done so already, it was merely because it hadn't been worth his while. I had a deep wish not to go into the house, for I was sure everything was over and I was afraid of seeing, for the first time, the Angel's handiwork. But I felt an obligation. If my mother was still alive, I had to help her. I had to infuse her with my own indestructibility and convey to her what I had learned from practical experience.

She was sitting up in her bed, propped against a stack of pillows. The air of the room was damp and heavy with foreign matter. On earlier occasions when my mother was sick and I had wanted to go in to see her, I had often been shooed out. This time nobody said a word. My father and my brothers stood around the bed watching. My first thought was, Why don't they take her outside, where the air is so abundant and accessible? Since no one stopped me, I moved closer to the bed. Dr. Nightingale was sitting beside it, holding my mother's wrist. Her eyes were closed and her face was tilted up, as if she were trying to reach some untapped reservoir of air. As I came to the side of the bed, she opened her eyes and looked at me. I hoped for recognition, for a ghost of her unfailing smile, but she closed her eyes again as though she had not seen me. This frightened me and, for a moment, I felt helpless. Dr. Nightingale let her wrist fall, turned to the others, and shook his head, as if he felt helpless too. It seemed to me that this was my opportunity. I would close her hand over the iron rail of the frame and clasp it there, held in my own. I would never let go. But when I looked at her hand I was shocked, because I saw that it was limp and enervated. I could not relate it to my mother's hand as I knew it, deft and nimble at the stove or at her sewing. It was not her hand, or anyone's hand, and I was suddenly aware that it already belonged to the Antagonist and could not join in an alliance against him. I looked at my mother's face. It was still her face. In a dreadful apprehension that any moment I might see it become as helpless as her hand, I ran out of the room and out of the house into the airy, delicious early morning.

IMPERTINENTLY flouting Dr. Nightingale's prediction, my mother survived that night. Then there gradually



"... one hundred and forty-nine, one hundred and fifty. Thank you very much. Now, for ten dollars more, would you care to know what's wrong with it?"

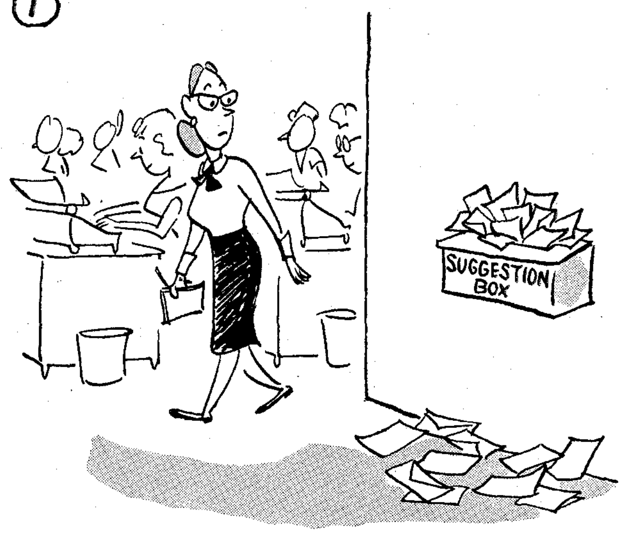
• •

grew in the family circle a conviction that there was only one way in the world to lift her out of the twilight between life and death in which she hovered. This was to send her to New York, to see Professor Abraham Jacobi. I don't know exactly how it had come about, but Providence Street throbbed with talk of the renown of Professor Jacobi. I have since learned that Professor Jacobi was indeed a very considerable man, but I have never been able to determine just how Providence Street came to have so exalted an opinion of his ability. He was primarily a pediatrician, and why my family should have made the great sacrifice it took to send an adult asthmatic to see him is still mysterious. It may have been simply that on Providence Street the name of Professor Jacobi was uttered with a reverence second only to that offered the Deity Himself. Jim Nightingale had the tremendous disadvantage, as a practitioner, of living in Worcester, while Professor Jacobi had never done anything more demeaning than to practice briefly and unsuccessfully in Boston. And he had lived that down by his enormous success in New York. It may be that his local renown was started by my Aunt Ida, who was the daughter of a celebrated Boston rabbi called Ramaz, an honorific based on a contraction of his title and his first and middle names, Rabbi Moses Zebulun. It was Aunt Ida who, when she married my Uncle Harry and moved from Boston to Worcester, brought the first word of Professor Jacobi's fame. The Professor had been imprisoned in the German Revolution of 1848, had come to this country in the eighteen-fifties, and had, Aunt Ida claimed, once cured her father, in a trice, of something incurable. In any case, the pressure on the family to send my mother to see him in New York became irresistible. The reason for this was that, beyond anything my Aunt Ida or anyone else could have said about him, Professor Jacobi had in his favor one overwhelming and Olympian characteristic that, in itself, was enough to strike Providence Street mute with awe. This was the simple fact that he was a German.

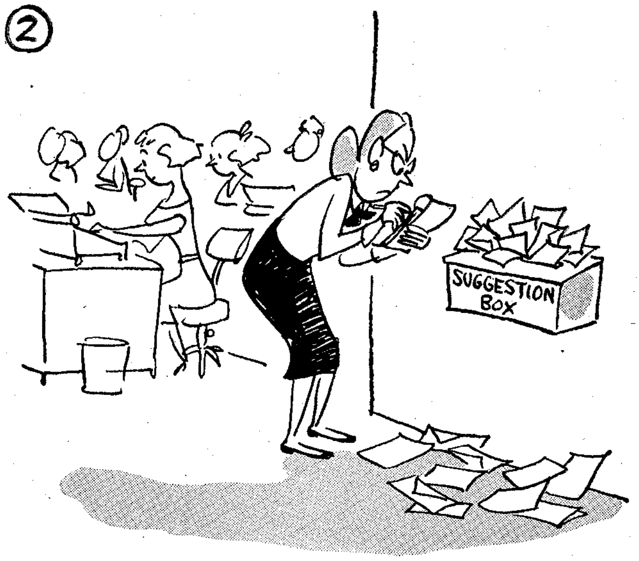
It is difficult to convey the prestige enjoyed by Germans among the Russian-born citizens of Providence Street; it surpassed even the prestige in which they were held, in the middle of the last century, by Emerson and the Transcendentalists, thirty miles away from Worcester, in Concord. On Providence Street, it was said of Professor Jacobi, in a hushed voice, "*Er iz a Daitsch*," and that was enough. It was as much as to say, "He is a prophet, an encyclopedist; he is Galen, Aesculapius, Spinoza." Later in life, I actually got to know some Germans, and I was to discover that they could be stuffy as well as learned, but in my childhood I joined in the pervasive, unmitigated worship of everything German. To send my mother to New York entailed rigid family economy over a long period, nor was it easy to get an appointment with the Professor, who was, by this time, an extremely busy man. The appointment was made, finally, by Aunt Ida's father, Ramaz, who was by then also practicing in New York, at the Congregation Kehilath Jeshurun, on East Eighty-fifth Street. My mother went off, escorted by my Uncle Harry, to keep it. She made several such trips. On her return from each of them, Providence Street's curiosity about Professor Jacobi far exceeded its interest in what he had done for her. What was it like to be examined by a German? What did Professor Jacobi look like? I remember my mother's saying that he was a short man. Suddenly, to be short seemed ultimately desirable. My Uncle Harry, who was tall, hung his head in shame.

Whether it was due to the curative effects of being permitted to pay a fee to a German, or to some obscure cellular process that no one knew anything about, or perhaps, even, to the humble ministrations of Jim Nightingale, my

①



②



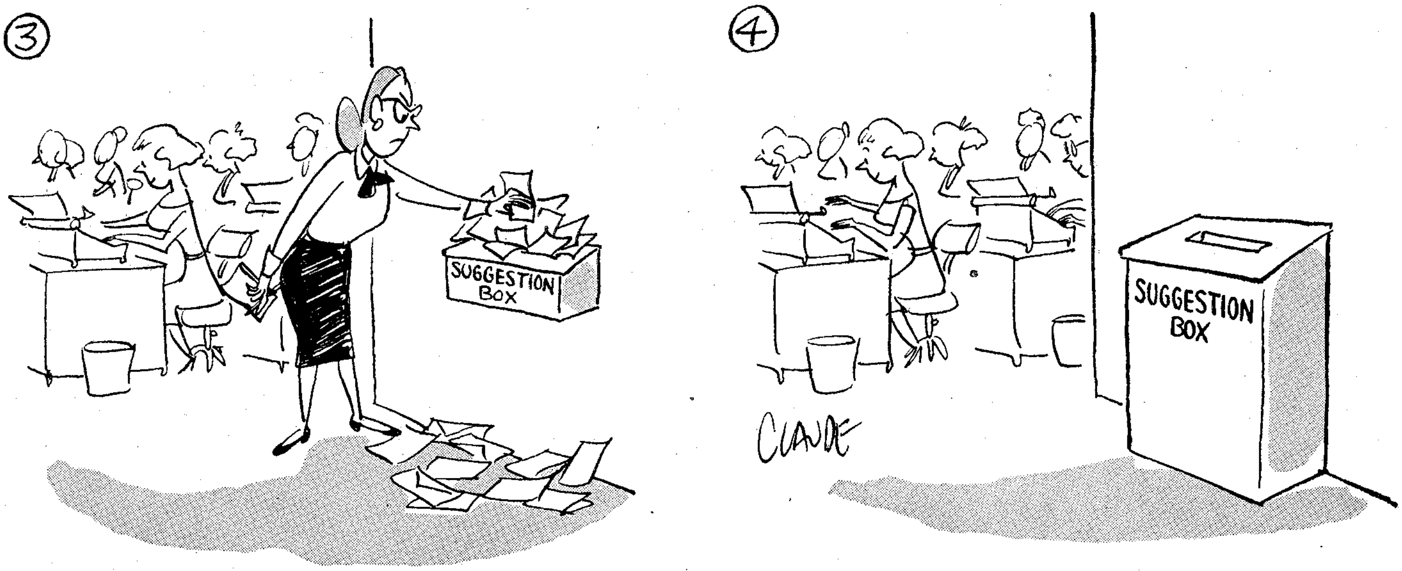
mother gradually outgrew her attacks and, although she continued to look frail, she became perfectly well. She outlived her three sisters, and all but one of her four brothers. She and I both eluded our tormentor; by the time she was well, I was in high school and my dreams had swerved from battles with the Angel of Death to terrestrial, local combats—to Swann's Field, where we played baseball, and to the football games played on the crest of Providence Street hill, where I prayed passionately for the valiants of Worcester Academy.

AMONG certain of us boys on Providence Street, the desire to sleep away from home was obsessive, and so was the curiosity about—and the desire to penetrate—the immense, ill-defined area known as "out of town." My indulgence of this curiosity caused my mother I know not what agonies. I had an adventurous crony named Allie Price, who was ingenious in devising ruses for getting out of sleeping at home. He had the startling idea, one summer day, that he and I should sleep that night in Bancroft Tower. We did it. Bancroft Tower—built, I suppose, in memory of George Bancroft, the historian, who was born in Worcester, or of his preacher father, Aaron—overlooks the northern end of Lake Quinsigamond. We used to see it from the water when we were swimming or canoeing. It is constructed solidly of New England granite, and it might have been built by the Vikings as far as sleeping arrangements are concerned. I told my mother I was going to spend the night at Allie's house, and Allie told his mother he was going to spend it at mine. My mother happened to meet Mrs. Price at the grocery, where they compared notes, and my mother sat up all night waiting for me to return. Allie and I found that whatever you might do in Bancroft Tower, you couldn't sleep in it. We did our best; we got through the night somehow. When I returned to Providence Street in the morning, after the long walk from the lake, my mother was standing in front of our tenement house, wan and suffering. She did not reproach me, but every other member of the family did.

Another night, the fertile Allie got the idea that it would be a thrill to sleep in the Providence Street synagogue, which was then being built. As the pews hadn't been put in, it was hardly more comfortable than the Tower; I still remember the insomniac flapping of the canvas that had been stretched over the as yet eyeless circular rose window. How I got the requisite sense of adventure from this night, I don't know, since the synagogue was directly across the street from our tenement. At any rate, on both these nights I was immune from angelic visits, because it was impossible to sleep at all.

Allie's climactic improvisation was that we should run away to New York by streetcar. I told my mother we were going to make a visit in Ware, where Allie had relatives. We did go to Ware, and from there on to New York. We had twenty dollars between us, which took us to New York, kept us there for four days, and brought us back. We stayed in the Mills Hotel, on Thirty-sixth Street, which overawed us with its elegance and luxury. It was certainly more comfortable than Bancroft Tower. Near the end of our stay, the long arm of coincidence stretched out to give Allie and me a frightful moment. It was during the Presidential campaign of 1908. We heard a band and saw a crowd in Madison Square, and amiably joined it. Pushing to the front of the throng, we stood at the foot of a temporary platform, receptive to political argument. To our horror, we were presently being invited to vote for Taft by one of my brothers' closest friends, Jack Asher (later Judge Asher). It was incredible, but there he was. Jack was studying law at Columbia at that time, and that speech in Madison Square must have been the very beginning of what turned out to be a lifetime career of trying to elect Republicans. For a few moments, Allie and I were transfixed with fear. Then we fled, hoping he had not seen us. This incident took the joy out of our trip, and we started home early the next morning. My parents found out about this expedition, too, and my father's anger was so great that my mother suffered almost as much from it as from my escapade.

MY father was an unworldly, scholarly, casuistical, and normally gentle man with a supernatural imagination that dwelt mainly on the hereafter. Among the elders of the synagogue, he was considered an authority on Hebrew and on religious literature. He also taught the children of the neighborhood the Hebrew scriptures; the kitchen of our tenement was his schoolroom. His own ritualistic observances and studies were so exhaustive that he had little time left for what to him were the external and intrusive demands of life, of which what was called "making a living" was one. To me and my brothers, he was tender and threatening by turns, but threatening only because he was himself threatened by a Master who required endless obeisance. He was the personal deputy,



in our house, of a minatory Deity. I was not exactly afraid of my father, but I did fear the Interests he represented. I was closer to my mother, and had an adoration for her that I never felt for my father. How much my mother really believed, in the religious sense, I never knew. She was little and quiet; it was said that for a long time after my sister was killed, she didn't speak a single word. She had blue eyes and soft brown hair. I remember being early struck by the fact that she did not, like the pious ladies of her generation, wear the disfiguring *shaitels*, or wigs, required by ritual. Ladies were supposed not to be too alluring, because it would detract from what should be their main preoccupation—God. Perhaps my mother was proud of her hair; I know that I was. From the beginning, I sensed, dimly, that the gulf separating me from my father separated her from him also, and that because of this we had a kind of suppressed, conspiratorial alliance. Our communion, like the course of lovers, was starred with happiness and pain. Bitternesses sprang up between us, during which she never said much, whereas I was always voluble about my grievances and would lather myself up in self-justification and self-pity. And because I was the youngest and did not have to go to work as early as my older brothers had had to, I was at home more and saw more of her than they did. I believe I was the only one in the family with whom she had a relationship that, in its sunniest moments, might be described as gay. I could make her laugh, and she came to expect me to.

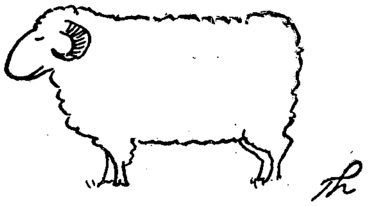
I developed a routine, for instance, of following her about while she was engaged in her household tasks, tagging at her heels so closely that her work was impeded. She would go into the pantry and I would follow; she would wash a dish and her elbow would hit me. She would then try to shoo me away, muttering the Yiddish word "*Meshugeneh*" ("crazy one"), but I was not to be put off by epithets. These long pantomimes would end only when she broke into helpless laughter. A difficulty between us that lasted to the end was the barrier of language. My mother spoke no English. When I was small, I spoke Yiddish at home, but by the time I went to high school, I had a conscious revulsion from the language of my parents. I felt that to speak it was a social denigration and that Yiddish was an ugly tongue. I detested its sound and its rhythms as compared to the sound and the rhythms of English. I knew, also, that it was a bastard version of the pure, Elysian, coveted German. As I began to study German in high school, I became the more acutely aware of the vulgarization of it we spoke at home, and when I heard Yiddish or spoke it myself, it was with a sense of shame. Not until long afterward did I come to realize what an extraordinarily responsive medium it is for pathos and warmth of feeling and, above all, for earthy and untranslatable humor.

ONE morning, when I was a freshman at Clark College, in Worcester, I left the house as usual after breakfast to go to classes. My father was sitting at the kitchen table poring over one of his Talmudic books—those big volumes bound in purple-veined imitation calf that were seldom out of his hand when he was at home. He gravely repeated, as I left him, his invariable valediction in Hebrew: "Go in peace, come back in peace." At ten o'clock that morning, after my first class, I had a study period. It was a radiant October day. I left the main building and started across the campus toward the corner drugstore for a milk shake. Halfway across, I was aware of a sudden, curious malaise. The sun was warm, I was feeling all right; I slowed down, wondering what was the matter. Then I stopped, and, without knowing why, I decided to go to the library to study. On the way to the library, the strange feeling became more intense; I tried, unsuccessfully, to analyze it. When I got to the library, an attendant told me that there was a message for me to go right home. By the time I got there, my father was dead. The tenement was crowded with friends and family. My mother sat silent beside my father, who lay on his bed, but she did not weep. It was my first sight of death. When I looked at my father, I remembered that earlier time when my mother was near to death; I remembered how her hand had looked. My father's face, and all that was visible of him, looked like that.

The rest of that day is a blur. Ladies sat in our parlor, sewing burial garments. People went to the station to meet my brothers, who were coming from New York, where they both had their first jobs. The lapel of my jacket was ripped, a fixed ritual of mourning. I must have gone to bed very late that night, but when I did, the house was still full of people. I lay in bed, half wakeful, and I missed the creak of my father's footsteps as he walked the kitchen floor invoking the four benevolent angels. I had long since got over my preoccupation with the Other, and I realized that now the four had also vanished, forever. I should thereafter know them only by name. The Malach Hamovis, his feat accomplished, must be off on other chores. Soon, in the elegiac, consolatory hum from the other room, I distinguished the voice of a young woman named Syra, and found myself listening for it. Syra was a beautiful girl in my oldest brother's set, and all the youth of Providence Street had been in love with her. When I was little, I used to overhear my brother and his friends talking about her after I had gone to bed; I would lie there listening to them discuss where Syra's affections were likely to fall, whom she favored, whom she would marry. When, some years later, she finally did settle on one of them and married him, there was tremendous gnashing of teeth. She had always been very sweet to us younger boys and would take us to the lake on picnics and go to a lot of bother for us. After the Bancroft Tower episode, she had drawn me aside and lectured me, telling me I mustn't do such things to my mother, who had been through so much already. Now, the night after my father died, I found myself listening for Syra's voice, separating it from the medley of voices, and suddenly I began to long for Syra in a wholly new way. This longing was so violent that it was in itself shattering, but that it should assail me so nakedly now, of all times, when all my thoughts should have been stricken ones, devoted to my father alone, overcame me with a sense of guilt that was even more devastating than the other emotion. It was as if, with God's deputy gone forever from our house, a dreadful saturnalia had been released to ravage me obscenely.

BY dint of patient maneuvering on the part of one of my brothers' friends who took an interest in me, I was transferred, after two years at Clark, to Harvard, and after that I was never to live in Worcester again, for I spent the summers with my brothers in New York. After I left home, my mother went to live with one of her married sisters in another house on Providence Street, and when this sister died, her husband married again, and my mother stayed on with her brother-in-law and his new wife. This uncle by marriage was not lucky with his wives. My aunt's first successor left him because he wouldn't take her to the movies. My uncle thought the movies a sinful diversion; if he had any spare time, he spent it in the synagogue. He succeeded, however, in marrying a third lady, with less giddy proclivities, and my mother lived with them also.

When I graduated from Harvard, I came to New York to try to find a job. It took me about six years to find even an unsteady one, and I spent most of my time writing plays, none of which I was able to sell. For a long time, in those early New York years, I had a recurrent dream: I was in Cambridge, it was spring, and I was lying on the grass by the Charles River, reading a novel. I would wake up morning after morning from this happy dream to find myself prospectless, in an unpromising city. I would be seized, when I was especially depressed, with an almost uncontrollable desire to see my mother. Sometimes I yielded to this impulse; at other times I mastered it. I felt in those moments that she was the only person in the world I wanted to talk to, although the Yiddish I had known when I was young had atrophied to such a degree that I could hardly say anything at all to her. I could not even write a note in Yiddish, so I would write to an uncle who read English to tell my mother I was coming to Worcester. Often I had a change of heart on the train; since there was no way of really communicating with my mother, the journey was pointless, and in any case I could not tell her that things were not well with me. Having written, though, there was no turning back, and before long I was walking into the yard of the tenement house where she lived and she was on the upstairs piazza waving to me.



Fortunately, my mother did not want to talk. She would simply ask how I was and how my brothers were and I would say "Fine," and she would busy herself at once making tea. Sometimes, in the earlier visits, I would fall into the old routine and follow her about the kitchen so closely as to discommode her movements. Then she would look over her shoulder at me and laugh memorially. Under my pursuit, she would accelerate her movements to escape me; she would flick strands of her hair from her forehead with a quick, helpless gesture, as if she were brushing off a fly, and I would hear again the muttered, familiar epithet.

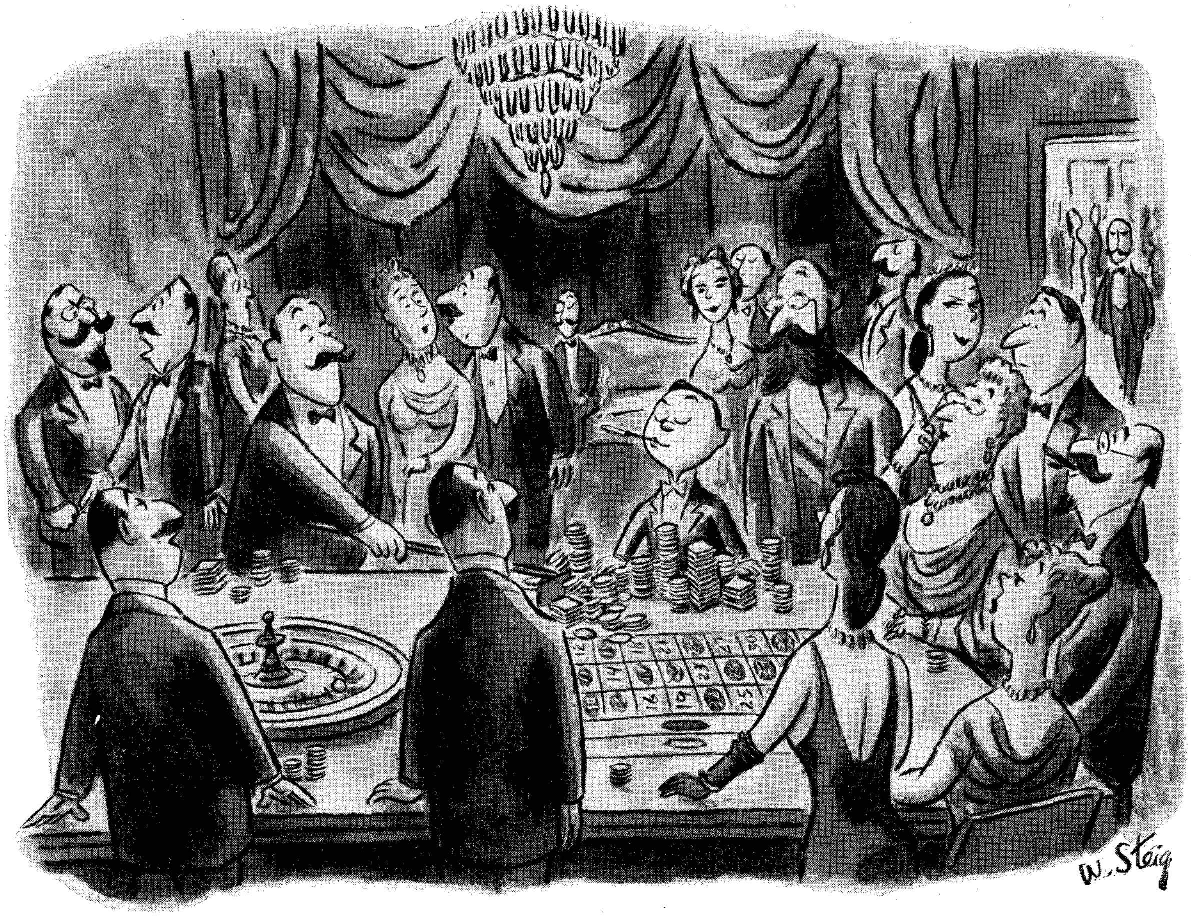
EROS IN THE KITCHEN

Our cook is in love. Love hangs on the house like a mist.
It embraces us all.
The spoons go uncounted. Confused is the grocery list,
But light each footfall.
Astonished, we notice how lyric the dishwasher sings.
(Did it always sing thus?)
And the mop has a lilt. And the telephone ceaselessly rings,
Although seldom for us.
Here nothing seems quite the same as it did before.
Something ineffably hovers
Over the household. All of us plunge or soar
With the mood of the lovers.
We dine to distraction on delicate viands today
And, likely, tomorrow
Must scrabble with timorous forks at a fallen soufflé
More sodden than sorrow.
And salad's served up with dessert and the napkin's forgot,
The butter's unformed by the mold,
And the bouillon's barbarically cold,
Or the aspic comes hot.
And the message for Mister or Madam's a fortnight untold.

But who's such a churl as to care
With amour like a mist on the air,
On the house like a bloom—
When so blithe is the broom,
And the voice of the kettle, the beat of the brush on the tile
Sound gayer than springtime peeper?
We smile at each other at breakfast. At dinner we smile.
There's a smile on the face of the sleeper.
Our years have grown younger. We sally to parties at night
In tall hat and long glove.
We remember what we had forgotten. The hallways are bright.
Our cook is in love.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •



DREAMS OF GLORY

Breaking the Bank

• •

Once we had settled down with our cups of tea, she would sit at the table across from me. And then would come the inevitable questions that I dreaded: Why wasn't I married and when would I be? I could not have answered these questions even if I had had the vocabulary. I kept trying to tell her, in my few words of Yiddish, that the event was imminent. This did not satisfy her; she wished it to be instantaneous. After some years of these promises, she would remind me that I had made similar ones on my earlier visits. In time, she became more searching on this point. Since the event was imminent, who was the girl? I had to improvise prospects. Then would come inquiries about the girl's family, and I had to improvise whole sets of future in-laws.

Among the mothers of Providence Street, the wish to see their children married was almost a mania. To illustrate my mother's fixation on this score, I must mention the fact that, after many years of effort, I finally sold a play. It was produced in New York, and later a road company was sent out. It played a one-night stand in Worcester. I was not present, but, from what I heard, there must have been considerable ado about it on Providence Street, and the theatre must have been filled with my relatives. One of my uncles took my mother. His English was so sketchy that he could have followed very little of it; nevertheless, he was enthusiastic. My mother, who had understood none of it, was noncommittal. On the way home, my uncle pressed her for an opinion. She would not give one. "Tell me," she asked him, "why doesn't he get married?"

IN November of 1944, I returned on the Elizabeth from a trip I had made to England. It had been a trying journey. The ship was bringing several thousand casualties back from the front; the other passengers, mostly journalists and civilian technicians, were crowded in, eight or ten to a cabin; the blare of the loudspeakers, giving instructions for abandon-ship drills and announcements of meals for such of the wounded as could go to the dining saloon, was unremitting; the portholes were blacked out; the decks were curtained with canvas; with the zigzag course the ship was forced to follow, the crossing took seven days. On the morning we were to land, I was up and walking the decks at five o'clock. It was exhilarating to do this now that one knew the waters were at last free of submarines. And although we were at war, I had an extraordinary sense, because of the English scene I had just left, of being at peace. It was a morning of lambent clarity—the rocks jutting from the water, the lighthouses, the uninhabited, casual islands that seemed to be cut out of the surface of the sea with a diamond edge. The air was sharp; it had none of the softness of the early morning when I had walked with my father to fetch Jim Nightingale, some forty years before. That walk came back to me then, and I compared this morning with that other one, which had become, for me, the matrix of all early mornings. I felt the old anxiety to see my mother, who had not been told that I had gone abroad. She was still living in Worcester, and I determined to go there to see her within the next few days. When I reached New York that afternoon, my brothers told me that she had died that morning. She had been taken to a hospital a few days earlier. She had asked to die.

The next afternoon, my brothers and I went to Worcester. We were received at the funeral home by a squat man in a derby hat. He was dressed with truculent formality in striped trousers and a double-breasted business jacket. We went in to see my mother. She was calm. Her face did not have the anxious look one sees sometimes on the faces of the dead. The Black Angel had reached her at last, but since she had invited him, his touch had been gentle, even benign.—S. N. BEHRMAN

•

DOG—White and brown beer hound, lost December 24, vicinity of Ellerson, Va. Last seen in Caroline County.—*Adv. in the Richmond (Va.) News Leader.*

Alone, or with cronies?

TOUCH AND GO

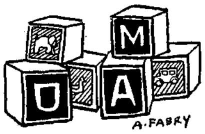
(WITH A LOW BOW TO ELIZABETH BOWEN)

“TENNIS, anyone?”

The face thrust in at the library door had the square, animal good looks that are encountered in photographs of men examining niblicks in their underwear. It was in fact among the mail-order advertisements that it had first acquired an anonymous familiarity, but Londoners now recognized it—as did Angelica here—as something more recently seen in an antic glare, under a tilted bowler, above glib feet and a twinkling stick. “I say, isn’t that that comic at the Palace?” she said to Mt. Auburn, as its owner disappeared strumming a racquet which he held as a banjo. “Aunt Aurora said he might push round.”

Mt. Auburn, who had turned to the doorway to smile negatively as at a vendor, now murmured affirmatively to Angelica and resumed what he had been doing: browsing along the shelves. His movements betrayed that incarcerated stress he always felt as a week-end house guest. The books were packed so tight it was like pulling bricks out of a wall: which to that extent appeared to give him something to do. Watching him open and close several, cracking the spines of some, the tip of his tongue visible between his teeth like a morsel of pimento, Angelica asked: “Did we come in here to be together or just to get away from the others?”

“I’m fond of you,” he said with the touch of asperity that usually accompanied this declaration. “You know that. I mean why take on? . . . This has some interesting things in it,” he went on of an anthology he was holding. Two pressed roses and a tasselled dance card fell out of it to the floor: he retrieved and returned them with deploring clucks, and wedged the book back in its place, with the same old effort. None of this had been thought through. She said: “Mt. Auburn, why don’t you take another out before you put one back? That’ll give you more space.” They were both at the mercy of impromptu irritations, and now Mt. Auburn, suddenly splaying out the fingers of his hands, in that gesture one makes when one draws on gloves, walked to the window and looked out toward the west at a mass of clouds he knew to be darkening there. He had for a moment that expression which doctors wear when they are reading X-rays. “It’ll rain,” he murmured. “Then we shall all be trapped and huddled.”



They had been trapped and huddled last night, not due to rain: their host, Angelica’s Uncle Malcolm, had read, in mustard-colored tweeds and an oppressively interpretive voice, at length from the Victorian poets. Traditions, like people, are bellicose in youth and then again in age. Uncle Malcolm and Aunt Aurora and their friends had a sense of cutting ice only among themselves: together, their voices had the ring of musketry, their gestures the gallantry of old alliance; but single, pausing for instance in the doorway to a room in which they would presently become anachronisms, standing thus a moment in their flowing velvet and with their verdant old mustaches, they had a kind of forlorn vehemence, like exclamation marks that have got detached from their sentences.

“I suppose you’re still done up from last night,” Angelica said. “But remember, *their* poets led the way.”

“How?”

“They were the first to grope.” As though that ended the matter, Angelica turned to press the point with a forensic gesture—which died in midair at the sound of approaching footsteps.

“Your aunt?” Mt. Auburn asked quickly.

Stiffening against the library table where she stood, Angelica reminded herself how she had resolved henceforward to meet sensibility: by remaining sensible. What after all could Mt. Auburn expect but to be asked down and trotted out for these relatives and those? Once lovers are declared or even suspected to be such, there is scarcely a move made in their direction that is not tribal in intent. The community is instantly ready with the shelter of its institutions, kin with their blessings; but the price of security is enclosure, that of benediction, tedium. Lovers have no more than kissed than society is busy defining the trellis on which their roses may sprawl. Now Mt. Auburn had got to look at family snapshots.

Sensing him to have darted a glance toward a nearby corridor, as though it were a side street up which he might run, Angelica said evenly: “Mt. Auburn, stay.”

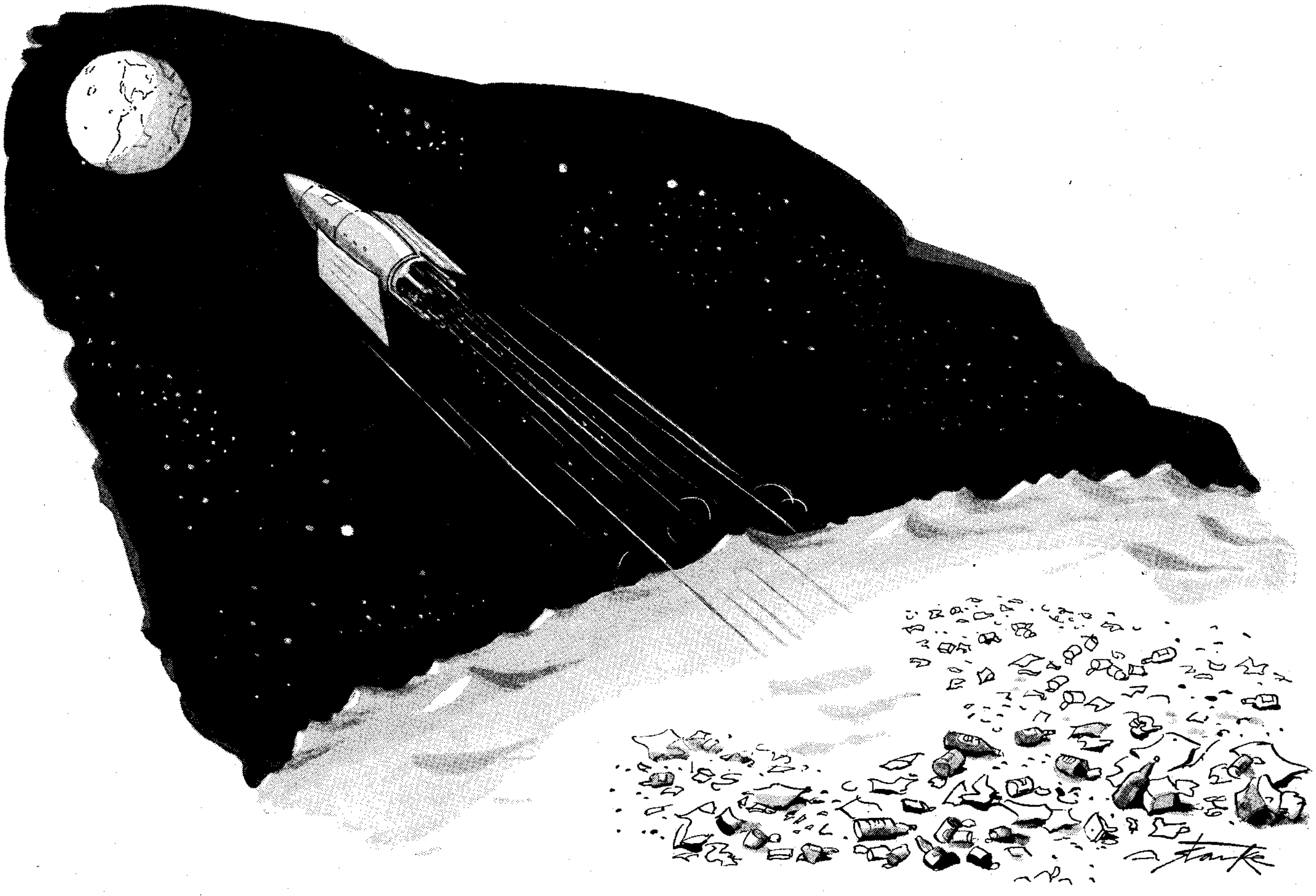
AUNT AURORA, who had over the years evolved a pattern of rigorous solicitude for her guests, had got herself up with formidable casualness in a suit of brown houndstooth, crowning which with a tweed porkpie, presently, she would go for a stride with whomever she could recruit. She entered the room as though she were already on the open heath.

“Hullo, hullo, hullo,” she said. “Don’t you two look knit up in here.” She unslung from her shoulder her voracious camera, and hooked it over a chair. “Well, you wanted to see some pictures, didn’t you, Harry?”

It is equally the plight and the safeguard of the sensitive that it is not easily known when they are at bay. Mt. Auburn, who disliked the use of his first name in even the closest of bonds, stood in the corner beside the final pleat of a curtain and watched her bear down with a rehearsed despair, but gave no sign. We are surprised at the collapses of the placid, not knowing when a preserved calm is merely the means of the overkeyed for keeping themselves illegible. Mt. Auburn’s rather geometrically good-looking features did not “represent;” his face fleetly suggested an abstraction that had been mutilated by the addition of a second eye. Aunt Aurora stalwartly fancied herself as being able to take him in her stride, not dreaming it was she who must be taken in his. He could not exist in a plasm of over-all sociability, and a siege of hospitality as robust as Aunt Aurora’s took more out of him than the usual weekend. Aunt Aurora was assertive even in repose; occupying a chair, she did so with an affirmative quality, as though she were sitting on luggage.

She dug from the table drawer several packets of new snaps awaiting plastering and dating in her albums, and fetched them to the sofa. “There’s heaps of Angelica I took last month, and soon there’ll be heaps of you. We’ll save *the* family album till tonight—a good look, long as you want to get knit up with us.” She sat in the middle of the sofa and spread palms on either side of her. “Now let’s make ourselves comfy.”

Not least among the tensions of civilized intercourse is that of sitting beside. Taking a seat next another, and being sat next, are sharply different degrees of one sensation, and their demarcation is often the threshold of distress to the distilled consciousness. Angelica knew this made an ordeal of solitary train rides for Mt. Auburn. He did not, once possessively organized in a seat with a window to look out of, prohibitively mind being joined: what he could not do was join. Which was what Aunt Aurora was haling him into now, over and above the tribulation of whatever pictures were to come



his way. Nor was this all. Angelica started across the floor with a qualmy deliberation, then began to put herself outside the tension in this room, arriving at the sofa in that somnambulism which is a kind of blessed detachment about what is going to happen to us in a crisis. She took her place on one of the patted ends. Then suddenly her aunt heaved herself over to the other and with all that woolly good will smacked the middle cushion and said: "Here with him!"

Women, under strain, crumple from the shoulders, men from the knees. Mt. Auburn rounded the massive oak table with that peculiarly bowlegged gait of exhausted types who are being required to sit between. Goading herself to with an effort, Angelica thought how all about them were ranged Dickens and Thackeray, Hardy and Meredith, Smollett and Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer-Lytton, rank on rank. Nothing in her aunt's tradition equipped her to comprehend that at this very moment in her house events were boiling to a climax. Angelica's choice of alternatives was pellucid: get rid of her aunt, or explain to the woman that action was neural.

She was not long in taking the easier course.

"Look, Aunt Aurora, it may rain and I shan't have you missing your walk. We *insist*. I'll take Mt. Auburn on a rummage through these. Anyhow, think of your hovering about not letting me weed out the awful ones of me." Somehow her aunt was bundled out the front door, tucking on the porkpie and readjusting the camera looped once more on her shoulder.

Returning to the library Angelica saw Mt. Auburn inspecting a lesion in a lighted cigar. He sat on the end of the sofa next the table, one ankle on a knee, a hand flat on the tussock of envelopes which Aunt Aurora in rising had tumbled on the center cushion. He hummed a few measures of something and plucked a loose thread from his trouser cuff, with an air of imposture. "I mean there are relatives who want a chap on toast," he said.

Angelica picked up the envelopes and sat down with them. With a meticulous inefficiency she opened one and slid out the contents. She was a while sorting them in her lap: Mt. Auburn, the coal of his cigar pointed at the ceiling, took in the rather dental grimace of a bearskin rug at the other end of the room. At length Angelica passed him a sheaf. He shuffled through it with a frown of response.

"But these are negatives," he said.

"I did so not want to be obvious." The sensations of love had always set themselves forth to Angelica as those of something delicious eaten in anxiety. She pursued it with a guarded ecstasy, a kind of wary bliss, which made it natural for her now to watch with her head lowered and out of the tail of her eye, watch with a keyed readiness as Mt. Auburn reached a hand to her and brought his fist down softly on her knee several times, as though he were trying to invent a new impulse.

She said: "You say you're fond of me. I don't suppose you could say 'I love you'?"

"That's not fair. There are things it would break all the teeth in a chap's head to get off." He'd a crooked little dislodged smile. "*Ita magnum est ut latino uno verbo exprimi non possit.*"

"You don't know what you're saying."

Putting aside the pictures she rose and went to the mantel to which she clung as though to an escarpment. Yet when she brought her brow to rest on the back of one hand she gave an effect of almost languid thought. She was thinking how the perils of intimacy had, among the over-evolved, in our time, made the double bed give way to singles, these in turn to separate rooms. "I suppose," she said, "you figure we could each have our own—" He spared her having to bring out "room."

"Yes, I've been thinking, now that

you mention it, I mean I don't imagine two smallish flats would be terribly more than one large— Oh, in the same building of course . . ."

When she straightened and turned, she gave her head a toss, like one who has just broken water. She had never realized how much of the maternal there was in her feeling toward Mt. Auburn till now when she wanted to lead him somewhere, conceivably back to London, by one ear. Instead she commenced a search among the shelves for something, running a finger along the titles as if it were a divining rod that might help her locate what it was.

"Angelica, what are you looking for?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. She had the certainty she would know it when she came to it: just as she had recognized, simply in coming to it, the end of "them"—and, in all of this, the end of youth as well.

YOUTH comes to an end in the afternoon. Middle age arrives in the evening, with the first book one rereads, but youth draws to a close in the afternoon, particularly a Friday afternoon in autumn. There is a premonitory chill in the air where lately summer may have lingered in a blue and gold reprieve, a ripple of shadow while it is still light, twisting the hearts of weekenders. The country dallier, knowing he must return to the city, tastes in advance those dumb, velvety, smothered moods of early dusk, when against the looming gray buildings the rain seems a liquefaction of light—subtly distinguishable from the twilit texture of spring whose light appears rather a rarefaction of rain. Even the uninstructed spirit senses, for all autumn's quickened tempo, this transposition to a minor key. But if one has suffered the asphyxiation of some hope—not necessarily a grief but at least a recession of outlook—then this seasonal drawing in symbolizes a larger human contraction: the intimation that we live, after all, not on the earth but in the world, a world of betrayal and complicity. The images that have been singled out and prized by memory—slants of early snow, a tree tweaked by wind, street lamps blooming alight—and that have come to reiterate a fixed emotion, like hieroglyphs, will now sharply gain in venerability, like, to alter the metaphor as well, coins that have acquired a numismatic value.

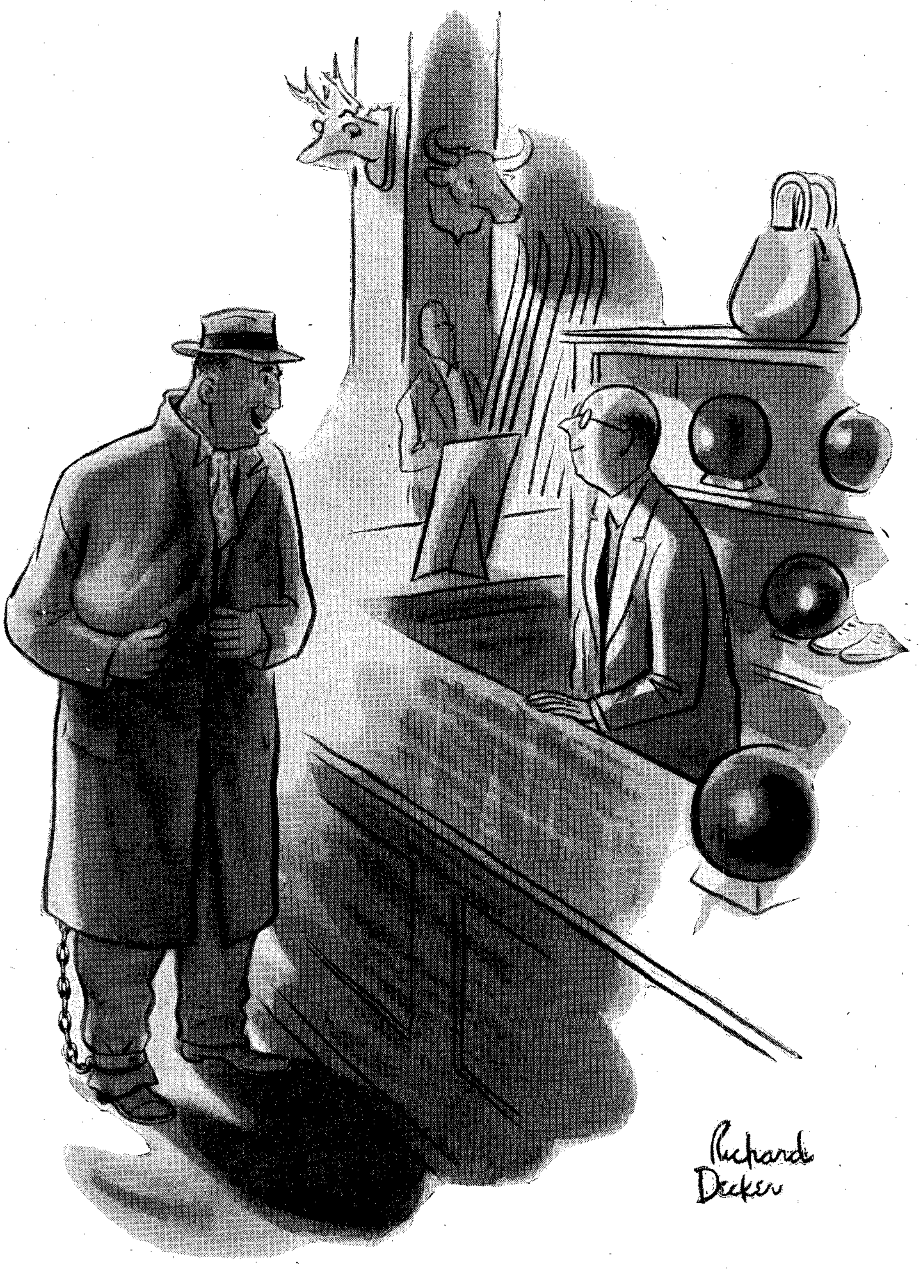
Angelica foresaw herself walking the streets and entering lighted rooms without Mt. Auburn. Mt. Auburn was the Individual: and that was a squeezed orange. With him, one would go quite to bits. There was nothing for it but to start fresh from the other end: if one could not humanize from above, then refine from below. She was thinking of the wire-haired ad model who had popped his head in a while ago, and it was with him intruding on the edge of her mind that she was searching among the shelves. Her finger, as if indeed a dowsing wand with a discernment of its own, came to rest on a volume of poetry. She drew it out with a smile— This poet was the very golden mean of British taste: as *de trop* to the likes of Mt. Auburn as he would be elevating to one still wanting in criteria.

She turned and started out of the room. She paused over Mt. Auburn, whose cigar had perished on the rim of an ashtray where he had left it. She looked down at it with that mild bemusement of people contemplating a leftover piece of something they have taken apart and put together again. Then she went on out of the library and out of the house, to the lawn. The book she clasped gave her a sense of having split the British Isles down the middle, yet with a gesture as simple as Mt. Auburn tidying the cleft in his Homburg, "escaping."

There was a mixed-doubles match in progress on the court, but Ad Model wasn't even watching, let alone playing, so his gallop through the house asking for players had been humorous. He was with a group on the grass, sitting each in a halo of midges. She marched through a gap in the privet and continued toward them. She let her eye rest for the merest moment on his, as, wagging the volume aloft, she said, approaching, smiling:

"Tennyson, anyone?"

—PETER DE VRIES

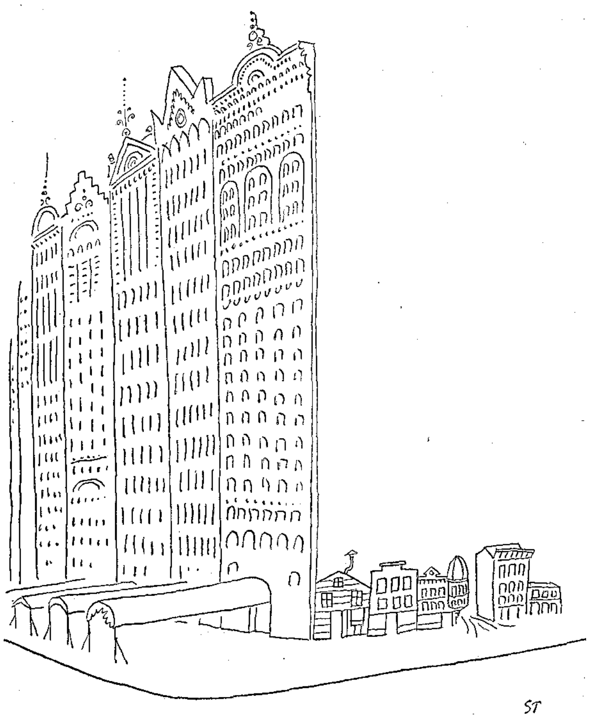


"I'd like to see something in the way of a bowling-ball case."

PROFILES

SECOND CITY

III—THE MASSACREE



THE city of Chicago, on the west shore of Lake Michigan, is less one town than a loose confederacy of fifty wards. To bind them together, the wards have not even climate, since the waters of the Lake retain warmth on into the fall and intense cold through June, with the result that there is sometimes a difference of as much as twenty degrees in temperature between the Lake shore and the interior. The inhabitants of the city, therefore, cannot use the weather as a common topic of conversation. The heart of the city, as small in proportion to its gross body as a circus fat lady's, succeeds in pumping most Chicagoans through it barely more than once a year, and then just to view the Christmas decorations set out by the department-store owners on State Street. The people in the majority of the wards, remote from this heart, work in the wards they live in—those living near the Stockyards, for example, work in the Stockyards, and those near Inland Steel at Inland. If a man has a job outside the ward he sleeps in, it is likely to be in one just as far from the center of town. In this, Chicago is the antithesis of Washington and New York, where there is a universal movement of the working inhabitants—toward the center of the city in the morning, centrifugal in the evening.

Communication between the residents of the different wards is further limited by the pronounced tendency of immigrant groups in Chicago to coagulate geographically. In Chicago, a man known as a Pole or a Norwegian may not have been born in Poland or Norway, or of parents born there. If even only his grandparents were so born, he refers to himself as a Pole or a Norwegian if he wants to sell coffins or groceries or life insurance to others like himself. A national identification is absolutely essential if he wishes to enter politics. A Chicago party ticket is an international patchwork, like Europe after the Treaty of Versailles. Most of the members of the Chicago national blocs, however, think of Europe as it was cut up by the Congress of Vienna. The great waves of immigration that carried them or their forefathers to their jobs in this country ended with the beginning of the First World War, and they lack the sense of contact with Europe that is sustained by the coming and going of ships, as in New York. To Chicago Norwegians, Norway remains a backward peasant country—"with goats on the roof," as one social-service worker puts it. These Norwegians were isolationists during the war, while their Brooklyn compatriots, who were in a position to talk with Norwegian sailors, were interventionists. To Chicago Croats or Chicago Serbs, Yugoslavia is an unexperienced concept. Poland, to Chicago Poles, means Catholicism and street parades. Chicago has no liberal Italian-American political leaders, like LaGuardia, Poletti, or even Pecora; to be Italian in Chicago means to be loyal to the Italian political machine in the Italian wards. The Irish continue to boil over about the famine of 1846-47. The national blocs are as entirely cut off from Europe as they are from the rest of America—or from the next ward. And the division between the Negro wards and the white is even more drastic.

To make the wards breathe as one calls for an event like the Fire of 1871 or the Columbian Exposition of 1893. The Haymarket riot of 1886, when somebody or other threw a bomb that killed several policemen, and the Black Sox scandal of 1920, when the city learned that its American League team had sold the World Series of the previous year, were other happenings of the magnitude required. The wards are as jealous of their political sovereignty as Ulster or the Union of South Africa. The aldermen do not hesitate to snub the Mayor, a moving-and-storage man named Martin H. Kennelly, who looks like a bit player impersonating a benevolent banker. Kennelly, the aldermen are fond of saying (as if they had never heard of Samuel Insull), "must be honest, because he doesn't need the money," but when he tries to assert himself, they react as if they had been kicked by a stained-glass window.

I have been a visitor to Chicago several times in the past few years, but it was only during the winter of 1949-50, when my wife, my stepdaughter, and I were residents, that I had a chance to get to know the aldermen well. At that time, they gave an entrancing display of their free spirit by blocking a plan to provide low-cost housing for twelve thousand families, out of the two hundred thousand who, according to one reliable estimate, are in need of it. The federal government had earmarked the necessary funds for this purpose, and the Mayor had appointed a Chicago Housing Authority, which, after study, had approved sites for the buildings. But every site lay within some alderman's ward—a difficulty impossible to avoid, since all Chicago is divided into wards. Few aldermen wanted new housing within their own wards; it might loosen the landlords' grip on their established constituents. Even worse, it might bring an influx of new voters to upset the ward's political balance and the alderman himself.

An idea of how serious the subject of housing is in Chicago may be gathered by this passage from a piece that Walter White, Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, wrote for the New York *Herald Tribune* following the Cicero riots last summer:

> As part of the background, let's look at the plight of Harvey Clark and his wife

Johnetta, also a college graduate, and their two children, aged eight and six. The Clarks moved to Chicago from Nashville, Tenn., in 1949. At first he worked as an insurance salesman and later as a bus driver for the Chicago Transit Authority. Because as a Negro he was restricted in finding a home, the best accommodation he could secure was one-half of a small two-room apartment on Chicago's South Side, for which he paid $12.50 a week, or approximately $56 a month. The Clarks occupied a tiny bedroom while another family of five occupied the equally small living room. The apartment was located in a vermin-infested building which can most charitably be described as a firetrap.

Many of the white wards are almost as congested, and the spillover of Negroes from their intolerably crowded neighborhoods into the scarcely less jammed wards around them sets the stage for the racial violence that is Chicago's greatest present danger. Chicago crowding is still a crowding into one- or two-story, one- or two-family dwellings, as it was in 1906, when Upton Sinclair brought out "The Jungle," describing the Lithuanian and Polish workers in the Stockyards. The slums look more like Hoovervilles than Harlems. In this horizontal crowding, the proprietors of all the tar-paper-and-matchwood buildings fear the economic threat of the multiple-family housing development. The aldermen, who constitute the City Council, rejected the Housing Authority's sites and turned the quest for new ones into a form of slapstick. At one point, they proposed to place all twelve thousand family units in the vicinity of the University of Chicago, far from the worst overcrowding. This was a broadly comic dig at Bob Merriam, the young alderman from the Fifth Ward, which includes the University. Merriam had been one of the few members of the Council to support the Housing Authority's sites. It was all good, clean fun, and the housing never got built, although the Council has since approved some sites, on three or four of which work may commence this spring. Meanwhile, the two hundred thousand families continue to live in sub-standard homes.

"I see a tall, handsome young man, cultivated and witty as well as extremely wealthy . . . But—oh dear—he doesn't seem to be attracted to you at all."

MERRIAM is a town character—an honest alderman. In any of the better residential neighborhoods, one meets him at practically every party one attends; it is typical of well-off Chicagoans to be passionately interested in good government. Merriam is a lively man in his mid-thirties, who has inherited his taste for politics from his father. The elder Merriam, a professor emeritus of political science at the University, once ran for Mayor of Chicago on a reform ticket. In the son, the delighted observer frequently gets ahead of the idealist. "Chicago is unique," he said to me the first time I met him. "It is the only completely corrupt city in America." When I told him I had heard a couple of other places equally ill spoken of, he said defensively, "But they aren't nearly as big."

This ambivalence is a Chicago characteristic. People you meet at a party devote a great deal more time than people elsewhere to talking about good government, but they usually wind up the evening boasting about the high quality of the crooks they have. At every social gathering, abuse is heaped upon the head of every politician in public view, the standard complaint being that the fellow is not sufficiently idealistic. The male guests carry five-dollar bills folded in their drivers' licenses. Upon being stopped by a traffic policeman, they present the license, the cop takes the fin and returns the license, and the transaction is closed. "He had me, all right," is the customary explanation. "Why should I bother to go to court to pay a fine?"

These same people are constantly in quest of intellectual improvement. "We'd like to invite you over to dinner tonight," one of our best Chicago friends told us on the telephone the second day we were in town, "but we've turned over our house for the evening to our Group for an informal discussion of the devaluation of the pound." Everybody you meet belongs to a Great Books Discussion Group; the study of the Great Books can last a lifetime, even when the samplings taken of them are exceedingly small. (Two chapters of Gibbon, thoroughly digested in a discussion group led by one's chiropodist, are supposed to be the equivalent of the whole work merely read.) In Chicago intellectual circles, a man who can't do a psy-

YOUR CROSSING... takes only 9½ hours by plane
4½ days by ship from the Pacific Coast.

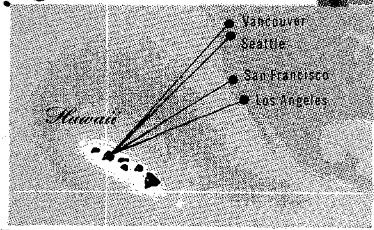
YOUR COST... will come within a surprisingly moderate budget.

YOUR MEMORIES... rich with strange sights, beauty, excitement, fun, will hold their charm forever.

● Air and steamship lines link Hawaii with San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver. You can go one way by air, the other by sea, or round trip by either. From Honolulu, on the island of **OAHU**, short flights take you to the other major islands of the Hawaiian group... **MAUI, HAWAII, KAUAI.**

Let your Travel Agent help you plan to visit all four islands. You can see them all at moderate cost.

Hawaii invites you with year 'round charm. Come any time...come Now!



HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU *A non-profit organization maintained for your service by* **THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII**

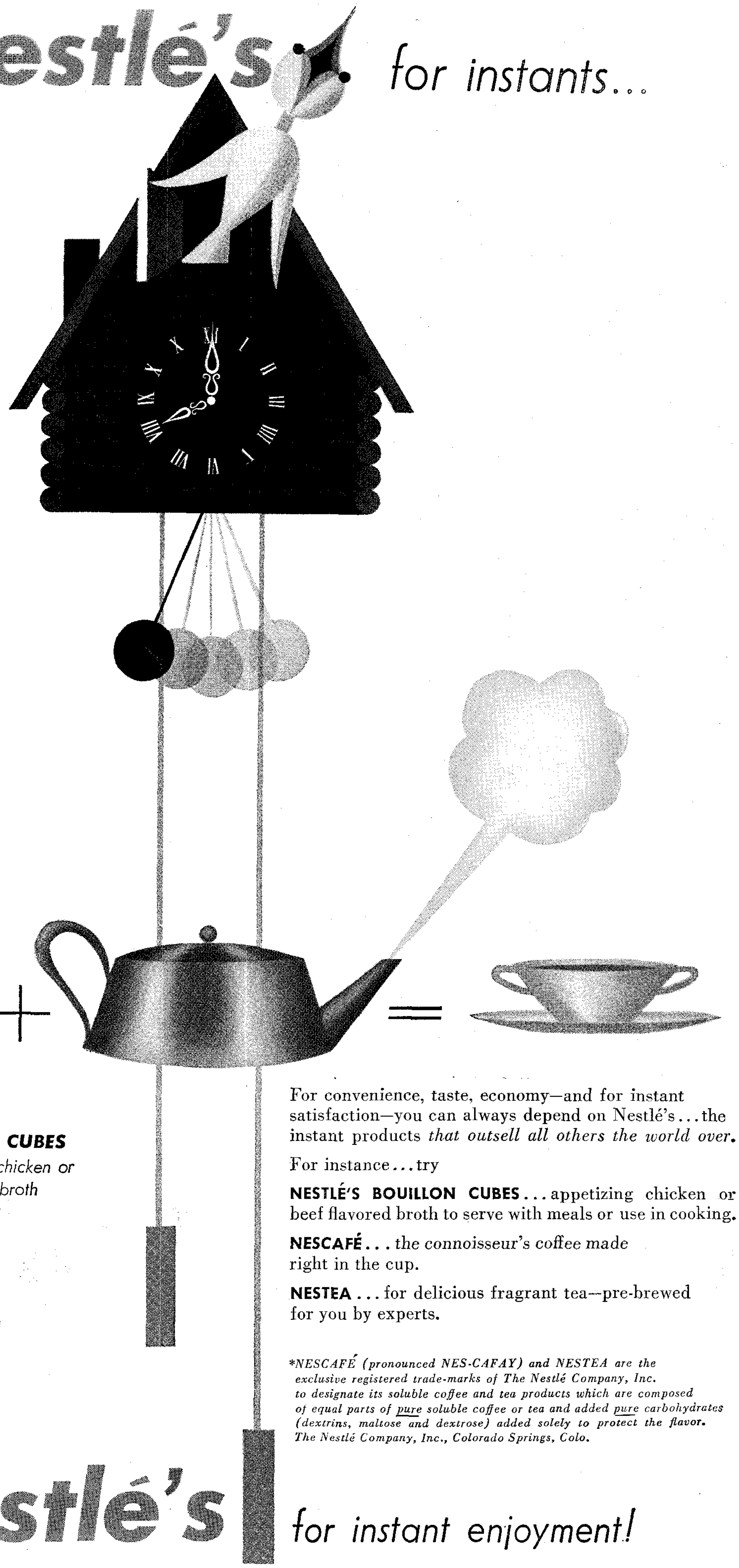
MAUI—*Island maidens dancing the hula, sway to the ancient beat of gourds and to modern Hawaiian rhythms, leaving a captivating memory.*

OAHU—*With delicious pork roasted in an* imu *(pit oven) and other age-old island delicacies, a* luau *(feast) is a gay, colorful celebration.*

HAWAII—*For centuries the gift of a flower lei has been the symbol of a friendly welcome and one of the most charming island customs.*

KAUAI—*Snaring fish with a throw-net, spearing them under water, and catching them in huge community nets are age-old island skills.*

take nestlé's for instants...



NESTEA
SOLUBLE TEA PRODUCT
NESTLÉ
12 CUBES
NET WEIGHT 1.68 OZ.
NESTLÉ'S CHICKEN BOUILLON CUBES
NESCAFÉ
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
NESTLÉ

NESTEA*
for flavorful Instant Tea

NESTLÉ'S BOUILLON CUBES
for satisfying chicken or beef flavored broth

NESCAFÉ*
for delicious Instant Coffee

For convenience, taste, economy—and for instant satisfaction—you can always depend on Nestlé's...the instant products *that outsell all others the world over.*

For instance...try

NESTLÉ'S BOUILLON CUBES...appetizing chicken or beef flavored broth to serve with meals or use in cooking.

NESCAFÉ... the connoisseur's coffee made right in the cup.

NESTEA... for delicious fragrant tea—pre-brewed for you by experts.

**NESCAFÉ (pronounced NES-CAFAY) and NESTEA are the exclusive registered trade-marks of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee and tea products which are composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee or tea and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor. The Nestlé Company, Inc., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

nestlé's for instant enjoyment!

© 1952 THE NESTLÉ COMPANY, INC.

choanalysis between two Martinis ranks with a fellow who can't change a tire. A man condemned to earn his living by writing, and therefore accustomed to talk about football or the proper temperature of beer, finds himself conversationally impaled by determined ladies who want to discuss Lionel Trilling. Intellectual Chicagoans are all desperately earnest and seem as wholly isolated as the second-generation Croats. The wards stretch out around the lakeside apartment houses, or Gold Coast, and around the University and the pleasant detached houses near it, where the serious thinkers live, and the wards are unaffected by anything the people in those houses think or say.

Because there is very little low-priced housing, Chicagoans have set up a Housing Council, and because there is much crime, they have set up a Crime Commission, and because relations between whites and blacks are bad, a Commission on Human Relations, but everything remains very much the same, for these organizations operate in a vacuum. The conviction that anything in the world can be ameliorated by setting up a council or forming a committee is as much an article of faith with Chicagoans of good will as the notion that there is a short cut to every intellectual objective (except business success, which, of course, demands full-time thought in all waking hours not set aside specifically for culture). The city is not only the home of the short analysis and of the theory that a liberal culture can be acquired by reading arbitrarily chosen slivers of a number of arbitrarily chosen books; it also has the only large university that awards a liberal-arts degree for an undergraduate course that starts after the second year of high school and ends after what would anywhere else be the second year of college. As a result of this generous stand, the University of Chicago's undergraduate college acts as the greatest magnet for neurotic juveniles since the Children's Crusade, with Robert Maynard Hutchins, the institution's renovator, until recently playing the role of Stephen the Shepherd Boy in the revival. Walking inadvertently (I can't imagine anyone's doing it on purpose) into any of the campus taverns along Fifty-fifth Street, the University's equivalent of the Boulevard St. Michel, the adult stranger finds himself in a kind of juvenile Alsatia, where the male voices haven't changed yet. By conversation with the inmates, he may learn, as I did from one lad, that "the strong point about Chicago is it's the only university where you can hold a full-time daytime job and still get your B.A. You don't have to go to class at all. Just read the Great Books and work up a line for the comprehensive examination at the end of the year." There is no general public institution of higher learning in Chicago, and the opportunity to work full time is often necessary to the earning of tuition fees. But a B.A. is a B.A., and if Dr. Lawrence A. Kimpton, who not long ago succeeded Hutchins as chancellor of the University, decides to accept candidates out of the third grade instead of the tenth, he will probably be hailed on the Midway as an even greater educational innovator.

A MORE traditional specimen of an alderman than Merriam is Paddy Bauler, who represents the Forty-third Ward. Bauler's De Luxe Gardens, at North Avenue and Sedgwick, is as sedate a groggery as you will come upon in the city of Chicago. It occupies the former premises of the Immigrant State Bank, which went under in the crash, and the original lavatory solemnity of the interior's marble décor has never been altered. The high ceilings, the grilles barring the way to the vaults, and all the other accessories designed to nurture unfounded confidence remain to warn of the uncertainty of appearances, and the patrons conduct themselves as discreetly as men about to solicit a loan. It is here that the Alderman, who is also a member of the Cook County Democratic Committee, holds court, like Saint Louis of France under his tree of judgment, from nine to eleven each evening, when he is not travelling in Europe. Paddy travels often, and always in style; he says that trips to places like Rome and Palestine help him to understand the different kinds of people in his ward. The saloon's license is in his brother's name. Paddy has apparently done well at making his aldermanic salary of five thousand dollars a year stretch.

The Alderman is a mountain—or, rather, since his contours are soft, a gravel dump—of a man, with a wide pink face wearing an expression of mock truculence. Twenty years ago, when he was courting the attention of Mayor Tony Cermak, he used to roll about the floor in wrestling matches

The Bermuda Shop

For Resort Wear

Our hand-tailored Bermuda Shorts in crisp Moygashel linen—exclusive with us. In a gay color assortment: mauve, slate, daffodil, poppy red, white, light blue and navy.

Sizes 10-20 **$16.95**

Pure silk blouse, white only.

Sizes 12-18 **$14.95**

On your Bermuda Holiday, visit The Bermuda Shop in Hamilton

554 MADISON AVENUE at 55th STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Italian Originals

HANDMADE IN ROME

CREATED BY

Mme. E. GARNETT

Everyone loves a jersey dress

Three sound reasons for
choosing this one
are
its

Original Design
Couturier Detail
Youthful Casualness

Grey - Red - Yellow

Sizes 10 to 18 $95.00

exclusively at

Mme E Garnett

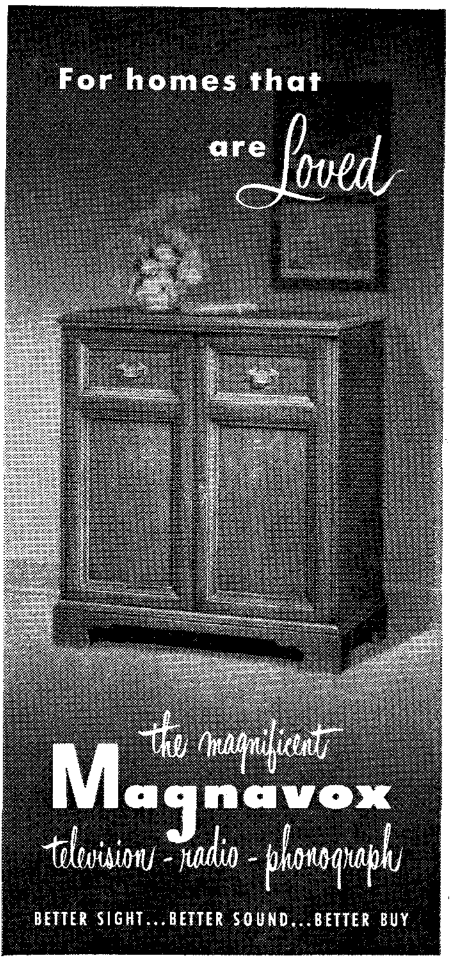
El. 5-5275

47 East 51st St.
New York City

with himself to make His Honor laugh; he weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds then, and he has put on several ounces since. He is essentially decorous, however; a few nights before Christmas of 1933 he shot a policeman who wanted him to serve a drink after hours. Paddy had locked up and was depositing the receipts from a Forty-third Ward Democratic Christmas Fund benefit show in the bank vault when the policeman came to the door raucously demanding admittance. Paddy went out to quiet him. "Johnny, why have I got this coming to me for?" the Alderman roared plaintively. "I never done anything to you." Then he shot the policeman, and nobody has used bad language or tried to get a drink after hours in the De Luxe Gardens since. Only a few years ago, a man named Kane, who was opposing Paddy in the Democratic primary in the ward, complained because the store he was using for his headquarters was bombed one night. Kane claimed to be a close friend of Mayor Kennelly's. The Alderman said things were coming to a pretty pass when a fellow would bomb his own headquarters for publicity. "I wouldn't have minded it so much," he told reporters, "if the guy hadn't run up there and stuck Kennelly's picture in the broken window before the cops came." Paddy's posters in a recent election campaign said, with elegant restraint, "Elect Mathias J. Bauler. He will appreciate your vote." Paddy doesn't have to make himself known to the voters in the Forty-third. Once, he says, he told a campaign audience that he had been the first child ever christened in St. Teresa's Church, in his ward. The pastor looked up the baptismal record and, sure enough, Paddy had been.

Paddy's father was born in Germany, and his mother in Illinois, of German descent. Like many other men of non-Irish descent who spend their lives in politics, he has acquired a Celtic manner that sometimes imposes on him, just as some non-Frenchmen who work their way up in the restaurant business begin to think of themselves as French. Paddy's ward, it happens, is so ethnologically scrambled that there is no great political profit in being any particular kind of European, but among politicians the rule is: When in doubt, be Irish. "I've almost forgotten my name is Mathias," Paddy says.

There is no entertainment—not even a dice girl—in the De Luxe Gardens. North Avenue, which begins near Lake Michigan and runs straight west through the dimness until it hits the city line, lies only a little over a mile and a


For homes that are Loved
the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph
BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

The COPACABANA presents
A SPLIT YOUR SIDESHOW
Starring
MITZI GREEN • JACKIE MILES
Three Shows Nightly — at 8, 12 & 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.75

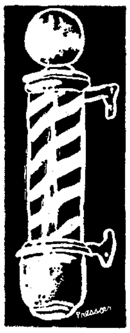
UNITE' *triple dresser*

From our Unite
bedroom group. At
leading furniture
and department
stores. Send
3-cent stamp to
Dept. N for
booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

half north of the Loop, but it is the axis of an autonomous dreariness. The eastern end of the avenue, which is in Paddy's ward, has a small night life, with a German-language movie house, one or two German restaurants with zither players, and some Hungarian saloons, through which wander, in the course of the evening, a few fiddlers, who say that they are gypsies but that they have forgotten the Old Country music, because they are never asked for it. The favorite request numbers of Chicago Hungarians are "Tennessee Waltz" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Also, there are numerous bars that use low prices as their chief sales argument. These places seem purposely bare and flimsy, as if to assure the customers that nothing is being wasted on overhead. The liquor-license fee is low in Chicago, and the sheer number of saloons, even in backwash neighborhoods, is amazing. Curbstones are high, often consisting of two steps instead of one, and drunks sometimes take astonishing falls. These are seldom fatal. "You're like all us Polacks," I once heard a North Avenue bartender say to a patron who had had all he could drink. "One ain't enough and a thousand ain't enough." Then the patron went out and crashed on his head. "You can't kill a Polack," the bartender said.

The Forty-third Ward is one of the most diversified in the city, containing in its lakeward corner half of the Gold Coast, including the two Ambassador Hotels, the Cardinal's Residence, and Colonel Robert R. McCormick's town house. Toward the ward's southwest frontier there is a Negro slum (not the great one but an isolated growth), in its center is the residue of the original German colony, and within its boundaries are also blocs of Nisei, Finns, Hungarians, Italians, Irish, Syrians, Armenians, Swedes, and Poles, and a couple of neighborhoods of flats and one-family residences inhabited by solid settlers of the middle class from Iowa and Nebraska. Parts of the ward look like a city, parts like a pleasant suburb, and large tracts like the less favored sections of a blighted mill town. The principle of Paddy's rule is simple. "Everybody gets something," he says.

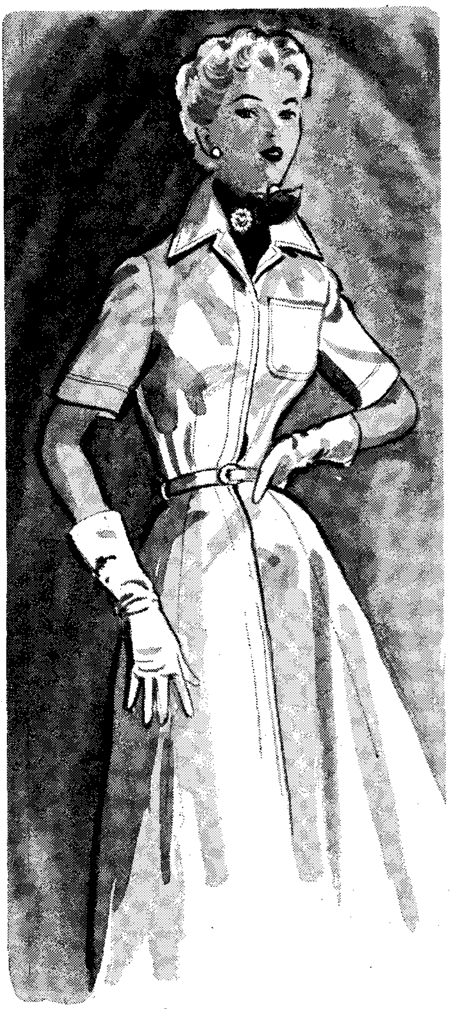


During one of my longer stays in Chicago I lived in the Forty-third, and I ran across a friend of mine—and a constituent of Paddy's—who volunteered to take me over to the De Luxe Gardens to meet the gentleman. The friend, a fellow named Martin, was brought up in the ward, where his father, a carpenter and novelist born in Finland, owned a house. Martin started out to be a novelist, too, but somehow landed in the advertising business, which keeps him prosperous and embarrassed. He is a victim of his present environment, in which literature no longer flourishes; if he had been born ten years earlier in Chicago, I am convinced, he would have been a novelist, proud and famishing. We found Paddy sitting at a table with one of his executive assistants, a younger man, who also owns a saloon and is training to be an officeholder. "I am always here at nine o'clock, in case anybody has a brother that has been arrested or a relative he wants to get into Cook County Hospital or anything like that," the Alderman said. "I am A-1 with the Hospital," he went on, and explained that without support, a candidate for admission has to wait his turn. "You got to keep in touch," he said. "Things like that the precinct captain should be on the lookout for, if they are in his precinct, but you can't always depend on them."

Paddy told me that there were forty thousand votes in his ward, and that in his capacity as Democratic Committeeman he had seventy-six precinct captains, each with a city, state, or county job. "We have some very nice jobs to give out, from two hundred and seventy up to three hundred and fifty dollars a month," he said. "And all the fellow has to do is keep track of the votes in his precinct and get out the Democratic voters when it counts. If he says there will be one hundred votes for us and eighty for the other fellow, I would rather have it come out that way than one hundred and fifty to twenty, because if it comes out the second way, it shows the precinct captain don't know his business, or he is faking. I got to know within one per cent. That's how I know if I got good precinct captains. Then I got to tell the county chairman how the vote will be in the ward. That's how he knows if he's got a good committeeman. Naturally, if I got a bum precinct captain, I got to get rid of him and give that city job to a hustler, because if I got enough bum captains, it will throw my figures out. Then I am a bum, too."

"And have you always been able to tell what the vote in the ward will be?" I asked.

"I never been off the public payroll in forty years," the Alderman replied, with modest indirection. "The second big thing a precinct captain has to do is



*SHIRTMAKER IN IMPORTED LANELLA

Best's exclusive traveler . . . famous master-tailored classic in a new wonder-fabric from Switzerland. Half worsted wool, half fine Egyptian cotton . . . in a heavenly year 'round weight, moth-proofed, sanforized for safe sudsing. Made with Best's talent for the clean, wearable lines that travel the globe with so much fashion authority Chamois, powder blue, white, pink. 10 to 20, 38 and 40. **49.95** British Sportswear—4th Floor

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6
Please order by Style Number N-18
Postage prepaid everywhere in the U. S.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
AND 14 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

*Trademark

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC GIVES YOU KREML'S "ONE-TWO" ACTION®

1
GROOMING AGENT
2
CONDITIONING AGENT
KREML
KREML
HAIR TONIC

Each application of **KREML** *gives you two distinct actions*

1 PROVIDES PERFECT GROOMING—The golden grooming agent controls the hair gently... lets you comb it exactly as you want it, and *keeps* it that way all day long.

2 CONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP—The crystal-clear conditioning agent gives the scalp that "waked-up", fresh, stimulated feeling; removes loose dandruff flakes; helps *cleanse* the scalp.

When shaken, BOTH these agents flow out as one in perfect balance. Each does its job as if separately applied.

That's the secret of the soft, natural, non-greasy attractiveness of Kreml-groomed hair. *That's* the exclusive Kreml Hair Tonic formula that brings you *good looks.* Be sure you use Kreml.

Buy... **KREML**®

©

get out the vote. The way he does that is by knowing everybody in his precinct and being nice to them. Everybody needs a favor sometimes, but some people are too dumb to ask for it. So I say to my captains, 'If you notice a hole in the sidewalk in front of a fellow's house, call on him a week before election and ask him if he would like it fixed. It could never do any harm to find out.' When you got a good precinct captain, you got a jewel. Like last year. It was an off year and hard to get people interested, but we needed some votes to elect local candidates. I asked a young fellow named Barney McGuirl how many votes he thought he'd get out in his precinct and he said about ninety-five. 'Well,' I said, 'Barney, I know you got five beautiful little children and a bailiff's salary does not go as far as it should,' I said, 'although I hope to get you something a little better soon. But if you get me a hundred and fifty votes just this time, I will present them angels with ten dollars apiece.' He got me a hundred and ninety-seven.

"We got nice people in this ward," Paddy went on. "Nice Germans, nice Poles, nice Irish, nice Jews, nice colored people, and so on, and recently we been getting a lot of Japanese, which are moving north across Division Street, and they are a very nice, high-class class of Japanese. I try to see that nobody gets shut out on the jobs. The Forty-third Ward, I always say when I make a speech, is like the United Nations."

The Gold Coast, although it confers social éclat on the ward, is not Paddy's favorite corner. "The type people you got over there don't need a job as bailiff, so you got to rely on amateurs for your organization work," he said. Moreover, he holds that the inhabitants of the Gold Coast, many of whom are Republicans, expect more than their share of service. "They complain about dirty streets and bad lighting and fads like that, and about they never got enough cops, and when you come right down to it, they got only one vote apiece, like everybody else," he told me. "But it's a fine ward. We had the Massacree in this ward. Did you know that?"

"The what?" I asked.

The effect of my failure to comprehend was unfortunate. "*The St. Valentine's Massacree,* of course!" Paddy shouted. Then, regaining control of himself, he added, "Right over in a garage in the 2100 block on Clark. I knew some of the fellows." The Alderman's manner, if not his tone, was that of Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman saying, "There stood Pickett's men."

I was impressed. I had, naturally,

How much meat will America eat today?

☐ **600,000 pounds** ☐ **6,000,000 pounds**

☐ **60,000,000 pounds**

It sounds incredible, but sixty million pounds per day is the right answer . . . enough meat to fill 15,000 two-ton trucks!

Just as incredible is the smooth functioning of the complicated system of meat distribution. It puts all this meat *where* you want it, *when* you want it, and in the vast variety of kinds in which you want it.

Sixty million pounds of meat a day is a big order, and it takes a big industry to fill it. More than 4,000 meat packing companies throughout the United States contribute to the job.

And the truly surprising fact is not how *efficiently* they do it, but that they do it (and have been doing it for years) *at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • *Members throughout the U. S.*

Franklin Simon

PHOTOGRAPHED AT SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL

terry toss-on... Loungee's completely absorbing new idea for after baths, on beaches, or just taking it easy. Cut in a wide swathe of bright-white Martex terry-cloth, and traced all 'round with red, green, or navy gingham. 10 to 18. **8.98**

NEGLIGEES, SECOND FLOOR

414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon Stores

heard about the St. Valentine's Day Massacre of 1929, in which some gangsters lined up seven competitors against a wall and slaughtered them, and I was familiar with the 2100 block on Clark, for it was just around the corner from the Francis W. Parker School, which my stepdaughter had attended a couple of years before, but I had not been aware that there was any connection between the two or that I had frequently walked past a shrine.

"Were the fellows you knew shot?" I asked the Alderman. "Or did they do the shooting?"

"They were shot," he said, giving me my first intimation that the home team had lost.

"The Gusenbergs weren't bad kids," Paddy said. "Just wild. They were working for a bootlegger, that's all." Now he sounded like a man who had known General Custer. Frank Gusenberg, a boy from the ward, had been the hero of the Massacree, although I didn't know it then. I have since learned that Frank, left for dead among the corpses, was found still breathing and was transported to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, where he survived for an hour, and then died "true to gangland's immemorial code," as one newspaper put it, refusing to say who had shot him. Local historians resolutely reject the hypothesis that he didn't know. Someday he undoubtedly will have his statue.

I TRIED my story of Paddy Bauler and the Massacree on a non-practicing lady novelist, sixtyish, of distinguished Chicago lineage and social position, who once won a Pulitzer Prize and is on most subjects a well-balanced woman. With gay excitement, she cried, "How I remember that afternoon! I went around to Francis Parker to call for my daughter. But all the children had cut classes and gone to view the scene! Those were wonderful times!" A matron who, as a young newspaperwoman, did a feature story on the bloodstained garage spoke of the day with the same nostalgia. I could well believe that since then life for her had been an anticlimax.

Feeling that I was for the first time on the verge of discovering something that would help me understand Chicago, I hurried to the morgue of the *Sun-Times* to enrich my recollection of the local epopee. The Massacree had occurred, I read, in a garage at 2122 North Clark Street. Seven men—six thugs and an optometrist who was, like many Chicagoans of his day, a crime buff with a penchant for impressing his friends by dropping names—had been

THE HOTEL PIERRE
proudly presents
the incomparable

Hildegarde

in her first New York appearance since
her brilliant international concert tour
Robert Norris, Conductor
Salvatore Gioe, Accompanist

STANLEY MELBA and his orchestra
CHICO-RELLI and his Rhumba orchestra
Luncheon Fashion Shows—Wednesdays

Cotillion room
Closed Mondays

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st ST.

Para capturar la belleza
de una mujer...
el carácter y la distinción
del hombre...
RETRATOS DE CÁMARA
por

Bachrach

FABIAN BACHRACH *fotógrafo para el hombre*
BRADFORD BACHRACH *fotógrafo para la mujer*
54 E. 52nd St., New York • PL 5-6233

Versailles
PRESENTS
GEORGE HALE'S
Romantic Vignette in Song and Dance
"ALL ABOUT LOVE"
starring
CARMEN TORRES
AND A CAST OF BRIGHT
YOUNG TALENTS

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
PERFORMANCES
NIGHTLY AT
DINNER AND
SUPPER

151 East 50th
Plaza 8-0310

lounging around some trucks in the garage on the morning of the 14th when, at about ten o'clock, an automobile drove up to the curb and four men got out. Two of the men from the automobile were wearing police uniforms and carrying submachine guns and the other two were in ordinary clothes and were armed with sawed-off shotguns. The four men entered the garage. After about half an hour, they came out, first the pair in ordinary clothes, who were now unarmed and walked with their hands over their heads, as if prisoners. The two in police uniforms were right behind them, and kept their guns pointed at their backs. A Mrs. Alphonsine Morin, street-watching from a window of No. 2125, across the way, had seen it all. North Clark must have been an interesting street to live on at that time, for she didn't think the scene unusual enough to call to her neighbors' attention. Presently, somebody walked into the garage and found Frank Gusenberg wallowing in his blood, and the corpses of six men, including Dr. Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, the name-dropper.

The way the victims had fallen indicated that they had been lined up facing a wall, as if to submit to a search for arms. Noting this, and hearing about the men in police uniforms, the first reporters on the scene decided that the Forty-third Warders had been betrayed by their confidence in the Chicago police. The victims, so the reasoning went, had assumed they were going to be taken to a station house for a shakedown, which wasn't worth fighting over, and had therefore not resorted to their own weapons. The police, in denying this theory, were highly indignant about the executioners' ruse, evidently fearing no gangsters would ever trust them again. The next morning's papers reported all the town's speakeasies closed, "criminals missing from their usual haunts," and "a relentless investigation unclenched." (Who, I have often wondered, clenches an investigation?) Arthur Sears Henning, the Chicago *Tribune's* chief Washington correspondent, viewing the event from the capital, blamed "alien gangs that have been terrorizing Chicago."

Crime reporters wrote like Lippmanns and Alsops in those days, and one of these seers of the bigger picture asserted that the North Side gang had been stricken by its "historic antagonist, as history goes in the swift careers of gangsters"—the South Side gang. It was, almost all the reporters agreed, a tragic chapter in the bloody story of the North Side Dynasty of Dion O'Banion, Hymie Weiss, Schemer Drucci, and Bugs Moran, who had already been done in or had disappeared and who, in long biographical résumés, were pictured as victims of their own chivalry. Their opponents, the Colosimo-Torrio-Capone Dynasty, were deprecated as consistently unethical. Their latest demonstration of this quality, the writers predicted, might well affect the balance of power in International Gangdom. Meanwhile, a lady reporter wrote that she had watched detectives strip large diamond rings from the stiffening fingers of the victims, proving that not robbery but revenge had been the motive. It also proved that the killers had not been bona-fide detectives, who would have got the rings in the first place for sure.

It was my impression that nobody had ever been punished for taking part in the Massacree. I found, consulting the *Sun-Times'* clippings, that this was correct. The police eventually decided they knew who the shooters were, but by the time they had made up their minds, all the putative marksmen had themselves been massacreed, except a man by the name of Burke, who was then at large and later wound up in prison for killing a police officer in St. Joseph, Michigan. Burke died in stir in 1940—true, the press noted, to gangland's immemorial code.

In the *Sun-Times'* morgue, I came across some very beautiful retrospective pieces about the Massacree, most of them written on anniversaries of the event. One, by a man named Larry Kelly, in the *Sun* of February 14, 1943, began, "St. Valentine's Day in Chicago doesn't always call up thoughts of heart-shaped boxes and pretty verses. Forever linked with that day is the memory of that morning of February 14, 14 years ago. . . ." The tenderest, I thought, was by a fellow named Clem Lane, of the Chicago *Daily News*. "There had been snow flurries that morning as the mailmen made their rounds, their loads made heavier by the lovers' missives," he wrote, also in 1943. Further on, his style hardened: "There was talk of a reward of $100,000 for the apprehension of the killers. The City Council voted $20,000 for such a reward, but spent it on something else when the heat died down." There was no lack of fresher shooting to write about in 1943, I reflected, and

when
RED HEART RUM
goes into your
TOM 'N' JERRY
you get that finer, tastier Jamaica rum flavor that comes only in
HENRY WHITE & CO'S
RED HEART JAMAICA RUM
LONDON
TRADE MARK
ENG.
Tom & Jerry

Beat white and yolk of 1 egg separately. Blend, add 1 tsp. powdered sugar, beat again. Pour in ½ jigger each of brandy, Red Heart Jamaica Rum. While stirring, add hot milk or boiling water. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Famous Since 1842

90 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer
Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th St.
Eves: at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at
2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!"
—Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
JAMES BARTON in
PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR JAMES MITCHELL
Scenery OLIVER SMITH Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"As engaging a comedy as we are likely to see for a long time."
—WOLCOTT GIBBS, The New Yorker
GILBERT MILLER presents
AUDREY HEPBURN in
Gigi
A New Comedy by
ANITA LOOS Adapted
from COLETTE'S Novel
CATHLEEN NESBITT · MICHAEL EVANS · JOSEPHINE BROWN
BERTHA BELMORE
FULTON Theatre W. 46 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

thousands of Chicagoans were abroad in the thick of it. But the spell of the Massacree persisted. It was Chicago's own.

When I felt myself sufficiently documented, I made a pilgrimage by taxi to 2122. There is not even a modest historical plaque on the exterior of the building, which has been converted into a warehouse. The driver, to whom I explained the purpose of my trip, was much impressed. "I've heard Al Capone was a good guy," he said. "He run soup kitchens during the depression."

THERE have been gang homicides in Chicago since the Massacree—at least a hundred and eighty-eight since 1932, according to an estimate published in 1950. Public interest, however, has flagged. On September 25, 1950, for example, a former Chicago police lieutenant, William J. Drury, who had been acting as a tipster for the Kefauver Committee in Chicago, was shot to death as he sat in his car in the garage behind his home. The story had attractive features: Drury was said to have owned "a little black notebook" with all the dope about Chicago crime in it, he had received threatening telephone calls, and he had got in touch with the Kefauver people a few hours before his death to say he needed protection. Chicago didn't rise to the bait. "The police investigation followed the routine pattern in gang killings," the *Tribune* reported, two days after the crime. "The inquest into Drury's death was continued after his widow testified she knew of no reason why anyone should want to kill her husband. All law enforcement authorities pledged cooperation in the man hunt. No one was arrested." In due course it was reported, "The investigation of the shotgun slaying of former police lieutenant William Drury [seems] to be fading out," and on November 28th the coroner declared the inquest formally closed. I missed the fine frenzy of the old Massacree stories, with their talk of dynasties and immemorial codes. Nowadays, nobody in Chicago even mentions the Drury murder.

THE city's tendency to live in the past since the Massacree—as shown by its muted reaction to the Drury case, which in the twenties would have been considered a creditable murder—is a peculiar one. I have tried to account for it by the hypothesis that the Massacree, like the Dionne quintuplets, set too high a standard of performance for the maintenance of public interest in the future. Just as no multiple birth short of six will ever again

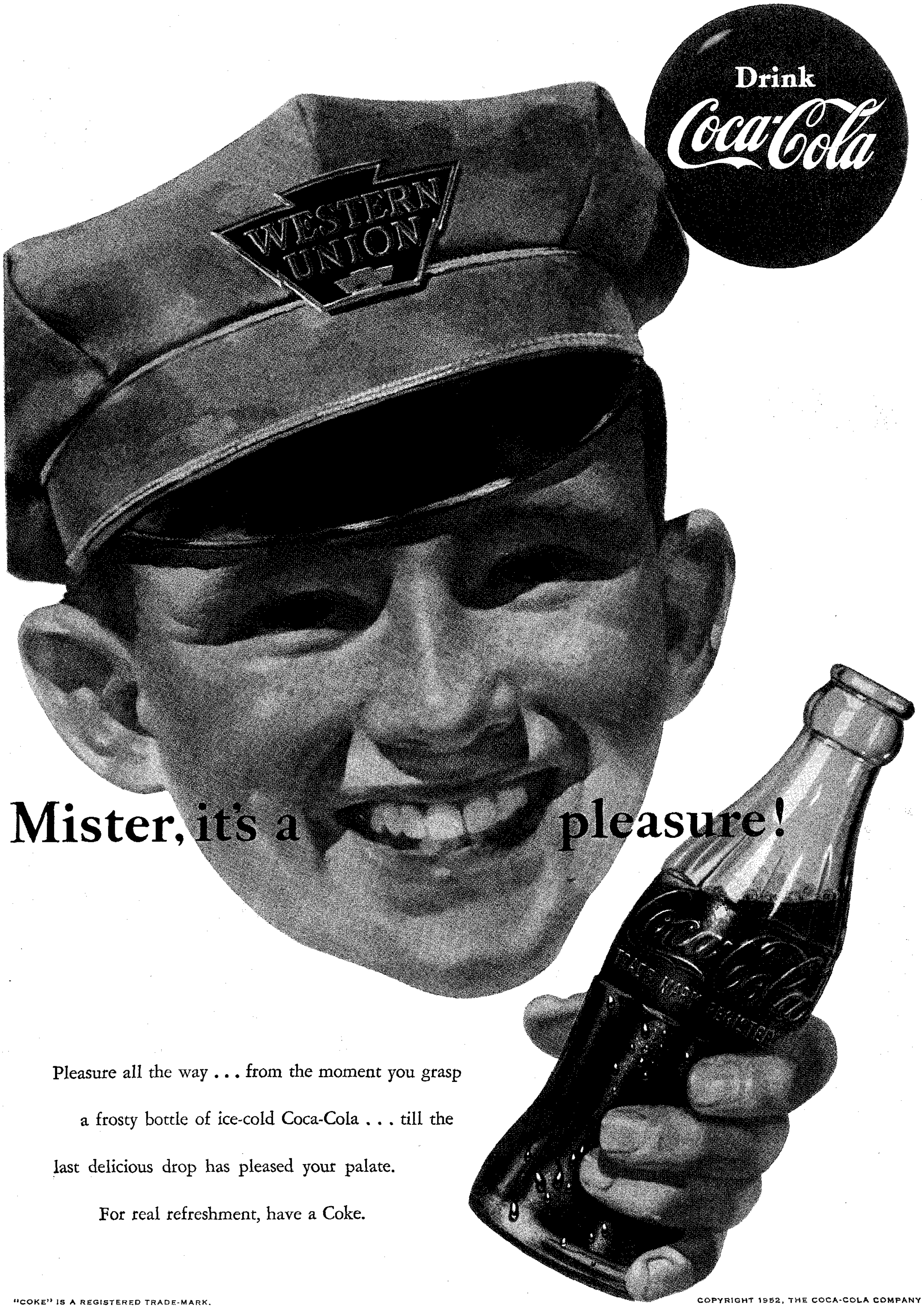
ALDRICH & MYERS with Julius Fleischmann, present
OTTO PREMINGER'S PRODUCTION
"NOTHING BUT FUN"
—CHAPMAN, NEWS
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
A New Comedy by
F. HUGH HERBERT
NEW YORK — HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
starring BARBARA BEL GEDDES • DONALD COOK • BARRY NELSON
CHICAGO — HARRIS THEATRE
with LEON AMES • MAGGIE McNAMARA • BIFF McGUIRE
NATIONAL COMPANY
with HIRAM SHERMAN • MARCIA HENDERSON • JAMES YOUNG
Now thru Feb. 2—NIXON Theatre, Pittsburgh

"A SOLID BROADWAY HIT!"—LIFE Magazine
"Best New Play of the Season"—WATTS, Post
JULIE HARRIS in
I am a Camera
a new play by
JOHN VAN DRUTEN
adapted from the stories of
CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
with
WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE, B'way, 40 St. Evgs 8:40. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2.40

"The most civilized comedy we have had on marriage for years."—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
JESSICA TANDY and HUME CRONYN
in the JOSE FERRER Production
THE JAN de HARTOG'S comedy
Fourposter
Evgs. 8:40—Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.40—Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl. MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BARRYMORE Theatre 243 W. 47 St., N. Y. 19

"A VERY FUNNY SHOW"—ATKINSON
Times
PAULA STONE and MIKE SLOANE
presents
PHIL SILVERS
in A New Musical Comedy
Top Banana
Book by HY KRAFT
Words & Music by JOHNNY MERCER
WINTER GARDEN • B'way & 50th St.
Evgs. at 8:30 • Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

STALAG 17
"IMMENSELY FUNNY!"
— COLEMAN, Mirror
48th ST. THEA., E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.


Drink
Coca-Cola
WESTERN UNION
Coca-Cola

Mister, it's a pleasure!

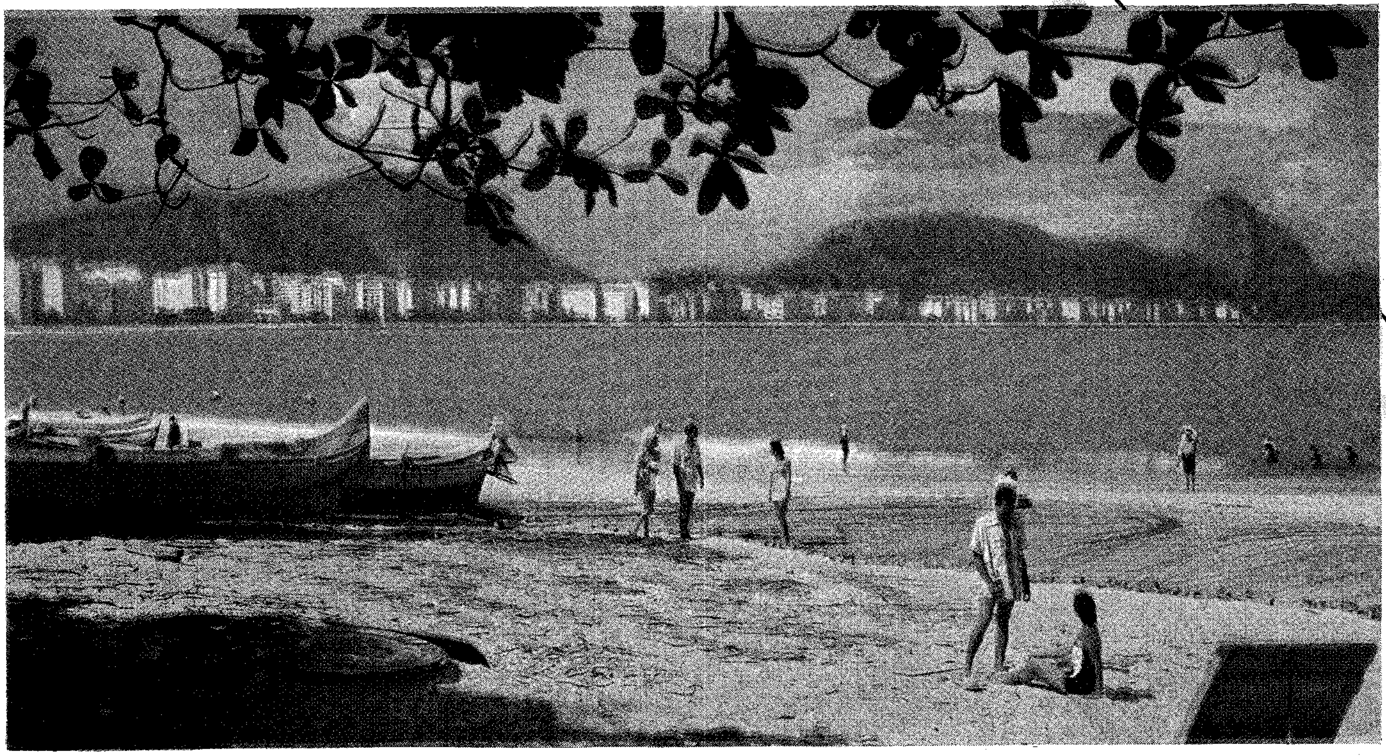
Pleasure all the way . . . from the moment you grasp a frosty bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . till the last delicious drop has pleased your palate.

For real refreshment, have a Coke.

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

COPYRIGHT 1952, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

LOS ANGELES

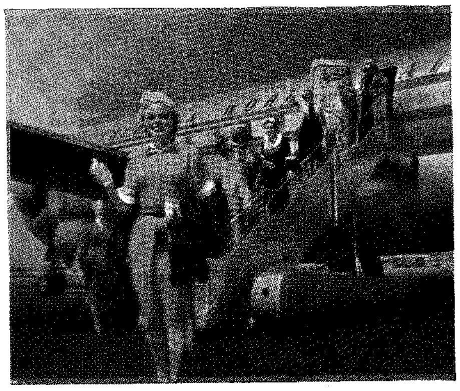


Rio de Janeiro is only 21 hours from New York by *El Presidente*. It's now basking in warm *summer* sunshine, because the seasons are reversed below the equator.

The most luxurious way to

Montevideo is a delightful, friendly place to visit. You'll find bargains in leather goods (*above*), furs, jewelry. Linger in sidewalk cafes, visit beautiful casinos, tan yourself on wide, sparkling beaches. Golf, fishing and tennis.

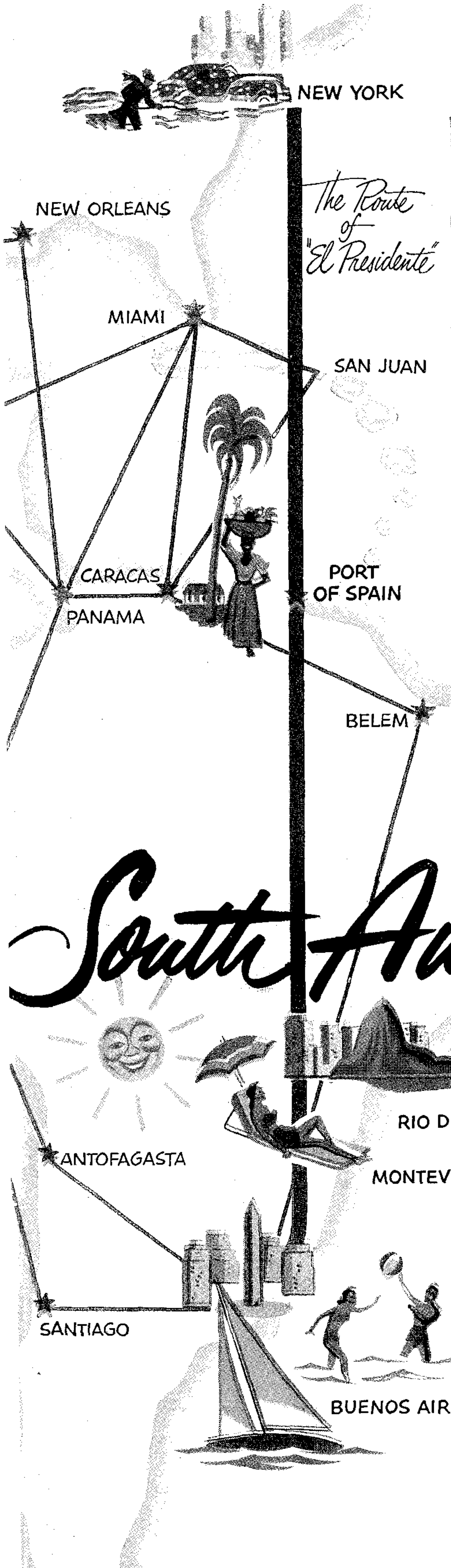
Sirloin at the price of hamburger in the U. S. is commonplace in Buenos Aires. This big, handsome city offers you smart night clubs, almost every sport. It's only 29 hours away by luxurious *El Presidente!*

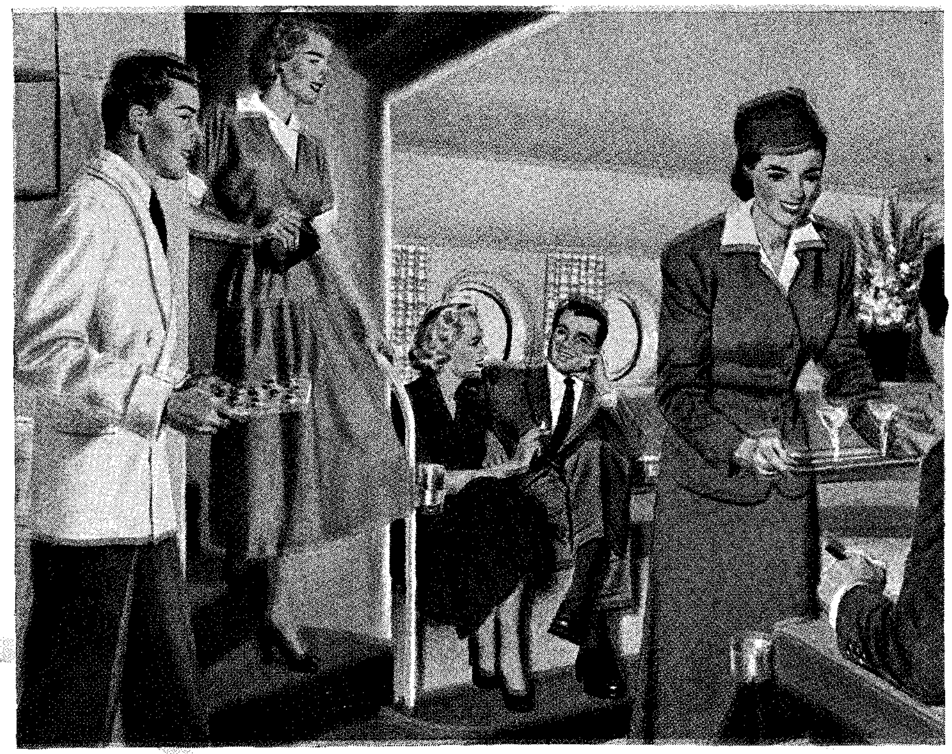


Arrive refreshed! Pan American's exclusive Sleeperette service aboard *El Presidente* gives you a bed-length, reclining easy chair with double the usual leg room. Or you may have a berth for a small surcharge.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

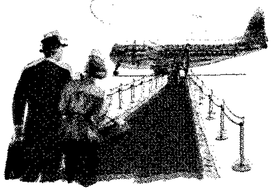
PAN AMERICAN


NEW YORK
The Route of "El Presidente"
NEW ORLEANS
MIAMI
SAN JUAN
CARACAS
PANAMA
PORT OF SPAIN
BELEM
RIO DE JANEIRO
ANTOFAGASTA
MONTEVIDEO
SANTIAGO
BUENOS AIRES



It's fun in the lower-deck club lounge of *El Presidente!* You have lots of room to move around on the big double-decked "Strato" Clippers.

South America is by Clipper!*

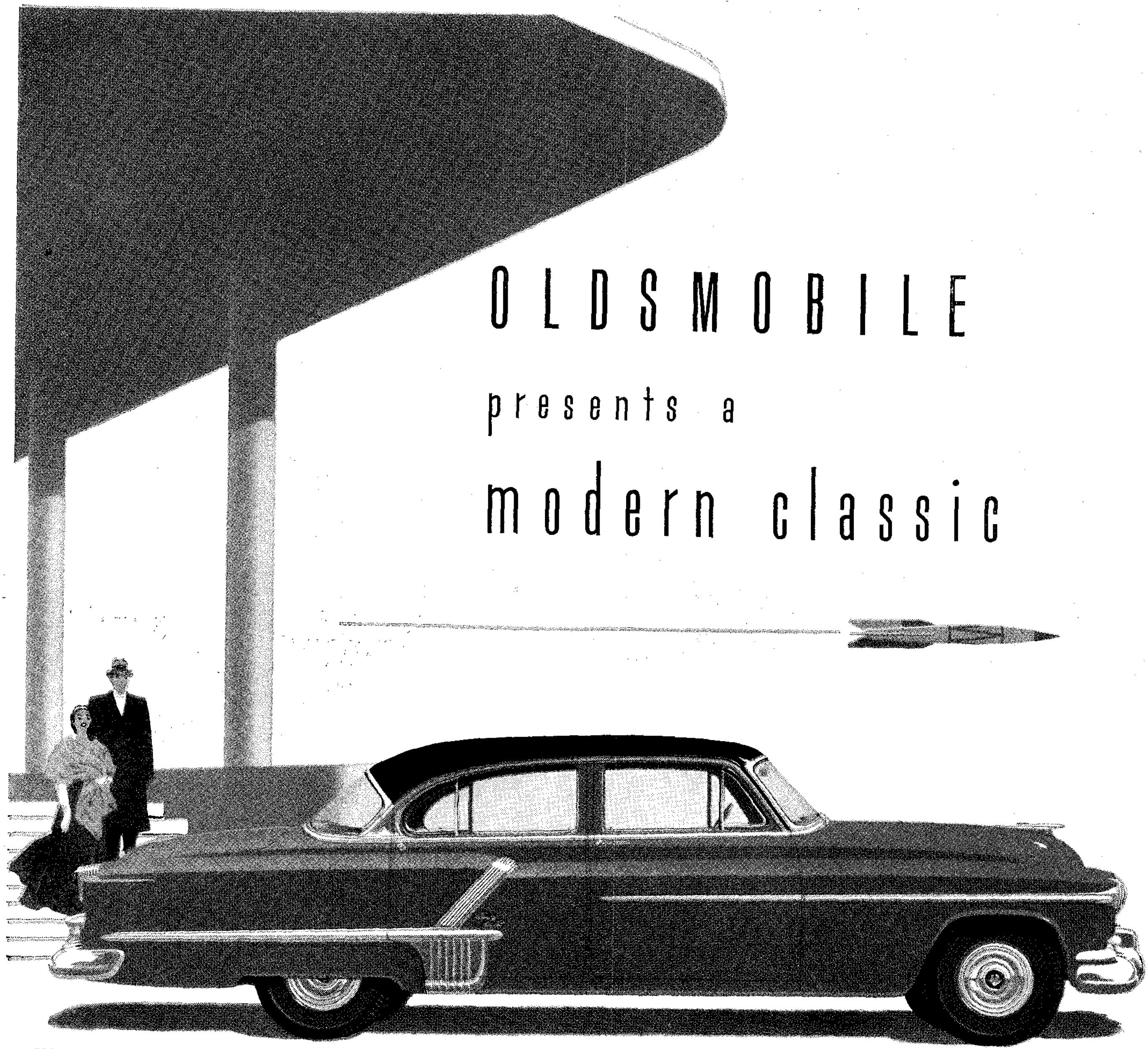


The *only* double-decked airliners to South America speed you overnight to Rio—and on to Buenos Aires

PAN AMERICAN offers you your choice, direct from New York, of money-saving *El Turista* or the very finest—*El Presidente*. The high-speed luxury flights of *El Presidente* provide the only double-decked airliner service to South America. You enjoy magnificent meals—including a seven-course continental dinner, served with cocktails, champagne, liqueurs. Extra cabin attendants provide swift, impeccable service. Everyone sleeps—your choice of Sleeperette* service at no extra charge or a berth at slight additional cost. Orchids and Lanvin's "*Arpège*" for the ladies! Surcharge, only $10 to Rio . . . $20 to Buenos Aires.

Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

World's Most Experienced Airline



OLDSMOBILE

presents a

modern classic

Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Super Drive, GM Hydraulic Steering and Custom-Lounge Cushions optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.

Above, Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight 4-Door Sedan. A General Motors Product.

NEW "ROCKET"

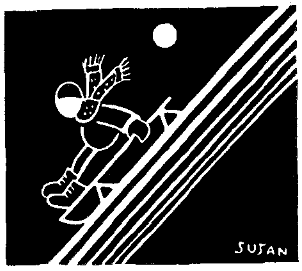
Ninety-Eight

FOR 1952

This is a "*Classic*"—a "*Classic*" by *Oldsmobile!* This is the magnificent new *Ninety-Eight!* Never before has any Oldsmobile approached this car in beauty, in action, in all-around luxury! The extended rear deck gives the Oldsmobile a new "long look"—a *classic* new beauty all its own! It's *classic* in action, too, with Oldsmobile's amazing new 160 horsepower "Rocket" Engine! Oldsmobile's new Hydra-Matic Super Drive adds a brand new "Super" Range for brilliant new performance! *New Hydraulic Steering* takes out the effort—leaves in the "feel" of the wheel! You ride on luxurious new "*Custom-Lounge*" *Cushions!* Interiors are far and away the finest in the history of Oldsmobile! *This is a modern motoring "Classic" in every wonderful way—Oldsmobile's Ninety-Eight for 1952!*

seem newsworthy, so the Chicago gangster ambitious to make an impression is confronted with the task of killing at least *eight* people at a clip, preferably including a minimum of *two* professional men—perhaps a chiropractor and a podiatrist—and preferably on Mother's Day or Christmas Eve. (The Fourth of July, by the way, also offers tempting possibilities for a massacree. I know a man in Rhode Island whose father used to go out and shoot a deer every time the date came around, on the safe assumption that the game warden would think the shot part of the celebration.)

The hold the Massacree has on the civic memory is not entirely dependent on the number of casualties. A couple of years ago, a streetcar collided with a gasoline trailer tank truck and thirty-two passengers were burned to death, but the event shows no signs of entering into legend. Nor has it had any effect on the life of the community. The streetcars still run at the same insane speed and the trailers are of the same unwieldy length as before; Chicagoans view such hazards with equanimity, like the railroad crossings at grade that intersect their principal streets. The gasoline companies deserve the same consideration as the railroads, sensible Chicagoans say; after all, nobody contests the Stockyards' right to smell. The *Tribune* no longer bothers to print its editorial "Program for Chicagoland," which included, as Points 4 and 5, "Abolish the Smoke Pall" and "Grade Separation on Thru Streets and Boulevards." The smoke pall is the town's concession to the steel plants. As Paddy says, "Everybody gets something."



The Massacree has held Chicago's interest partly because the gangster years coincided with those of the Great Bubble. That was when Insull built his pyramids of holding companies, Cutten and other heroes slaughtered invaders in the grain market, and the world looked as promising as a pool table with a hanger on every pocket. All that ended soon after the Massacree. Primarily, the Massacree focussed attention on the town. I have known Chicagoans who claim that they are embarrassed, when they are travelling abroad, at being quizzed about *les gangsters*. I have never believed them, because they invariably tell it like a funny story. They remind me of a movie star telling what a bore it is to be recognized. As for the kids in the drearinesses of the wards, they have always loved Chicago's reputation. Citizens of a city celebrated in the movies, they are little Scarfaces as they sit with their molls in the darkened cinemas and identify themselves with the glorious past.

THE great tradition has left its mark. Only the real gangsters and their molls no longer dress like gangsters and their molls, if the witnesses before the Kefauver Committee were samples. Thousands of Chicago girls still try to look like Jean Harlow, although they may never have heard of her. They style themselves on their older sisters, who picked up the idea from their youngish mothers. All the men you see in bars along streets like Rush and Division are in uniform as hoods. The hair shines, the hats are down over the eyes, the well-spaced-out orders for beer escape from the corners of the mouths, and with no need to punch the time clock in Goldblatt's department store until eight o'clock next morning, the boys are at liberty to listen to the two-piano team and look sinister. They also look terrified, because most of them believe that the other fellows in the bar, who probably work in Marshall Field's, may be what they are disguised as. The bar customers are loath to enter into conversation with strangers, lest they betray their own harmlessness and so become victims. Faith in the omnipresence of crime is like a belief in voodoo. It makes the believer cautious. I have witnessed a similar aloofness at gatherings of unacquainted Englishmen, each afraid to betray by his accent that he has gone to a less important school than the others. Britons so situated open their mouths as hesitantly as poker players turn up their hole cards. The pleased smile of the fellow who finally takes the pot—perhaps an old boy of a small public school—is a lovely thing to watch. Now all he has to think of is something to say.

Chicago's working gangsters have gone mysterious. They are referred to as the Syndicate, and it is accepted as gospel by congenial people that the Syndicate owns most of the good restaurants in the city, one or two of the race tracks, and the laundry, dry-cleaning, candy, soda-water, baby-linen, night-club, antique-glass, and beauty-parlor businesses, as well as the labor unions, the public utilities, and any hotel a visitor happens to be stopping at. "Did

"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE!"—THE NEW YORKER (from London)
S. HUROK presents
EMLYN WILLIAMS
AS
Charles Dickens
GIVING A SOLO PERFORMANCE OF SCENES FROM THE FAMOUS NOVELS AND STORIES
Limited Engagement Begins MON., FEB. 4
MAIL ORDERS NOW—BOX OFFICE OPENS JAN. 28
Premiere: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Other Eves. incl. Sundays: $4.80, 4.20, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Tax Incl. No Perfs. Mon. Enclose stamped, self-add. envelope.
GOLDEN THEATRE, 45th St. West of B'way

"STILL THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW OF THE NEW SEASON!"—Morehouse, Wor-Tele & Sun
ARTHUR LESSER presents
BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
in
"Two on the Aisle"
Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID
and KATHRYN LEE
"A 4-ORCHID SHOW!" —WALTER WINCHELL
MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!" —BROWN, Sat. Review of Lit.
Leland Hayward presents
"REMAINS TO BE SEEN"
A New Comedy by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
Howard Lindsay-Warner Anderson
MOROSCO THEATRE
W. 45 St. Mats Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
CECIL B. De MILLE'S
"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

Every Monday & Tuesday is NEIGHBOR'S NIGHT

at the 57th Street
WHITE TURKEY

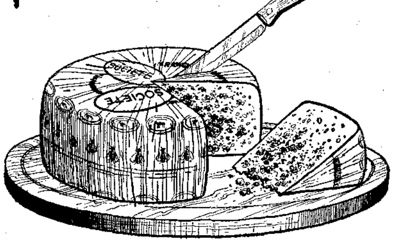
Take a night off and wine and dine with your friends and neighbors at the 57th St. White Turkey—convenient to Long Island and mid-Manhattan. Starting at 5:30 we'll serve you a varied selection of wonderful dinners specially priced at only **$2.75.** (*57th St. White Turkey only*)

THE WHITE TURKEYS

Open Sunday at 1 p.m.
300 EAST 57th STREET *at 2nd Ave.* PL 9-3584
220 MADISON AVENUE *at 37th St.* MU 3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL 3-1181

The Red Barn, Westport, Conn., Open All Year

please with cheese



Choose from our Cheese Corner! Wide selection of superb cheeses from the lands where cheeses are famous.

FRENCH	
Roquefort	$1.39 lb.
Port du Salut (Trappist Monks')	$1.59 lb.
Pont l'Evêque	$1.19 pkg.
DANISH	
Tilsit	$ .89 lb.
Port Salut	$ .89 lb.
Samsoe Swiss	$ .75 lb.
ITALIAN	
Tallegio	$1.60 lb.
Gorgonzola	$1.00 lb.
NEW YORK STATE	
Aged Cheddar (av. wt. 5½ lbs.)	$5.95 each
Sage	$ .95 lb.

Sorry, these fine cheeses cannot be shipped because of perishability.

WHITE TURKEY GOURMET SHOP
16 E. 49TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
MU 8-5552

you know that was a Syndicate place?" is a staple of small talk. The answer is "Sure. Who doesn't know that?" The out-of-towner's accompanying mental reservation is "Who does?," but he should not voice it if he wishes to be popular.

A while ago, the *Sun-Times*, in a series that purported to expose the Syndicate-operated call-girl system, yielded so unreservedly to Chicago's honest adulation of its gangsters that the installments could have been reprinted as a brochure for distribution by the Chicago Convention Bureau. The girls, the *Sun-Times* reported, were beautiful and well dressed, and, thanks to efficient Syndicate administration of the system, the out-of-town customer was reasonably free from worry about blackmail, larceny, or venereal disease. All of these were discouraged, the *Sun-Times* recorded, because of their effect on customer good will. To meet a girl, the reader was advised, the visitor applied to the bell captain in his hotel. The day after the first article appeared, Milburn P. Akers, who was then the *Sun-Times'* managing editor, got a letter from a girl who said she was a waitress and would like to know how to get a job as a call girl.

Syndicate administration of the saloon-with-entertainment business is equally smooth, a man on a theatrical publication told me. "In the twenties, two or three different outfits might try to muscle in on the same place," he said. "If the fellow didn't pay off, they went in for rough stuff, and even if he did, they might get rough with each other. Now just one man arrives and says he is from City Hall, and he is a partner, drawing down a hundred and a half a week, or two hundred—whatever the club looks good for. It's a part of the nut, like the rent. After all, if everybody has to pay, nobody has an unfair advantage."

"And if the place doesn't pay off?" I asked.

"The police send a delinquent female minor into the joint to buy a drink," my informant replied. "Some kid who looks over twenty-one and will do anything they say because she's out on parole. The law is death on selling drinks to minors. Then they close the place."

"But is the fellow who declares himself in really from City Hall or from the Syndicate?" I asked.

"Well, he's known as a Syndicate fellow, but the police enforce what he says," the man said. "I don't know what the split is."

"Maybe the Syndicate is just a front for the city government," I suggested,

NOT TELEVISED

Hollywood Ice Revue NOW
Thru Feb. 6—exc. Jan. 25-26-27
Mats. Sat. & Sun.—Feb. 2-3
OLYMPIC SKATING CHAMPION
BARBARA ANN SCOTT
"One of Icedom's Greatest Stars"
Carol Lynne · John Walsh
Andra McLaughlin · The Bruises
Freddie Trenkler · Skippy Baxter
Michael Kirby · The Cooks
and Company of 200
Res. $1.50, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (tax incl.)
Children ½ Price Sat. Mat.
Only Ice Show in Garden this Season
MADISON SQ. GARDEN

Make your sun headquarters in a beautiful, new 3 bedroom, 3 bath home on Sarasota Bay. Boat docking facilities, seawall, Gulf swimming privileges. Wonderful view, central heating, terrazzo floors, fireplace, patio, big porch overlooking the water.
$50,000 Unfurnished

We have top listings in all Sarasota real estate.

GILL-McCULLEY, Inc.
Realtors
211 MAIN STREET
SARASOTA, FLORIDA

"GREAT FUN" —KERR, HER.-TRIB.
KATHARINE CORNELL
BRIAN AHERNE GRACE GEORGE
in SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY
"the Constant Wife"
with JOHN EMERY
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
NATIONAL THEATRE W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"instead of its being the other way around."

And maybe, I have thought since, the city government is just a front for Colonel McCormick and for the railroads that don't want to be moved off the streets and for the landlords who don't want to lose the swollen rents from their hovels and for all the nice, earnest people who constantly form committees but really don't want anything changed if it costs money. If no Syndicate existed, it would be necessary to invent one, to blame it for the way things are. The leaders of the Syndicate, whoever they may be, hardly ever shoot each other in public any more, even one at a time, and Chicagoans are left in the plight of the Greeks at the beginning of history, when the gods commenced ceasing to manifest themselves.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the last of a series of articles on Chicago.*)

•

REFLECTIONS ON A RECENT VISIT TO THE HABERDASHER

Do I alone still disregard
The trend toward neckwear importation,
The *savoir faire* of Fath foulard
Or Schiaparellian creation?
(My ties, domestically designed,
Are uninitialled and unsigned.)

In home-grown slippers, homespun slacks,
And native sport shirt (non-Viyella),
I can relax, though I lack Daks—
A quite extraordinary fella!
(My sport clothes, though they're often sported,
Are unimportant, unimported.)

Since Yankee warp and Yankee woof
Supply my simple suiting needs,
My tailor still remains aloof
From Scotland's Harris and his tweeds.
(My price tags, although I deplore 'em,
Include no import *ad valorem*.)

On rainy days, I somehow slosh
Through all the weather and the mess
Intrepidly, *sans* Macintosh,
Completely Aquascutumless
(My intrepidity abetted
By Stateside raincoat, Cravenetted.)

Though I support World Brotherhood,
A staunch United Nationist,
My haberdasher says I should
Be labelled Isolationist.

—J. J. BURTON

BOUND FOR A GAY HOLIDAY in Europe?...a business conference in a continental Capital? Make *this* trip a thrilling experience in luxurious air travel...at *no* extra cost. Relax in the extra room of a new-type AIR FRANCE Constellation. Enjoy the extra comfort of restful "sky lounger" chairs. Friendly English-speaking stewards and hostess serve you as *only* the French know how. You'll love every minute of it!

Go AIR FRANCE...
Enjoy these "extras" in
LUXURY and GRACIOUS LIVING
...the ULTIMATE in air travel...
at NO extra cost!

PIONEERS IN GLOBAL AIR TRAVEL: 33 years' experience in international luxury air service. Veteran pilots fly AIR FRANCE's world-wide routes. Seasoned travelers know and respect the AIR FRANCE reputation for regularity, dependability, and precision operational efficiency.

WORLD'S FINEST AIR CUISINE: Flawless French food at its Continental best, prepared by AIR FRANCE master chefs...accompanied by vintage wine or champagne...after dinner a liqueur. The ultimate in gracious living in the *true French* tradition!

AIR FRANCE
THE **LUXURY** WORLD-WIDE AIRLINE

"THE PARISIAN" Luxury trans-Atlantic air travel at *no* extra cost...from New York, Boston, and Montreal to Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rome.

"THE PARISIAN SPECIAL" The world-famous ultra-de-luxe AIR FRANCE flight—non-stop overnight from New York to Paris. Ten dollars additional fare. Every Friday evening.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK OF AIR ROUTES
Serving 76 Countries on 6 Continents

PARIS The world's most beloved city...*the* Center of fashion, good living, sophisticated gaiety.

LONDON Britain's historic capital is rich in tradition, charming countryside, friendly people.

ROME A vivid tapestry of past and present, the "Eternal City" is a fascinating modern metropolis.

RIVIERA Colorful international playground, famed for sun-drenched beaches, exciting night life.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Air France, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 9-7000. Offices in Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Representatives in Montreal, Mexico City.

THE THEATRE

THE BUTCHERBIRD

IN "The Shrike," at the Cort, a new playwright called Joseph Kramm tells the story of how an intelligent and sensitive man is destroyed by a combination of personal deficiencies, both artistic and social; by the singularly inept attempts of psychiatry to diagnose and deal with his case; and especially by the machinations of his wife, who wishes to possess and control whatever there is left of his life. The action takes place in a city hospital, presumably Bellevue, to which Jim Downs, an untalented stage director, has been brought after taking a hundred and fifty-six phenobarbital tablets, which, according to all the medical opinion at my disposal, should be a lethal dose, but which in this case doesn't induce anything much more alarming than a thirty-six-hour cat nap. His motives for this action, in addition to his unhappy experience in the theatre, are that he is helplessly in love with a woman for whose sake he deserted his wife three months ago, and that he is actually worth more dead than alive, since he carries an insurance policy, in an amount that I didn't quite catch.

The remainder of the play is concerned with the disastrous failure of mental therapy—at least the sort common under municipal auspices—to distinguish between temporary despair and permanent lunacy. This involves a series of tests conducted by a trio of doctors, none of whom, it seemed to me, would be equipped to practice in the Congo; a kind of brutality on the part of nurses and orderlies that I hate to think would be tolerated in any reputable institution; and the successful campaign of the hero's jealous wife to have him released into her custody forever instead of having him committed to an insane asylum. Although I have some doubts about Mr. Kramm's medical and legal information, I still think that "The Shrike" is a remarkably interesting and effective play. Overstatement is certainly not one of the great literary virtues, but there is no denying that it has its uses in the theatre.

The cast, of which José Ferrer is the star and the director (he is the producer, too, along with Milton Baron), is exemplary throughout. Mr. Ferrer, somewhat less florid and gymnastic than he has been in things like "Twentieth Century" and "Cyrano," gives one of the best performances of his career, as the tragic hero; Judith Evelyn, as the predatory bird of the title, sometimes introduces a note of fragile pathos that may be slightly out of key, but on the whole she is satisfactorily malignant; and Philip Huston, Mary Bell, Will Kuluva, Kendall Clark, Leigh Whipper, and Isabel Bonner are very good, too. The set, a ward in the hospital, contributed by Howard Bay, is wonderfully bleak and forbidding, and will, I'm sure, make a lot of people watch their step with the barbiturates.

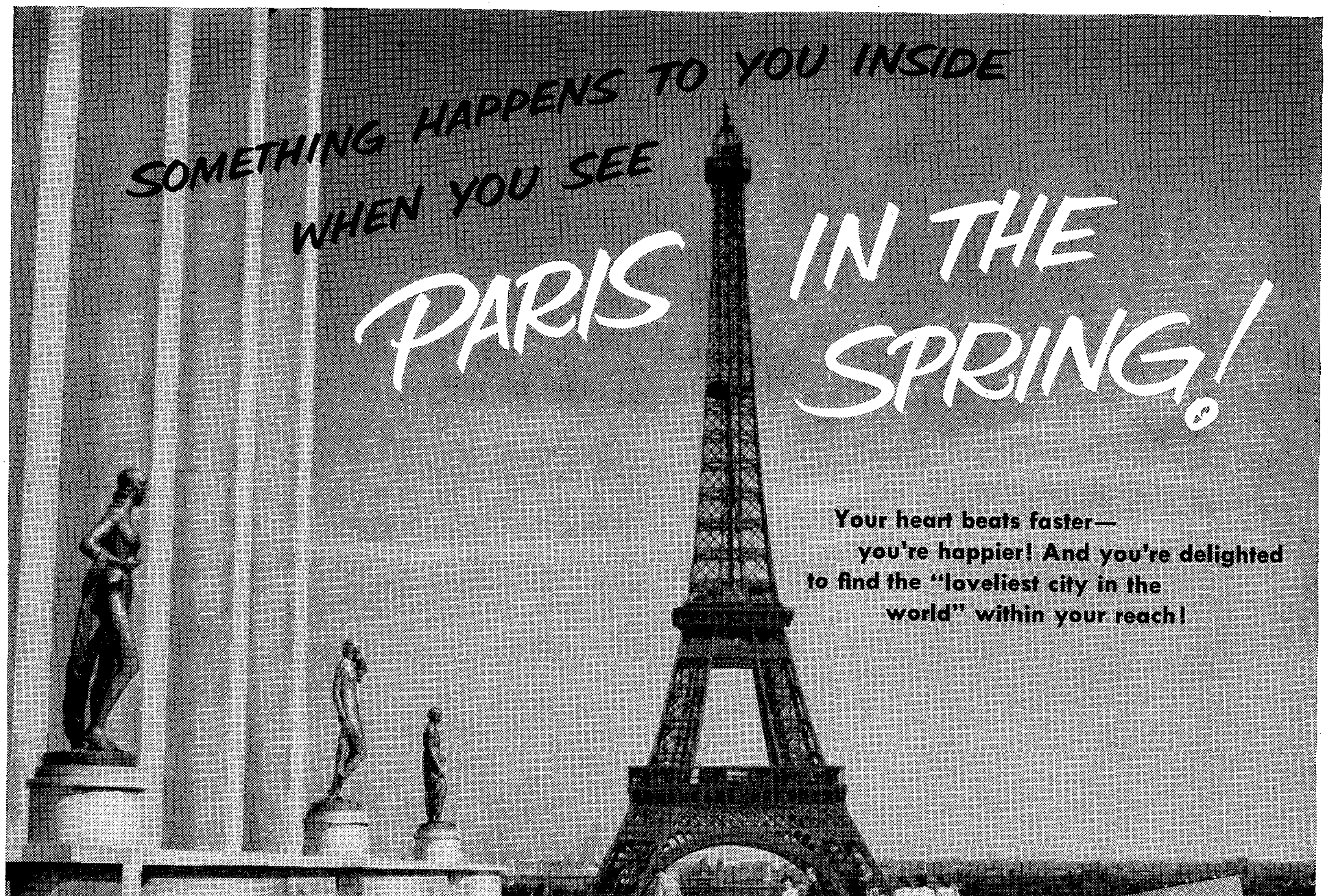
Clara Skinner

EUGENE O'NEILL'S "Desire Under the Elms" was presented by ANTA last week as its first offering of the season. It is, as those who saw the original production here in 1924 must remember, an enormously powerful play, going deep into such matters as the fierce love for houses and land that obsesses everybody who happens to own either; the terrible consequences of adultery; and man's eternal instinct to reproduce himself. Ephraim Cabot, as you may or may not recall, is a gnarled antique of seventy-five, markedly Old Testament in both appearance and behavior, whose passion for his ramshackle farmhouse and the rocky acres that surround it is such that he has built a wall around his property at the rate of a stone a day for fifty-odd years. He has three sons—two by a first wife and one by a second—but he is currently a widower, since both these ladies have died, conceivably of boredom. The first act is by far the weakest of the three. The older boys are attached to the farm but they have come to hate their father as a slave driver, and when their half brother offers them six hundred dollars for their share of the estate, they accept it and set out for California, where the gold rush is at its peak. Old Ephraim, who has a theory that God prefers men to do things the hard way, is of the opinion that their desertion is just the final example of a fatal softness they inherited from their mother, a comment that clearly establishes his own granite code of behavior but sounds, I'm afraid, a little quaint and melodramatic on the modern stage.

The rest of the work has to do with his taking of a third wife, a handsome young woman who enters into the marriage in a purely mercenary spirit; with her affair with the remaining son, and the birth of a child, which her husband somehow, manages to convince himself is his own; and, finally, with her arrest for infanticide, and her lover's mystic and magnanimous decision to assume equal blame for her act. All this, of course, leaves Ephraim in lonely possession of the farm, and sensibly determined, as I got it, to consort with nothing in the future except the livestock.

"Desire Under the Elms," like a great many of Mr. O'Neill's other plays, often comes perilously close to parody. The plotting is frequently naïve enough to have amused the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the lines seem to be a curious mixture of Southern and New England dialects; and certain words, like "Californiay," "hum" (home), and "purty" (there is scarcely a scene in which at least three actors don't advance to the footlights and remark to the audience that the landscape strikes them as "purty"), are reiterated until they begin to sound like the humorous mispronunciations on a radio program. Nevertheless, in its essential dignity and substance it is undoubtedly one of the few American classics, and I advise you to see it.

Karl Malden, as Ephraim, hasn't quite the force (the fact that he is made up to look like my conception of the Prophet Elijah may be partly responsible) to dominate the stage as he should, and Douglas Watson, as the son who betrays him, may be a bit too genteel and honorable in appearance to suggest a scheming adulterer, but the rest of the cast—especially Carol Stone, as the villainess of the piece—deserve all the enthusiastic things that almost every reviewer has said about them. I was occasionally perplexed by Mordecai Gorelik's set, not being quite sure whether the actors were supposed to be inside the

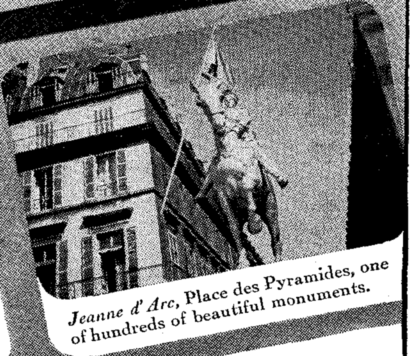

SOMETHING HAPPENS TO YOU INSIDE
WHEN YOU SEE
PARIS IN THE SPRING!
Your heart beats faster—
you're happier! And you're delighted
to find the "loveliest city in the
world" within your reach!

Mecca for Americans . . . the Opera—traditional setting for magnificent music.

Dine at world-famous *cafés*, international *rendez-vous* on the Champs Elysées.

Popular Pastime—browsing through Montmartre in the romantic artists' quarter.

Malmaison—home of Napoleon and Josephine, where their memories linger.



Jeanne d'Arc, Place des Pyramides, one of hundreds of beautiful monuments.

Now at last your dream of a vacation in Paris comes true! You can wander through the streets of the "city beautiful"—pause for *apéritifs* at her friendly street *cafés*—visit Paris' Opera and her Theatres and Night Clubs, Museums, Cathedrals and Churches, her enchanting Shops. You can wine and dine at Paris restaurants, famous for food and vintages whether *catégorie de luxe* or modest. And from Paris it's so *easy* to travel to all France—Alsace, Normandy, the Basque region and the gay, sunswept Riviera.

Travel and hotels cost less than here at home—there are "thrift-season" steamship and air fares—and beginning in May, a new air-tourist service. Plan *your* trip, *now!*

For reservations and information see your own travel agent.
For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. E-2, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

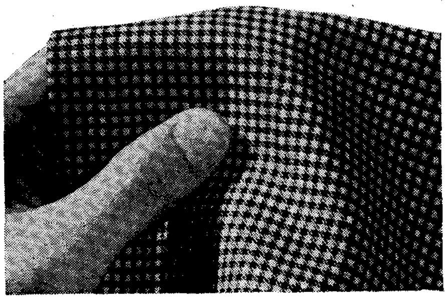
The most famous name in British Woollens

Hunt & Winterbotham

If you'd like to see what the experience of 419 years is capable of producing in the way of luscious quality, you should see our collection of British Woollens. If you can examine them without seeing yourself in at least one of the more than 1,000 patterns you can choose from, more power to you. But if you find them irresistible, more power to the loving care with which they are processed and loomed in the "West of England"... and to *the finest suit you have ever owned.*

Would you like the names of the fine stores and custom tailors selling our British Woollens? We'd like to send them to you. HUNT & WINTERBOTHAM, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York 17. *The most famous name in British Woollens.*

Styled by LaViale



farmhouse or on the walk outside it, and I thought that Harold Clurman's direction lacked pace now and then, particularly in the first act. However, these defects, if they exist outside my mind, detracted hardly at all from my enjoyment of "Desire Under the Elms" and I'm sure they won't interfere with yours.

As I have sometimes observed, there is no form of composition more difficult and potentially more embarrassing to the author than fantasy, and this point was amply demonstrated in "Fancy Meeting You Again," the joint work of George S. Kaufman and his wife, Leueen MacGrath, which was very briefly visible at the Royale. The plot had something to do with a young woman, played by Miss MacGrath, who had been pursuing a man for some five thousand years, through several incarnations. At the opening of the play, she was a sculptress in New York, whose work was a rather fetching combination of the primitive and the modern, though not especially admired by the other members of the cast. She was, at that time, in the process of being married to a young businessman of standard and wholesome design, but in the middle of this ceremony shadowy memories of the past and the long chase made her decide that she couldn't go through with it. After a drunk scene with her low-comedy secretary, in which some of the aspects of immortality were discussed, the true object of her affections turned up, this time in the form of an art critic and archeologist, who not only expressed a poor opinion of her work but also, as he had been through the centuries, was prepared to offer her anything but honorable matrimony.

Except for what I took to be a happy ending, this scene is essentially a summary of the play, since the ones that followed, including flashbacks to a Neanderthal cave and a disorderly house in ancient Rome, did little but present the same characters—variously disguised, of course—saying just about the same things. Conscious, perhaps, that their product was somewhat lacking in substance and variety, Mr. Kaufman and Miss MacGrath inserted a few subordinate characters, such as a club lady, who also appeared as the operator of the bordello; a pale and mysterious stranger, who represented the voice of doom or eternity or some such and whose function it was to inform the heroine that she could expect no more lives; a judge, who had almost no rational connection with the proceedings;

Rien ne remplace un vrai

J. Berlé DELINEATOR ©

Custom made bathing or playsuit with the Berlé Delineator built in. Cut and fitted to your individual requirements. Styled in the finest French tradition. One or two piece models in a wide range of fabrics and colors.

Consultation Welcomed.

J. BERLÉ
26 West 58th St., N. Y.

Trinidad and Tobago
British West Indies

Golden beaches . . . rolling hills and lush scenery . . . ideal climate. . . . Rhythmic calypso . . . varied sports. Easy to reach by sea or air. Wide choice of hotels and guest houses. *Favorable devaluated local currency.*

Information, folders from Travel Agents or
Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board
Dept. 12, 122 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I. • Montreal • London

Italian Contemporary . . .

The Portofino chair is in natural fruitwood with natural rush seat and rush-covered splats. There is a matching lounge-height arm chair too! Portofino chair, ht. 30", seat ht. 17". 22.50 exp. coll. Matching arm chair, ht. 29", seat ht. 15". 38.50 exp. coll.

No C.O.D.s please
Open Saturday 10 to 5

Piazza

HOUSE OF ITALIAN HANDICRAFTS
217 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. PL 9-6510

a maid, who had even less; a couple of Nubian slaves, who showed up in the last act as deliverymen, or what are known as "sight gags;" and a handsome white poodle, who entertained me, I'm afraid, more than anybody else on the stage. There were also a good many topical references to people, ranging from Nick Kenny to President Truman. None of these added attractions, however, were quite enough to save "Fancy Meeting You Again" from a certain air of desperate and not particularly inspired invention.

As the nearly indestructible heroine, Miss MacGrath was a delight to the eye, and she obviously has the makings of an accomplished comedienne, but the monotony of her part was such that it would probably have defeated any actress who ever lived. Walter Matthau, also a gifted performer, though, of course, by no means as ornamental as Miss MacGrath, did the best job of the evening, bringing a sort of dogged and untidy charm to the role of the man whom she had loved through the ages, but this, again, was an almost impossible assignment, and I can only say that I admired his courage in undertaking it. The others, among whom were Margaret Hamilton, Glenn Langan, Ruth McDevitt, and Reynolds Evans, struggled bravely in supporting roles, but their material lent itself very intermittently to comedy.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

Scarborough, N. Y.,
January 18, 1952

To the Editors, *The New Yorker,*
Sirs:

IN an article of mine that ran in your January 12th issue, under the heading The Wayward Press, *El Universal Gráfico*, an independent afternoon daily published in Mexico City, was erroneously and lamentably included in a list of foreign-language publications with Communist sympathies. I regret this mistake and would like to see it corrected.

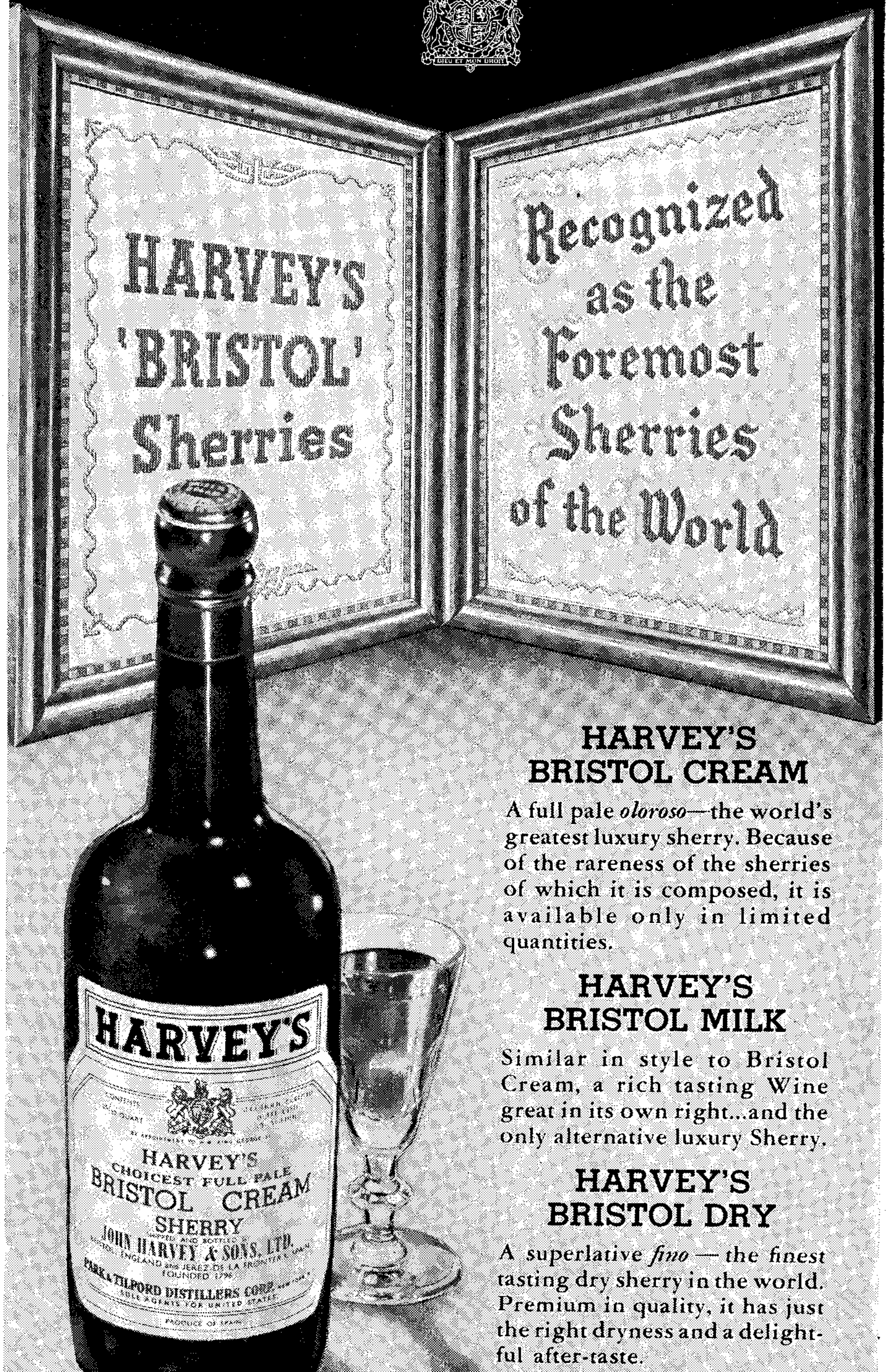
Sincerely,
E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

"I claim that with any mother, the children come first. How could it be otherwise?

"They are flesh and blood. My husband is not."—*Worcester (Mass.) Sunday Telegram.*

Gutta-percha?


HARVEY'S 'BRISTOL' Sherries
Recognized as the Foremost Sherries of the World
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM

A full pale *oloroso*—the world's greatest luxury sherry. Because of the rareness of the sherries of which it is composed, it is available only in limited quantities.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK

Similar in style to Bristol Cream, a rich tasting Wine great in its own right...and the only alternative luxury Sherry.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY

A superlative *fino* — the finest tasting dry sherry in the world. Premium in quality, it has just the right dryness and a delightful after-taste.

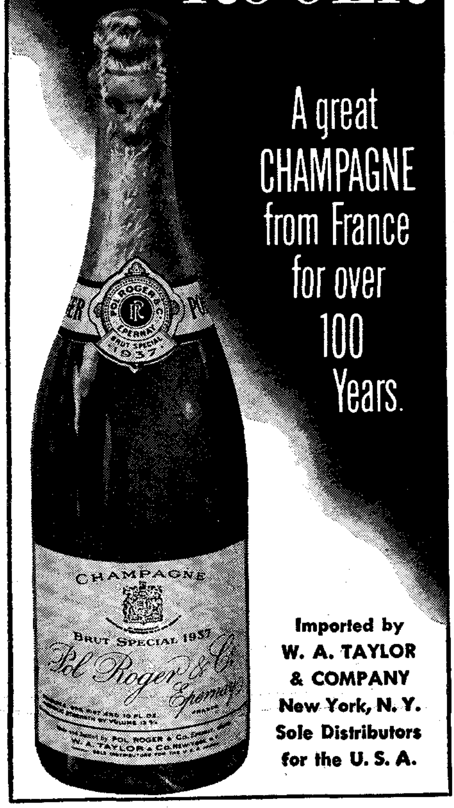
HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
SINCE 1796

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Signature
by
MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD
AFTER
SHAVE
LOTION

you'll be so nice
to be near when you use
Signature by
MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

For a fresh feeling that lingers for hours, use this skin-smoothing conditioner with its tingling masculine fragrance. Other Signature by MAX FACTOR Hollywood smart new grooming essentials: Deodorant Cologne, Shower Shampoo, Lazy Shave (hides that beard), Cream Hair Dressing.



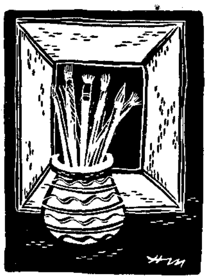
POL ROGER

A great
CHAMPAGNE
from France
for over
100
Years.

Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR
& COMPANY
New York, N. Y.
Sole Distributors
for the U. S. A.

THE ART GALLERIES

Mixed Moderns



PICASSO, practically omnipresent here a few years ago, hasn't been seen much in the galleries lately, and the new exhibition of his work at the Louis Carré is the more welcome for that reason. It is not a big show, for only twelve pictures are listed, and the period covered, from 1939 to 1945, was not one of the artist's greatest. Those were the war years—a time for Picasso, apparently, of indecision and change rather than of development—and the collection has a little of the atmosphere that characterized the era. But though none of the pieces is of major importance, they all have touches of that quick and surprising inventiveness that is peculiarly Picasso's, and that alone, I guess, is enough to make the show worth while.

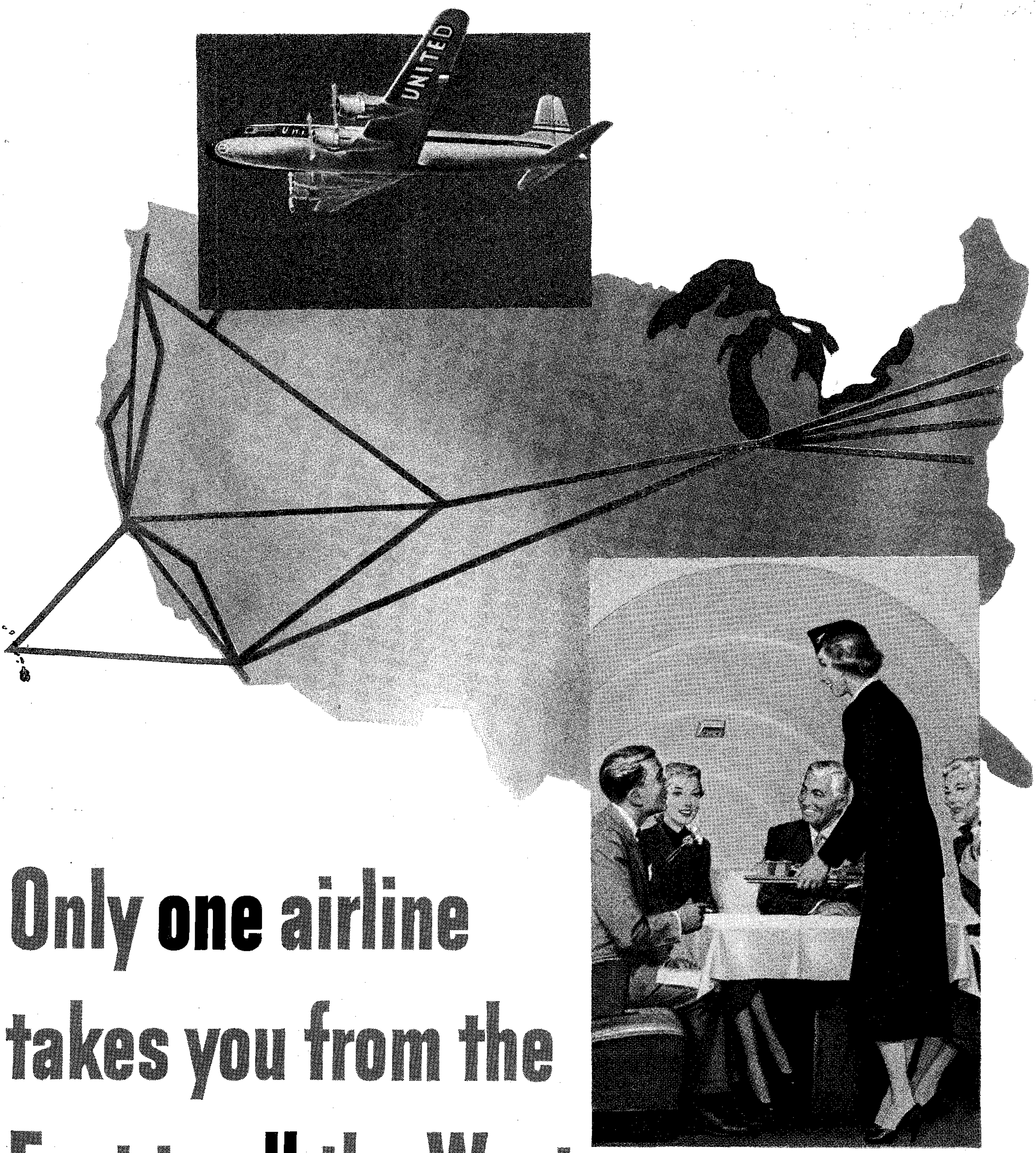
What it boils down to is a series of portrait studies. To be sure, there are other pieces—among them an oddly atypical and quite realistic "The Artist's Studio," in which a nude, squatting flutist, a Greek warrior, and a drunken satyr, all done in a playful adaptation of the Late Hellenistic fresco style, are disporting themselves in the midst of the artist's paraphernalia; and a "Still-Life with Candle," which reverts, if tentatively, to his earlier Cubist manner. There is also a "Still-Life with Mirror," very cool and pale, whose ordered design and shrewd use of spatial suggestion make it perhaps the most immediately satisfying painting in the show.

The half-dozen portraits, though, all of women, form a fairly coherent group of their own, and I found it interesting to wander from one to another, studying the different approaches the artist selected in his efforts to anatomize the human visage. All, except for a small, sketchy one called "Head of a Young Girl," are done in his sometimes puzzling double-visage manner, but even so the attack is extremely varied, and in an odd way the variety of the treatment permits us, by seeking out some of the constant factors displayed, to isolate a few of the main characteristics of the method. What it's aimed at principally, of course, is to show the face "in the round," and this effect is achieved most tellingly in the baroque "Girl with Purple Hat," in which the features are so blurred and distorted that one has the impression that the girl's face has been caught in the very act of turning. This, however vivid, makes for an unstable impression, and I think that a deeper purpose on Picasso's part has been to carry the method one step further, and achieve a more static and hence more permanent design. One sees this in such pieces as "Girl in Blue" and "Woman with Daisies," in which, although the features are dispersed more or less as they are in the other one, they are held in a more rigid and more abstract pattern, and the paintings gain in definiteness and finality in consequence.

"Girl in Blue," incidentally, with its blockily drawn blue figure against a sombre brown background, has a harsh monumentality that is powerful if not wholly appealing, while the "Woman with Pink Blouse," brighter in color, is a real tour de force in the extraordinary compactness of its treatment. (A few green dots on the bare canvas make up the background, and the woman's face—side and front view, too—is reduced to hardly more than a half-dozen quick lines.) Others, such as "Two Women in Interior" and "Woman Seated in Armchair," are less successful, and the exhibition, I'd say, should be taken as more a study in interim techniques than a display of Picasso at his finest.

THE Curt Valentin Gallery is showing a set of new mobile and stabile sculptures by Alexander Calder, in his first appearance in a couple of years. It's a large and lively affair, and despite a few failures it seems to me to contain a good share of examples that are not far from this artist's continually inventive and imaginative best. When he goes astray—see the rather prosaic "New Blériot" or the cumbersome "Tower with Painting"—it is because of an attempt to make these airy and delicate concoctions take on more symbolic significance than they can carry, and the result is that they are cluttered and confused.

Calder's current effort to introduce symbolic suggestion into his sculptures is a healthy development, but he still has some difficulty in working it out. It seems to me that in the mobiles, at least, such meaning as they contain should always be integrated with the *motion* of the pieces (which is, after all, their prime attraction) and not merely superimposed on their structure, as it now occasionally is. They are better, at any rate—such as "Gondola,"



Only **one** airline takes you from the East to **all** the West

Luxurious DC-6 Mainliners nonstop to Chicago, one-stop to Los Angeles, San Francisco and Denver . . . *direct* to Portland and Seattle . . . fast, frequent flights. The world's finest Stratocruisers to Honolulu.

For reservations call or write United or an Authorized Travel Agent.

UNITED
AIR LINES

THE NATION'S NUMBER 1
COAST-TO-COAST AIRLINE

There is nothing better in a highball...

OLD FORESTER
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

because as it says on the label:

"There is nothing better in the market"

Let this finest of Kentucky bonded bourbons make your favorite drinks more delicious than ever! Tonight, serve and enjoy famous Old Forester—America's Guest Whisky since 1870.

©1951—B. F. DIST. CORP.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY with its small red moons and planets suspended, swaying, inside the central structure—when the motion is at least linked with the meaning. And they're best of all, I think, when the motion conveys the meaning completely—as in the lazily vacillatory red "Sumac" and the handsome and intricately contrived "Laocoön," with its wide-sweeping, slow, and curiously snakelike wavering movement.

THERE are some interesting contrasts between the exhibition (closing this Saturday) of works by Josef Albers, at the Sidney Janis, and that of Louis Schanker, at the Borgenicht—most of these deriving from the fact that the first is one of the leaders of the old-style geometrical abstractionists, while the other holds the same position among their rival abstract Expressionists. Both men, too, have based their current work on simple diagrammatic figures, Albers' show being mainly devoted to a series of paintings called "Homage to the Square" and Schanker's to a group called "The Circle Image." All in all, one has as good an opportunity to study the two schools' methods as could be asked. Albers' attack is crisp, logical, and predominantly unemotional, and its appeal is to the spectator who delights in the contemplation of a compositional problem well stated and well resolved. Schanker's approach is intuitive and emotional rather than logical, and the feeling one gets is of a problem not solved, Q.E.D., at all, but left suspended, deliberately, in the process of solution. One artist is strict, precise, and possibly a bit dry; the other, to my mind, is tantalizing and inconclusive. I happen to prefer the Albers method, but both, certainly, can provide their pleasures. Both shows contain some stimulating paintings—among the Albers, the dazzlingly green, gray, and cobalt "Legendary Pasture" and the cooler and graver "Light Key;" among the Schankers, the pale gray-and-white, delicately looming composition numbered 9.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

8 A.M.

Each morning
we should first consider,
instead of breakfast,
that we might all of us perish
in any instant
between our orange juice and oatmeal,
leaving an empty glass,
a full bowl,
and a world barely begun.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

PHOTOGRAPH BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Rajura Cashmere

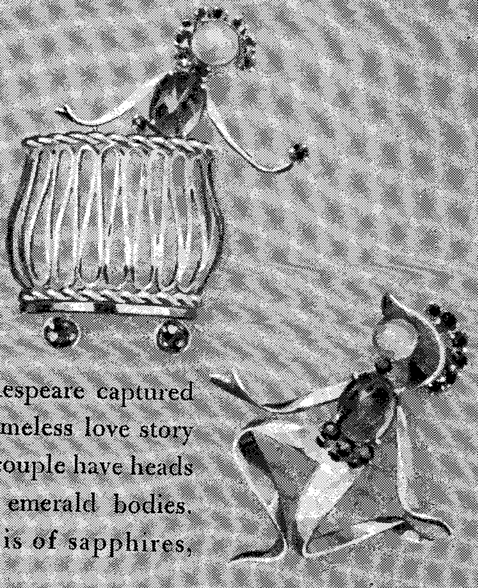
Crafted for the connoisseur, Rajura Cashmere Outercoats are stitched entirely by hand in our own workrooms of fabulously soft, deep Imported Cashmere, blended to greater strength with a small percentage of Pure Merino Lamb's Wool. Natural, Silver-Grey, Brown, Blue.

LIGHTWEIGHT $175
WINTERWEIGHT $195

WITTY BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF DUPONT 100% ALL DACRON TROPICALS

550 FIFTH AVENUE, between 45th and 46th Streets, New York • Other Stores in New York and Brooklyn



Romeo and juliet

The poetry of Shakespeare captured in jewels tells the timeless love story anew. This golden couple have heads of pearl, cabochon emerald bodies. Juliet's headdress is of sapphires, Romeo's of rubies.

Juliet $395*   Romeo $350*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · DALLAS · PALM BEACH
NEWPORT · PARIS · MONTE CARLO · CANNES · DEAUVILLE

*Fed. Tax Included   Pat. D. Juliet 13,942 Romeo 13,941

Why 55 million people read this unique magazine

● The February 1952 issue of The Reader's Digest, which marks its thirtieth anniversary, has by far the largest circulation and the largest readership of any magazine in the world. There are 26 separate editions, including one in Braille and another on records for the blind. They appear in 11 different languages and have a total circulation of over 15 million. Each month more than 55 million people read the Digest.

"Again we are involved in war, but this time with far more of international complications and difficulties in finding peaceful solutions to our troubles. The Digest performs an invaluable service in translating these problems to the general public in understandable and unbiased form."

—Gen. George C. Marshall

"Not fearing the high-brow nor scorning the popular, spicing both with gleanings of wit, the Digest carries in 11 languages an intensely interesting and attractive picture of America to many foreign lands without the unpalatable flavor of propaganda."

—Dorothy Thompson

"In one neat, time-saving package, The Reader's Digest hands us wisdom essential to an informed, alert citizenry in a democratic society. I have been brought up on the Digest in the thirty years in which it has blazed new magazine trails and become the publication marvel of our time."

—Eric Johnston
Former Economic Stabilizer

"The Reader's Digest is an important part of the 'must-kit' of information that every intelligent person needs."

—Bernard Baruch

Q. Where is The Reader's Digest bought and read?

A. In every country where people are free to read what they choose—58 by actual count. In addition, smuggled copies are read by thousands behind the Iron Curtain, frequently at serious personal risk.

Q. Where do the articles in the International Editions come from?

A. Every article has first appeared in the American edition of the Reader's Digest. More often than not, the same articles which were most popular in Kansas City and San Francisco turn out to be most popular also in Buenos Aires and Manila. *The Digest has proved that the basic interests of intelligent men and women are alike the world over.*

Q. Who are the 55 million readers?

A. In the United States, more college-trained and economically well-off men and women read the Digest than any other magazine. *Any one issue is read by 52% of all Americans who have attended college.* Sixty-one percent of Digest readers are high school graduates, though only 36% of the American population in the same age groups have finished high school.

Surveys show an equally high educational and economic level among readers of all the International Editions. In France, for example, more than twice as many people who are college-trained—more than twice as many of the well-to-do—read the Digest than any other magazine. The same holds true in Japan, Norway, Canada and virtually every country where the Digest is published. *Digest readers have more education—have more money to spend than those of any other widely circulated magazine in the world.*

Q. Why is the Digest so popular among leaders in all walks of life?

A. Because each issue contains a wealth of ideas that stimulate thought and conversation. Because each issue is packed with material that extends mental horizons, quickens the imagination, whets one's curiosity. Because each issue gives one a keener zest for life and a sharper appreciation of the fine art of living.

Q. Do The Reader's Digest International Editions differ in any way from the United States edition?

A. Yes. The United States edition does not carry advertising, but all International Editions do.

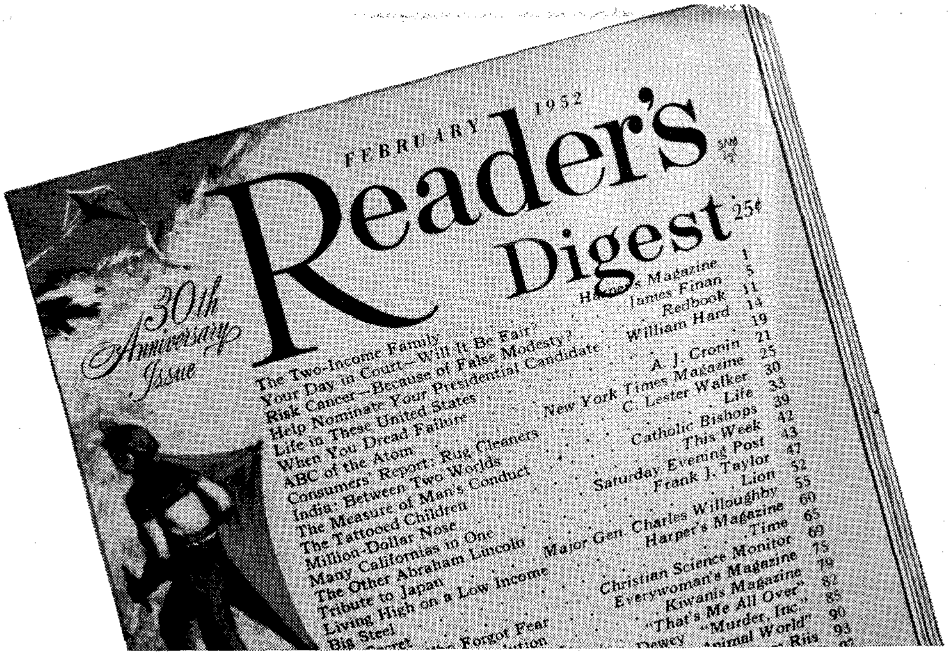
Each of these editions, wherever circulated, is an outstanding advertising medium. This is because of the Digest's large readership among intelligent people and its recognized prestige among people of influence in business, the professions and government.

Advertisers all over the world have responded eagerly to the opportunity to advertise in the pages of this magazine, every copy of which is read by more than three people.

The list of Digest advertisers includes the great names in industry in every country of the world, the export departments of the outstanding U. S. advertisers having much the largest representation.

There are four French-language editions of The Reader's Digest (for Canada, France, Belgium and Switzerland); four in Spanish (one for the Caribbean and Central America, one for Mexico and two for South America); eight in English (for the United States, Canada, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Latin America and Japan); two in German (for Germany and Switzerland); and one each in Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian and Japanese.

30th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—February 1952


FEBRUARY 1952

Reader's Digest 25¢

30th Anniversary Issue

The Two-Income Family
Your Day in Court—Will It Be Fair?
Risk Cancer—Because of False Modesty?
Help Nominate Your Presidential Candidate
Life in These United States
When You Dread Failure
ABC of the Atom
Consumers' Report: Rug Cleaners
India: Between Two Worlds
The Measure of Man's Conduct
The Tattooed Children
Million-Dollar Nose
Many Californias in One
The Other Abraham Lincoln
Tribute to Japan
Living High on a Low Income
Big Steel

Harper's Magazine 1
James Finan 5
Redbook 11
William Hard 14
19
A. J. Cronin 21
New York Times Magazine 25
C. Lester Walker 30
Life 33
Catholic Bishops 39
This Week 42
Saturday Evening Post 43
Frank J. Taylor 47
Lion 52
Major Gen. Charles Willoughby 55
Harper's Magazine 60
Time 65
Christian Science Monitor 69
Everywoman's Magazine 75
Kiwanis Magazine 79
"That's Me All Over" 82
"Murder, Inc." 85
"Animal World" 90
93

WHAT U.S. AND INTERNATIONAL LEADERS SAY ABOUT READER'S DIGEST:

(The following comments have appeared in The Reader's Digest or are scheduled for publication)

"The Digest has proved that a free press is not limited by frontiers and oceans, and that a publication which presents the truth will be sought regardless of difficulties by those who seek truth."

—GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH
Director of Central Intelligence Agency

"I am greatly impressed by the profoundly practical idealism which has guided The Reader's Digest since its inception. Here is a most promising road toward a more solid and friendly understanding among people of all the world's nations."

—H. R. H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

"The Reader's Digest has demonstrated that the people in this country and in many others can be interested in serious subjects. The Digest has become an important educational force."

—ROBERT M. HUTCHINS
Former Chancellor, Chicago University

"I have seen articles by and about Canadians published in Spanish, Norwegian, Japanese, Italian and various other languages by The Reader's Digest and I hope to see many more. The Digest tells 58 nations about each other. We cannot have too much of this free exchange of information if the world is to achieve trust and understanding."

—RIGHT HONORABLE LOUIS ST. LAURENT
Prime Minister of Canada

"Reader's Digest is contributing to the job of world-wide communication and understanding in a way that has always interested us at Pan American. It parallels closely our own efforts to bring peoples of the world closer together. And, because Reader's Digest is read everywhere by leaders of the business world, we find it a useful medium for our international advertising."

—JUAN T. TRIPPE, *President*
Pan American World Airways

"Through its unprecedented circulation among the free peoples of the world, The Reader's Digest has contributed remarkably to the advance in mass communication."

—MILTON S. EISENHOWER, *President*
Pennsylvania State College

"Civilization together with democracy progresses thanks to the diffusion of culture. Reader's Digest has given for 30 years a precious contribution to the diffusion of culture."

—VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO
Former Premier of Italy

"No other periodical in all America would be quite as much missed as would The Reader's Digest, should its compact, slim little figure disappear some month from our library tables, our book stalls, our newspaper corners, our conversation. Much love and long life to it."

—KATHLEEN NORRIS

"The goal of international understanding cannot be achieved by government-to-government action alone. There must also be a people-to-people expression of their work and hopes. On its thirtieth anniversary, Reader's Digest is to be congratulated for its part in people-to-people communication."

PAUL HOFFMAN, *Former E. C. A. Administrator,*
Now President, Ford Foundation

"The success of your Japanese edition attests to the universal appeal of The Reader's Digest and its value as a channel for international cultural exchange. May Reader's Digest grow and prosper further in its service to humanity."

—SHIGERU YOSHIDA, *Premier of Japan*

"The unparalleled world-wide appeal of Reader's Digest represents the triumph of readability, entertainment and substance. Reader's Digest has been a notable ambassador of American democracy and good will among the people of the world."

—SAM GOLDWYN, *Motion Picture Producer*

The READER'S DIGEST—Pleasantville, N. Y.

BODYGUARD TO MR. CHURCHILL

IN September, 1940, I was a second lieutenant in the British Army—a Motor Contact Officer, which was the lowest form of life at the General Headquarters that had recently been set up in St. Paul's School, Hammersmith. My job varied between taking dispatches to Windsor Castle and delivering the Chief of Staff's spectacles to the War Office, in Whitehall. But I was young and earnest, I was stationed in London, I had a shiny new motorcycle and a crisp new uniform, and the war, which until a short while before had been boring or shameful, had suddenly become exhilarating. The invasion of Britain was thought to be very near. The number of troop-carrying barges had increased in the ports across the Channel, and units of the German fleet were reported sailing through the Skagerrak out into the North Sea. All leave had been cancelled, and G.H.Q. and the country at large were on the alert.

As I sat day after day with my fellow Motor Contact Officers in our waiting room—a converted science laboratory—I prayed that I would be allotted a tremendous and exciting mission, but for a long time only the most routine work came my way. Then, one morning, Bernard Ellam, who was also an M.C.O., and I were told to report at once to the brigadier for a special job. We got up from the table where we'd been playing cards, buckled on our revolvers, and hurried off to the brigadier's office.

He looked up as we entered. "You are to go to the Army field workshop at Mill Hill and take over an armored car that you will find waiting for you," he said. "The driver is already there. You will escort this armored car to Wellington Barracks, where you will report to me by phone. The car is for Mr. Churchill, and your job is to provide him with protection whenever he goes anywhere in it. You will both be available for duty at half an hour's warning at any time of the night or day. You will treat this assignment as Number One security. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," I said. Bernard, a tough, dour Yorkshireman, hardly ever said a word he could avoid.

"Mr. Churchill is going to Chequers tonight, and you will escort him," the brigadier said. "You will not refer to him by name on the phone. When you ring me from Wellington Barracks, you will merely report that you are ready for duty. That is all."

Bernard and I saluted, and had started away when the brigadier stopped us and said, "You may have some trouble with Mr. Churchill. He doesn't like the idea of being protected. It's up to you to see that he is."

"Very good, sir," I said.

"And be tactful."

"Tactful, sir?" I asked.

"You will find that the armored car is ancient," said the brigadier. "A new one is being built and will be ready in a fortnight, but in view of the seriousness of the situation we cannot wait that long, and as a temporary measure must make do with what we have at hand. It is the only one with a door wide enough to take the Prime Minister, but for God's sake don't tell him that. That's all."

BERNARD and I clocked out of the M.C.O.s' room, got on our motorcycles, and rode up to North London and to the Ordnance Depot at Mill Hill, ten miles out of town. The armored car turned out to be a forty-horsepower Lanchester, built in 1928. It had six enormous wheels and, just behind the driver's seat, a kind of tubular cabin, or turret, shaped like an engine boiler. There were three very small doors in this cylinder, one at each side and one at the back. None seemed large enough to admit any but the thinnest of men. At the steering wheel sat a corporal from the 12th Lancers.

Being senior to Bernard, I was in charge of the operation. "All set?" I asked the corporal when we had surveyed the armored car.

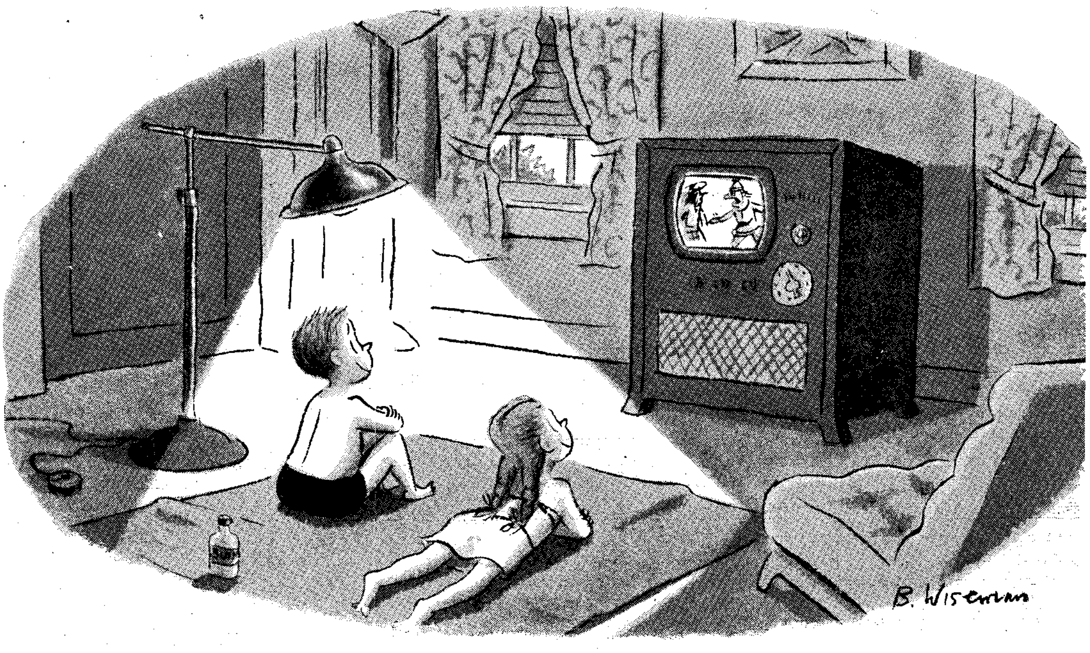
"Yes, sir." The corporal looked doubtful. "We've had some trouble with the fan belt, but it's mended now."

"O.K.," I said. "Fine!" I remounted my motorcycle.

"Careful on the hills, sir, won't you?" said the corporal. "I can't do more than thirty miles an hour uphill."

"We'll manage all right," I said, and for a few minutes after we started, it seemed as if we would, but before we had gone a mile, a noise like glass splintering came from the car's engine. When we opened the hood, we discovered that the fan was thrashing away at the cylinder block and breaking itself up, three of the four of its supporting screws having fallen out of place. I said to Bernard, "Quick! Nip back to Mill Hill and fetch a mechanic."

Bernard, without a word, got on his motorcycle and roared away. There was no time to lose. Mr. Churchill had to get to Chequers that evening, and we had to take him there. Bernard was gone a long time, while I stamped up and down glaring at the armored car and at the corporal, who was sitting dejectedly at the wheel; but Bernard came back at last, followed by a mechanic from the Ordnance Depot, also on a motorcycle. The mechanic found the screws and got them back in place—they had fallen onto the grease tray after being shaken loose by the vibration of the engine—but it took him a long time to make the other repairs, and it



was several hours before we arrived in central London and drove up to Wellington Barracks. I went to the telephone and reported to the brigadier that we were ready for duty.

His voice was patient but reproachful. "He left on his own two hours ago," he said.

I put the telephone down and told Bernard what had happened.

"That's too bad," he said.

"We'll be all ready for him next time," I said, but I didn't feel too certain about it.

THE following day, which was Sunday, Bernard and I were ordered to go with the armored car down to Chequers and bring Mr. Churchill back to London on Monday. It took us two and a half hours to cover the fifty-odd miles, but the car did not break down, and I felt a sense of achievement as we drove through the gates. The driveway inside ran through a stretch of open, undulating grassland to the house itself—a long, rambling mansion of red brick, with lattice windows that gave it a gingerbread appearance. It was not an imposing building, I thought, but it had a snug and comfortable look about it that was an agreeable change from the harsh coldness of Whitehall.

Off to the right of the drive lay a grove, where a company of the Coldstream Guards, with whom we had been told to spend the night, was encamped. The tents were scattered among the trees, looking like wigwams. A number of campfires were burning, and the Guardsmen were sitting around them. We took the armored car over to the edge of the grove, and were given a drink and a bowl of stew. We later curled up in our sleeping bags against the front wheel of the car, to wait for morning and our chance to perform our duty of protecting the Prime Minister.

In the morning, the sun was shining—a perfect bomber's day. I reported early to the Prime Minister's private secretary, in the main hall of Chequers. There was a feeling of absolute peace and security in those rich rooms. Quietness seemed to emanate from the panels, and confidence from the oil paintings that hung on the walls. All I saw of the Prime Minister was three of his hats, sitting in a rather belligerent-looking row on a table—a sombrero, a square black hat, and a Homburg, each appearing to have something of Mr. Churchill's exuberant personality.

"We're leaving at ten-thirty," said

LONDON
SCOTLAND
PARIS
BERMUDA
NASSAU
JAMAICA

FLY 1000 ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

These Flights Lift Luxury to NEW Heights

The Monarch

New York to London nonstop—in Stratocruiser luxury. Cocktail or apéritif, dinner with wine including champagne, and liqueurs. Full-size sleeper berths at slight extra charge. Connections to Paris and the Continent by B.E.A.

The Flying Scot

Overnight, New York to Glasgow and London. Stratocruiser service. Complimentary cocktail or apéritif, dinner including wine. Full-size sleeper berths available at slight extra charge.

The Bermudian

Luxury flight, New York to Bermuda. Constellations exclusively. Cocktail and dinner en route. B.O.A.C. alone offers mid-afternoon departures from New York, and morning return flights.

The Bahamian

The only nonstop service, New York to Nassau. Stratocruisers exclusively. Complimentary cocktail and luncheon. B.O.A.C. connecting flights from Nassau to Jamaica and all the Caribbean resorts.

The only airline operating Double-Decker Stratocruisers *exclusively* on every North Atlantic flight

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Reservations through your travel agent or call B.O.A.C. in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami; in Canada: Montreal, Toronto.

DELECTABLE
Party Favorite

Bon Vivant
LOBSTER a la NEWBURG
with Imported Sherry Wine

Write for booklet of "23 Unusual Soups"
MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC.,
137 Beekman Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Leighton's
Woodlands Lake Restaurant
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
A charming blend of old Americana and superb cuisine. Entertainment nightly in the Cocktail Lounge.
OPEN DAILY
Saw Mill River P'kway in Ardsley, N. Y.
Reservations: Dobbs Ferry 3-0454

DON'T GET STUCK ! !
DRIVE OUT OF SNOW, ICE, MUD, SAND!
AMAZING STEEL 'Tire-Tracks'
Easy! Fast! Work like Magic! Provide instant traction as hundreds of angular cleats grip tires and ground. No more shoveling, towing bills, inconvenience, lost time, soiled clothes. Anyone can use. No tools, no attachments, simply place under wheel and drive out!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
LIMITED SUPPLY! HURRY!
Only $2.98 Set of 2 Tracks
Send check or M.O. today — Add 30c postage.
Mailord Co., 204 E. 81 St., Dept. O, N. Y. 28, N. Y.

the private secretary. "The cars will be waiting in the courtyard at the back."

"Right," I said. "I'll take the armored car round."

"Yes, do." The secretary was pleasant but noncommittal.

At about ten o'clock, the car, flanked by Bernard and me, rolled into the courtyard like a rhinoceros charging a herd of deer. The sound was appalling. The roar of the engine reverberated against the old walls, and a blue cloud of exhaust fumes drifted across the two black limousines that were already standing there, beside the rear entrance of the house. The corporal switched off the engine of the armored car as he drew alongside the limousines, and in the silence that followed we heard a voice shouting from a high window, "Stop that damn row! The P.M.'s on the phone to Cairo!"

"What are you supposed to be doing?" asked a cheerful-looking little man who was leaning against one of the limousines, smoking a pipe.

"We're here to take Mr. Churchill back to London," I said.

"In that?" The man looked doubtfully at the armored car. "What's her speed?"

"We're all right on flat roads," I said, "but we can't do much more than thirty on the hills."

"Thirty?" Three or four men had come out of the house after our arrival and were standing in a fascinated semicircle beside the armored car. The little man looked at them. "Can you beat it?" he said. Then he turned back to me and went on, "I'm the Old Man's chauffeur. Driven him all over the place. I tell you he won't stand for it. He'll be hopping mad at the very idea of it. He hates being cooped up, and he hates going slow. He's always at me. 'Faster!' he says. 'Faster!' Thirty an hour? He'd rather stand by the roadside and thumb a lift to London than go at that speed."

"You're right," said a big, red-faced man dressed in a blue pin-striped suit and brown shoes. "You're absolutely right."

"Inspector Thompson," said the chauffeur, introducing Bernard and me.

"Been with him for years, in office and out," said the Inspector, "and if there's one thing the Old Man can't abide, it's waste of time."

"Ready to start up," said the chauffeur abruptly, and he and the Inspector climbed into the first limousine. Bernard and I got astride our motorcycles, and the corporal started up the armored car. Almost at once, the private secretary came out into the courtyard and across to me.

"We're going straight to Downing Street!" he shouted above the thunder of our charge.

I nodded.

"I don't think there's any need for the P.M. to travel with you," he went on. "The invasion hasn't started yet, and he's in a bit of a temper this morning. Tricky news from the Mediterranean."

"We'll just follow you up to London, then," I said, deciding that we could stop on the road and try to get the Prime Minister into the armored car if there should be an air raid.

"Good," said the private secretary. "You might switch your engine off when you get around to the front door. Don't want to be more obvious than you have to be when the Old Man comes out, do you?"

"Right," I said.

The private secretary looked relieved and hurried away. The limousines moved around to the front of the house, and Bernard and I followed with our car. I told the corporal to switch off. Presently, Mr. Churchill came out, hunched up in a large black coat and wearing the square hat. He dived into the second limousine rather like a Rugby player trying for a touchdown, and the door had hardly shut on him before the cars were off with a rush down the drive.

I was still kicking at my starting handle when the corporal came to me. "Trouble with the fan belt again, sir, I'm afraid," he said. "Have to have a look inside."

I got off my motorcycle and went over to Bernard. "Breakdown," I said.

"Better luck next time," said Bernard.

IT was raining heavily, there was a rumbling of gunfire in the air, and the streets were emptying quickly when, early the following Thursday evening, Bernard and I were ordered to report, with our armored car, to No. 10 Downing Street. Mr. Churchill was going out to dinner. Word had been received that a particularly heavy air raid was expected that night, and the General Staff didn't like the idea of the Prime Minister's riding about in his own car. The armored car might not be fast but at least it *was* armored, and mechanics had been working on it most of the week, so it was considered in condition to negotiate the London streets. "I'll go in," I said to Bernard when our convoy reached Downing Street. He nodded, and slumped on the seat of his motorcycle in an attitude of resignation, evidently unconvinced that we were really going to get the Prime Minister this time.

I rang the bell at No. 10, showed my pass to a black-coated servant who opened the door, and was let into the house. "Will you wait here while I inform the secretary of your arrival?" he said.

It was warm there in that square hall with the black-and-white chessboard floor and the rush mat that soaked the moisture out of my boots. There was a clock on the wall, above a bare mantelpiece. A dark painting by Jan Miel hung on each side of a door through which, when the departing servant opened it, I could see a long, red-carpeted corridor, flanked by statues. On a hatstand lay one of the Prime Minister's square hats.

Time passed. A voice drawled "Hallo? Hallo?" into an invisible telephone. Two policemen came from the interior of the house, put blackout blinds on the front door, and switched on a soft light by the clock. They remained in the hall, evidently on guard. The doorbell rang, back in the corridor, from time to time, and when the servant came to answer it, anonymous arms handed red dispatch boxes to him through the half-opened front door. Every time the door was opened, the sound of the raid, now in full swing, burst into the hall. "Bad one tonight," the messengers would say to the servant as they handed in the boxes. Or "Lot of them out tonight."

The minute hand on the clock crawled slowly through half an hour. Then a secretary—not the one I had talked with down at Chequers—came into the hall. "Ah," he said in a conspiratorial voice, "there you are. Waiting to take the P.M. out to dinner, eh?"

"Those are my orders," I said.

"Awkward," said the secretary, with a glint in his eye. "As a matter of fact, the P.M. left a minute ago, by the back door."

"*What?*"

"I'm sorry, but there it is," he said. "I tried to persuade him that it would be safer with you, but all he said was that he was damned if he would get into an armored car unless every man, woman, and child in the country had one."

I said, "I'd better get back to G.H.Q."

The secretary escorted me to the door. The sound of gunfire crashed in

Preferred by Connoisseurs—
It's Jamaica's Finest Rum

WRAY & NEPHEW
THREE DAGGER
Jamaica Rum
10 YEARS OLD
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD.
97 Proof

In Hot or Cold Drinks

THREE DAGGER

JAMAICA RUM *10 years old*

Schieffelin & Co., New York, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND'S
FINEST FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS...

BEAU SEJOUR

RESTAURANT

Bethpage, L. I. Phone: Hicksville 3-0091
Closed Tuesdays

Cortile

37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
Cocktail Bar

An Old World Spot in New York Just off 5th Ave.
Banquet Facilities

à la carte from 75¢
OPEN 11 A.M. for Luncheon from 55¢
Dinner from $1.25

COQ ROUGE

EDDIE DAVIS and his ORCHESTRA

PLAZA 3-8887

65 EAST 56th St.

COCKTAILS·DINNER
AFTER THEATRE
No 20% tax 'til 8:30 P.M.

Good Shave?

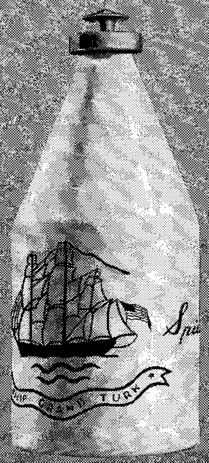
Good Day!

Old Spice

FOR MEN

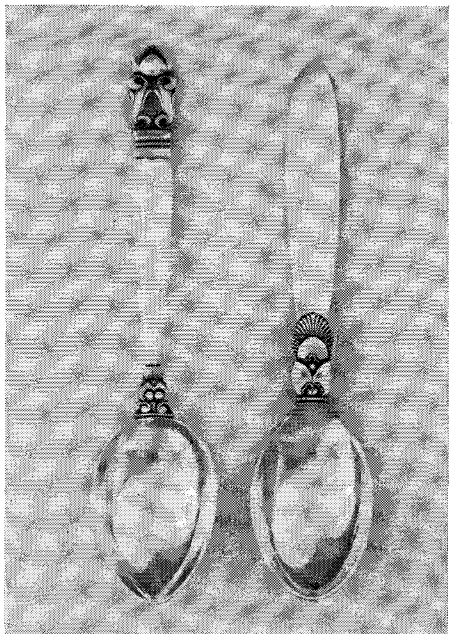
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Shaving Cream
SHULTON

SHAVING CREAM .50
(Lather & Brushless)
For the smoothest, cleanest shave of your life!



AFTER SHAVE LOTION 1.00 plus tax
For that Top-of-the-World feeling after every shave!

SHULTON
New York Toronto



From our Georg Jensen silver collection

Proud acquisition for your home . . . a superb six-piece place setting of Jensen silver. In the Acorn pattern, $69.50...the Cactus $64. Prices of sets include Federal Tax.

MAIL & PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

By Ginger!
RICH'S
CRYSTALLIZED
CANTON GINGER

reach for RICH'S

Preferred by generations of epicures . . . a sweetheart of a sweet!

In the famous yellow and black box . . . at fine food and candy counters everywhere.

Made by
J. LYONS & Co. Ltd. Inc.
812 Jersey Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.
Sole Agents of Lyons of London
The World's Largest Caterers and Blenders of the World Famous Lyons Tea

with the cold, wet air. "Nasty night," he said.

"Shut the door, please, sir," said one of the policemen. "You're showing a light. Jerry's overhead."

I hurried out to where Bernard and the armored car were waiting.

"No luck!" I shouted to Bernard. "He left on his own by the back door."

Bernard nodded and shrugged. I got on my motorcycle and, with the car between us, we splashed back to Wellington Barracks.

Leaving the armored car there, we went to G.H.Q., where I reported to the brigadier. I told him what had happened, and when I finished speaking, he stood up and banged the table hard. "It's not good enough," he said. "He's got to realize we can't take risks with him."

"He doesn't like protection, sir," I said.

"Well, he's got to have it whether he likes it or not," said the brigadier. "You'd better report to the back entrance next time. That's all."

I saluted and left the room, wondering which would be worse—Mr. Churchill's fury if I did get him into the armored car or the brigadier's if I didn't.

THE back entrance of No. 10 Downing Street opens onto the Horse Guards Parade—a large open ground between Whitehall and St. James's Park. Here, two days later, Bernard and I, and the armored car with its driver, assembled to take the Prime Minister down to Chequers. It was a windy Saturday afternoon, and the barrage balloons seemed to be racing through the low, scurrying clouds. Every now and then, somewhere in the city, a delayed-action bomb went off with a thud, but it was still too early for the German bombers to come over. Presently, a couple of other cars arrived. Maids brought a great number of suitcases out of the house and the chauffeurs loaded most of them into the cars, under the supervision of a butler and a secretary. "Haven't room for anything else," said one of the chauffeurs finally.

"These things have got to go down," said the secretary, pointing to the remaining suitcases, and to a pale-blue cot, a bundle of baby clothes, a roll of towels, and a pile of blankets that had just been brought out.

"Sorry, can't be done," said the chauffeur.

"If I may suggest, sir," said the butler smoothly, "perhaps the armored car could accommodate us?"

Everyone looked in our direction, and the secretary came over to me. "Mr. Randolph Churchill's wife is down at Chequers," he said. "She is expecting a baby. I wonder if you could help us with the cot."

"Well," I said, "that's not in our orders, you know."

"We could put it on the back," said the secretary. "There's plenty of room there. And we could cover it with a tarpaulin. That wouldn't interfere with your interior accommodation."

"All right. On the outside, then," I said. "But I don't like it."

The chauffeurs tied the cot onto the back of the armored car, and the butler went into the house and returned with a blue-and-white checkered tablecloth, which he tied over the cot.

"That's not a tarpaulin," I said.

"Near enough," said the butler.

I was angry. "This is an armored car, not a moving van," I said.

Then the secretary, who had gone back into the house, ran out saying "They're coming!," and he and the butler picked up the remaining luggage and, without a word to me or Bernard, slung it into the turret of the armored car. "Hey!" I said, but it was too late. The last case was in, the door was shut, and Mrs. Churchill and her daughter Sarah were coming out of the house.

They came over at once to where I was standing and looked thoughtfully at the armored car. Then Mrs. Churchill asked suddenly, with a charming smile, "Where are the guns?"

"There are no guns," I replied.

"No guns?" said Mrs. Churchill. "Dear me, what is she for, then?"

I told her that the car's present use was to shield the Prime Minister from bombs, shells, and bullets.

"But what was she before she was what she is now?" Mrs. Churchill asked.

"She has always been an armored car," I replied.

"Didn't she once have guns?"

"Yes, she did," I said.

"Where *were* the guns, then?" Mrs. Churchill asked.

"They were in the turret," I said. Mrs. Churchill went to the turret and

looked in through one of the doors. I was covered with shame. I took a step forward and said, "We don't normally take baby clothes."

She said, "No, I'm sure you don't," in a very kind voice, then patted one of the mudguards and walked quietly away with her daughter.

It had been growing dark, and now it began to rain. Soon the sirens would wail and the air would reverberate with the noise of airplane engines and the shudder of bombs. But still Mr. Churchill did not appear. "Pressure of business," the secretary told me. "Important dispatches coming in. You'd better get started. No point in waiting."

"But the Prime Minister?" I asked.

"You can't take him now, can you?" The secretary nodded toward the loaded interior of the armored car.

"I ought to chuck all this stuff out," I said. "I think I'd better. My orders are—"

"That wouldn't help," said the secretary. "The fact is he just won't come out until you're gone."

"What?" I looked at the secretary, not knowing whether to believe him or not. Finally, I said, "All right, you win."

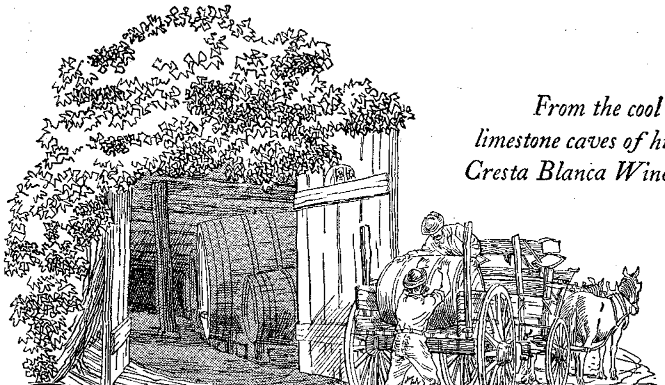
I went over to Bernard, who was sitting as patiently as ever astride his motorcycle. "We're going on ahead," I said.

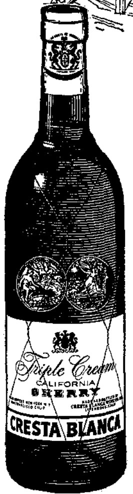
"You'll never get him into it," he said. "I heard at G.H.Q. that they're sending the new armored car down to Chequers tomorrow evening, and a troop of Lancers will take over guarding it."

Feeling very discouraged, I told the corporal to start up, and a few minutes later we drove out of the Horse Guards Parade, the tablecloth flapping behind the car in the cold London air.

THE following afternoon, Bernard and I were sitting on deck chairs at the edge of the grove where the Coldstream Guards were encamped. Near the house, across the intervening field, we could see Mr. Churchill, in a pale-blue siren suit and a gray Homburg, walking about inspecting his lavender beds. He disappeared, and soon word was brought to us that he was about to visit the camp.

We folded our chairs and took up positions on either side of our vehicle, and soon the Prime Minister, accompanied by General Ismay, his military adviser, came marching through the wood, a cigar firmly clenched in his teeth. He saw the armored car,





From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery . . .

CRESTA BLANCA

Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA

TRIPLE CREAM SHERRY

Among the fine Sherries of the world, Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry occupies a unique position. It is a rich, sweet and mellow wine, with the smooth, creamy body of a fine liqueur. Its incomparable flavor derives from unhurried aging in small oaken casks. Served with dessert or after dinner, Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry is a compliment to your good taste and to your guests. Enjoy it soon.

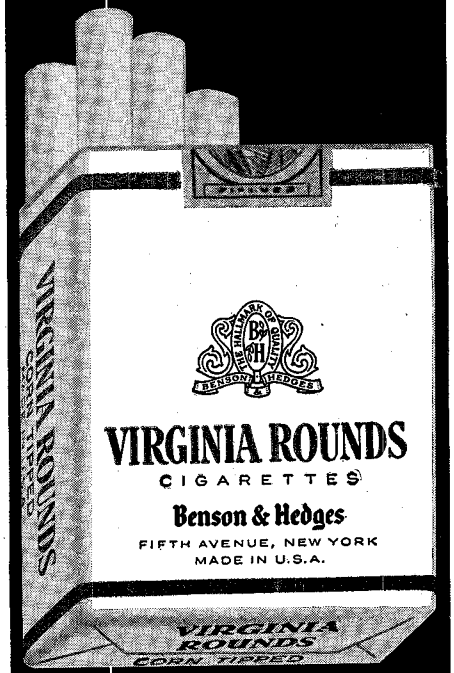
Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

Countess Mara
INCORPORATED
338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

For Natural Mildness

Lighter
Brighter
Natural Flavor



Plain or Corn Tipped

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

A PRODUCT OF Benson & Hedges

looked astonished, and asked, "What's this?"

I explained it and our assignment.

"Hmm," he said. "Let's see if it fits."

He clambered briskly up the steps of the car and, to my surprise, managed to get through one of the doors without much difficulty. Having got in, he got right out again. He said nothing to me, but as he moved away I heard him mutter to General Ismay, "They won't get me into *that* thing again."

Later that evening, the new armored car and a troop of Lancers arrived, ending our mission. I don't know whether Mr. Churchill ever rode in the new armored car or not. Ours was ordered to go back unescorted to Mill Hill, and before Bernard and I set out for the Motor Contact Officers' waiting room at G.H.Q., we sat on our motorcycles and watched the strange vehicle lumbering away down the drive.

"Well, that's that," I said.

"Good thing, too," replied Bernard. "Nothing but a waste of time, this has been."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "We did get the Old Man into it, after all."

I was trying to say it cheerfully, but I wasn't feeling cheerful. To one who had served as Mr. Churchill's bodyguard, the life of a second-lieutenant M.C.O. seemed very drab in prospect.

—JOHN WATNEY

•

[Milton] had come back to her, as she had always known he would, literally on his knees, dragging his heels, remorseful, in tears.—*From "Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron.*

Sort of a loose-jointed fellow, isn't he?

•

Correcting the slippery condition of the sidewalk across the alley between Walton's and the Telephone building was discussed, with a decision following to correct the matter when warmer weather appears.—*Fairbury (Ill.) Blade.*

And troublesome pedestrians are all in the hospital.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sacramento Bee*]

MILAN, ITALY, Dec. 29—AP—A 30 year old farmer bet his friends last night he could drink a pint of grappa, a strong alcoholic drink distilled from grapes, in one gulp.

The Maisonette

At Dinner and Supper
June Roselle
and her songs
MILT SHAW and his Orchestra
HORACE DIAZ and his Ensemble
Special Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P.M. $4 (No entertainment tax)
HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th St., N.Y.

LILLIAN RUSSELL
DINED HERE
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

Charmant RESTAURANT
EL 5-9312
Open Sun. 1 P.M.
Closed Monday
COCKTAIL HOUR
LUNCHEON—DINNER
Specialty: Boneless Stuffed Squab
French & Italian Cuisine
1086 Second Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C.

LE CHEVAL BLANC
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Mussels Cheval Blanc
Coq Au Vin
Crepes Suzette
LUNCHEON • BAR • DINNER
from $1.75 from $3.
145 EAST 45TH ST.
Smoothest Martini in town. EL 5-9352

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Palermo and Way Stops

AT the movie houses last week, Hollywood was industriously playing a hand barely worth an ante. Gambling as incomprehensibly as usual, the producers were betting on "Scandal Sheet," with Broderick Crawford, an idiotic distortion of the workings of a newspaper; "For Men Only," with Paul Henreid, a fervid, if superfluous, editorial on the evils of fraternity hazing; "Room for One More," with Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, one of those "family" pictures, in which a loving wife makes her husband's life a shambles by giving houseroom to unpromising waifs; and, finally, "The Light Touch," the only one of the lot worth a second glance. As directed and written by Richard Brooks (from a story by Jed Harris and Tom Reed), it is drenched in prankish amiability, and if the dialogue at times gets a little sodden, it perks up often enough to make one forget most of the guff.

Mr. Brooks and his associates use as their theme the flimsy old notion that the love of a good woman has a salutary effect on rascals. They start their film off with an English crook happily engaged in removing a Renaissance masterwork from a wall of a museum in Palermo and end it with the scoundrel, full of remorse, surrendering the canvas to a Sicilian church, because his sweetheart has taught him a new set of values. I guess the merits of the lad's reconstructed outlook cannot be denied, but it must be admitted that he's better company before his reformation than afterward. His tour of duty as a rogue, which makes up the body of the picture, takes him from Sicily to North Africa and back. In passing, he meets up with a villainous art dealer (very suave), the art dealer's henchmen (very tough), a collector anxious to buy at any price the painting our boy has pinched (very mad), and a girl artist (very pretty). As a matter of fact, the last is no lady to be described parenthetically, since she is played by Pier Angeli, an Italian actress who is not only decorative but talented. She and Stewart Granger, the felonious hero of the piece, manage to make the dawning of love's young dream less gluey than is customary in the movies, and Miss Angeli succeeds in conducting herself with an air of almost incredible innocence that doesn't suggest, as so often happens, a touch of Juke or Kallikak.

It's rather too bad that Mr. Brooks, having gone to the trouble of photographing "The Light Touch" in Sicily and North Africa against fine native settings, saw fit to point them up with some of that belly-dance music that Hollywood seems to favor for interpretations of the southern Mediterranean. I can't fault his cast, though. Mr. Granger and Miss Angeli adapt themselves admirably to the picture's spoofing mood, and George Sanders, Kurt Kasznar, Rhys Williams, and Mike Mazurki also accommodate their talents to it nicely. In a better world, this film would be a run-of-the-mill Hollywood product; as it is, it stands out because a trace of ingenuity was shown in its making. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Springfield (Ky.) Sun*]

WIN THE PRIZE

It is impossible to win the great prize of life without running risk, and the greatest of all prizes are those connected with the home. No father or mother can hope to escape sorrow and anxiety and there are dreadful moments when death comes very near to those we love, even if for the time being it passes by. Life is a great adventure and the worst of all fears is the fear of living. There are many forms of success; many forms of triumph, but there is no other success that in any shape or way approaches that which is open to most of the many men and women who have the right ideals. They are the men and women who have the courage to strive for the happiness which comes in a great way to those who trade the low-overhead way with the Walnut Street Grocery Co., they win a wonderful prize. More goods for same money; same goods for less money.

WALNUT ST. GROCERY CO.
T. C. TATUM, MGR.

•

C. Brewster Rhoads and L. Alan Passmore were nominated last week for the presidency of the Union League, to succeed J. William Hardt, retiring president, who has served two terms. . . .

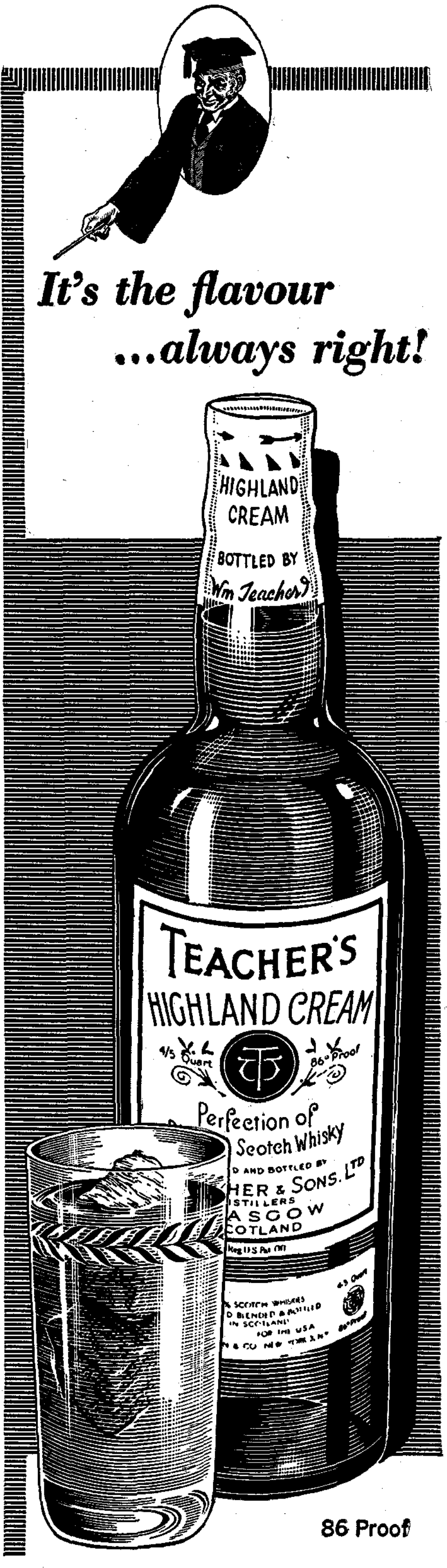
Twenty-six were nominated for directors with 15 to be elected. . . .

Directors nominated are James M. Anderson, O. Charles Brodersen, John Arthur Brown, incumbent . . .

Bartender: "Shall I fix you a Bromo Seltzer?"

Hangover: "No, no! The noise would kill me."—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

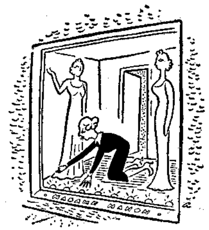
Strike that from the minutes, please!



TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y.
Importers Since 1794

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE resort shops are wallowing in manifestations of that little thing called femininity. In the most informal beach and cabaña clothes (the best of the latter, by the way, are equally suitable for a dance floor), this femininity can be exotic; witness Tina Leser's continuing preoccupation with the Oriental, such as plaid Indian cottons in olive greens and deep pinks and mauves, and the woven or embroidered braids she uses as trimming everywhere. (Saks Fifth Avenue has a particularly good selection of Leser cabaña dresses.) Femininity can become quaint as all hell in full Gay Nineties skirts (often with shirtwaist tops) that are very billowy astern. Leser's dress of sand or blue polished cotton has a sleeveless, oval-necked boned basque top, lined with flowered cotton, and a skirt that flips out saucily in back. This is $49.95 at Altman. Claire McCardell is also toying with Gibson-girl lines; a dress of pin-dot gray silk has a shirtwaist top that is all up-and-down ruffles and a gathered skirt with fullness in back to make the wearer very round indeed there; $79.95 at Lord & Taylor.

Quaintness can reach Sis Hopkins heights in patchwork-quilt designs. Jamison, the golf-dress man, takes patchwork squares of plain, striped, plaid, and sprigged cottons in every possible pastel color and turns out a pair of trim shorts with a zipper down the back. The same patchwork makes the top of a sleeveless golf dress with a fullish broadcloth skirt of solid maize, blue, or pink. The Cotton Shops have these, as well as John Miller's more townish treatment of patchwork, in which bits of a shantung sort of Japanese tie silk in a variety of small patterns, with gold or green predominating, produce a dress with a deeply scooped neck and a full skirt; $45.

Quilting, naturally, is only a short step from patchwork. Quilted shorts, quilted bathing suits, and the like are all over town, and fabrics that give the effect of quilting are around as well. Probably the *least* quaint result is accomplished with a white cloqué piqué that has tiny woven black dots. The stuff, which looks like a country-hotel bedspread, makes a perfect coat dress (the architect is Claire McCardell) with a cardigan neckline, a black leather belt, and black buttons; $55 at Lord & Taylor. A new McCardell stunt is sleeves set into deep armholes that curve inward on the bodice, in lieu of a bodice that melds imperceptibly into the sleeves.

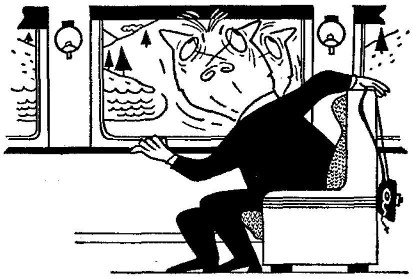
A more subtle femininity is provided by the prolific baby pastels now in vogue, and there is a charming return to pale champagnes and to narrow stripes of pale colors on white. And Claire McCardell's restrained use of black and white is evidenced by her habit of combining white cotton with fine black stitching, or vice versa.

In line, there have been few changes in resort clothes. The full, circular skirt is more vehement than ever, but the shirtwaist dress still holds its own. The Empire waistline and its concomitant tight, rib-hugging midriff are not around as much as I had expected, but there are good examples of this by the eminent Carolyn Schnurer. In general, one-piece bathing suits of cotton still wind up in little-boy pant legs and have halter or shoulder straps that unbutton so they can be tucked under. The middy line still threatens, but Gunther Jaeckel's favorite middy top, which is of linen, tucks *in* instead of hanging loose. It has short sleeves, and cotton braid outlines the middy collar. A matching circular skirt is waiting to be added. Jamison's broadcloth sports dress is indented at the waistline, too, and there's a hint of a middy collar in front, with a tailored bow below the deepish V. A front zipper makes this one easy to step into, and a straw belt matches the various pastel colorings it comes in. At the Cotton Shops; $29.95.

The big news about resort clothes is really the fabrics. The new cottons are just miraculous. Some are sturdy and rough, some have crumpled surfaces, some are sheer, some are polished and satiny or have satiny stripes. Stripes of all sorts are rampant, whether they're awning stripes more than half an inch wide or pin stripes in dark colors on smooth white. To me, they make the conventional flowered print look awfully dowdy.

BUT let us get down to details. Most of the things that will pass in review are in a number of places; those that aren't will be pinpointed by

COMPLAINTS
ELEV
ON SALE
SALE
Garrett Price



Once upon a time...

Once upon a time trains gave you a strictly one-way, eye-level view of the scenery. You could travel from coast to coast without ever discovering that mountains have tops...canyons have bottoms!

* * *

gerhardt-kurt

But now—you can look up, look down, look all around!

Aboard the Vista-Dome California Zephyr, the most talked-about train in the country, you enjoy day-long Vista-Dome views of the Colorado Rockies, Sierra Nevada and California's fabulous Feather River Canyon. Luxurious sleeping cars, chair coaches, five Vista-Domes! NO EXTRA FARE!

* * *

THE VISTA-DOME *California Zephyr*

The most talked-about train in the country!

Daily between Chicago and San Francisco via Omaha, Denver, and Salt Lake City on the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific Railroads

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR
WESTERN PACIFIC
FEATHER RIVER ROUTE

INCLUDE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VIA SAN FRANCISCO—NO ADDITIONAL RAIL FARE!

Write Jos. G. Wheeler, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Western Pacific, 526 Mission St., San Francisco 5

another
GERTRUDE DAVENPORT
original

just plain luxury!

terry butterfly robe

for beach, brunch, bath or boudoir

The one, wonderful robe
you'll live in at home or at
the shore. Thick 'n thirsty
Turkish delight with snug
elasticized waist and deep,
deep pockets. Maize, blue,
green, white. Small, medium, large.
only **$6.95**

THE TOG SHOP
Americus, Georgia

Please send me the following:
Butterfly robe Quan. Size Color
name__________
address__________
city______zone____state____
☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ C.O.D. (charges extra)
add 20c for postage

ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
OPEN 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M.

me. Let me add that now is the time I always stock up; I have never been able to figure out where all the good summer clothes go to in May. Well, shall we tee off with four of the big-time outdoor designers?

The first of these is Brigance, who has fun combining striped and floral cottons in play suits. His current favorite is pin-striped white shorts and a shirt printed with carnations; $22.95 at Jay Thorpe. Women dote on his mid-thigh, straight-hanging beach coat of white herringbone piqué with red, white, and blue knit making the long dolman sleeves; $14.95. A classic dress is of white cotton with black, navy, or brown pin stripes. For contrast, the stripes are horizontal on the strapless top and inside the inverted pleat of the skirt in front. The round neck and the cuffs of the waist-length jacket are edged with ball braid. The patent-leather belt makes the whole thing look one-piece once it's on. At Lord & Taylor; $35.

TINA LESER's Omar tents for beach or lounging are a real innovation. One of these robes, of luggage or teal-blue awning stripes on white, has a deep oval neck and deep, open armholes. It hangs perfectly straight front and back to the ankles but flares wildly at the sides. A wide belt, made of three strips of grosgrain ribbon, hooked in front and laced in back, turns it into a fascinating full-length dress. It and a slim bathing suit to match are $49.95 at Altman and Saks. Another long, sweeping robe, in a pink, mauve, and olive Indian woven plaid cotton, has an off-the-shoulder V neck and a one-button closing. The front is flat, but a giant fin starts at the yoke in back and moves down into circular fullness at the hem. This is worn over a strapless street-length dress of soft green cotton; $69.95 for the set at Bendel.

FOR her inimitable shirtwaist dresses, Claire McCardell uses a new cotton that is sheer and soft and a bit streaky. These dresses are all up-and-down ruffles on the bodice, and a band collar ends in tabs that knot at the throat (a McCardell trademark); the skirts are fullish. Saks has them in pastels; $49.95. For lounging around, there's a dress of black-and-white-striped cotton with a boned midriff and a gathered skirt—three horizontal bands of the fabric, the stripes making first a zig, then a zag, and then a zig again—that is almost ankle-length. Two deep folds, descending from the strapless décolletage front and back, may be hooked together on the shoulders to achieve a straight-across, twenties neck (Saks). And for utter swank, there's her sleeveless sheath of pink fleece (yes, fleece) with a turn-over collar, tan leather buttons all the way down the front, and a tan leather belt; $49.95 at Gunther Jaeckel.

CAROLYN SCHNURER has the charming knack of being able to go to a foreign country for ideas and to bring back only its grace and humor instead of being literal and turning out clothes for a fancy-dress ball. The happy effects of a trip to Japan are visible in her latest collection of resort clothes for Peck & Peck. Her Americanization of the kimono should make all of us more enticing. Japanese women push the collars of their kimonos back to reveal the nape of the neck, and many of Schnurer's dresses have this attractive line. Some are also wrapped high across the front; a wide, wrapped band, suggesting the obi but much easier to operate, takes over below. (Incidentally, the obi wrap gives that high, Empire waistline we are moving toward.) She uses a padded kimono hem on a lovely cotton brocade dance dress with a tiny spencer jacket tied under the bust. The comfort of kimono sleeves made small and short and square has not been overlooked in the Schnurer collection, nor has the convenience of the wrap-around skirt, but her skirts, in general, are full, in the easy American tradition. Some stand out wide and have concave scalloped edges that make them look like an opened parasol; some are shirred until they look like Japanese lanterns. For humor, there are fan-pleated pockets, even on the trim little-boy bathing suits for which Schnurer is famous, and some of the suits have a string of fake pearls for a halter. The results of Schnurer's labors with cotton manufacturers here and in Switzerland are at hand, too—muted bamboo shades and grayish reds and purples. Some of her prints derive from Japanese gift paper; others derive from the straw raincoats Japanese laborers wear. All these are around the Peck & Peck stores.

Another Schnurer collection of clothes, for the world at large, is also in town. Bendel, for one, has her superlative bathing suit of a satiny cotton striped in cocoa and gray. It has seams that mold the figure by shooting outward from the midriff in spiderweb fashion; $17.95. A beach coat to match has full sleeves ending in cuffs just be-

Persian Room

Jimmy Savo
PANTOMIMIST

Accent on comedy

Rolly Rolls
PIANIST HUMORIST

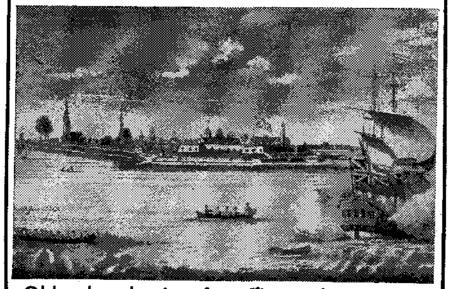
Dick La Salle and his orchestra

MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS

Two shows nightly, 9:30 and 12:15. Cover at 9:30—$2. Saturdays—$2.50. Luncheon weekdays from 12 noon with Music by Leo LeFleur. Closed Sundays. Fashion Show Luncheon every Thursday in the Terrace Room.

THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

OLD NEW YORK



Old colored prints for office or home decoration. Small prints from $5.00; also large and rare prints at higher prices.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

Pack up your troubles!

Polka dotted plastic shoe bags bound with pink or blue ribbon. $2.75 a pair.

Unusually attractive toilet bags in plain and flowered silks with one plastic lined compartment. $7.

Small glazed chintz bags containing soap capsules. $2.

Set of three lingerie cases in quilted satin and taffeta and in plain taffeta. $9.75 up.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
541 Mad. Ave. at 55 St. • PL 3-2330
LUNCHEON • BAR • DINNER

low the elbows, and diagonal detail on the deep yoke in back; $25.

NOW for a few recent experiments with the swirling brand of skirt. Some of these are separates, some have an attached top. Frances Sider's cabaña-to-cabaret costume of a highly polished black or white cotton, quilted to make it look ribbed, has a skirt that is a full circle, and the top (one of the few designed to be worn outside a skirt) is slashed all the way around below the waistline to make tabs. This knockout is $58 at Altman. Altman also has Sider's dress of white piqué with allover embroidery in bright-blue or red straw. This has princesse lines through the body and a twelve-gored skirt; $52.50. Saks' gardening dress of navy denim is dotted with vivid appliqués of cauliflowers, leeks, tomatoes, and the like in glazed chintz; a lot of fun for $25. Bonnie Cashin likes ticking fabrics. A bouffant, hip-yoke umbrella skirt of heavy striped cotton ends in umbrella points all around the hem; the top is black wool jersey, and $25 gets the outfit at Lord & Taylor. Martha West's circular skirt of heavy green cotton has pockets piped with the sapphire wool jersey of the oval-necked blouse; $29.95 at her shop. At Bendel, there's a skirt of natural burlap with a vertical row of three plastic buttons behind each hip. It's lined with taffeta, and $49.95.

THERE has been activity among the tailored separates, too, and the boys and girls who preside over such things have been dumping a variety of fabrics into one dye vat for the benefit of the mix-or-match customers. The favorite hues this season are red, navy, and pastels. Bendel has skirts of linen with box-pleated fronts and gored, smooth backs, at $17.95, and rather dressy shantung ones with nine vertical cluster pleats, at $22.95. This establishment also has linen halter tops with tailored-revers fronts, at $12.95, and sleeveless, round-collared shantung tops with pearl buttons, at $10.95.

The Cotton Shops show separates of their own design, which combine Irish linen and silk broadcloth. Sleeveless, round-collared broadcloth shirts with expandable breast pockets, and short-sleeved linen shirts with convertible collars, are all $10.95; golf-type linen skirts, buttoned down the front, with hip pockets that achieve a peg-top effect, are $12.95; linen Bermuda shorts are $10.95.

Altman's Vacation Shop offers nice, sloppy, rugged separates, thought up

Your skin is twice as clean... twice as lovely!

ARDENA SKIN LOTION

A Fabulous Double-Cleansing treatment; part of the famous Elizabeth Arden Basic Beauty Ritual. Leaves your skin immaculate and camellia-soft in a matter of minutes!

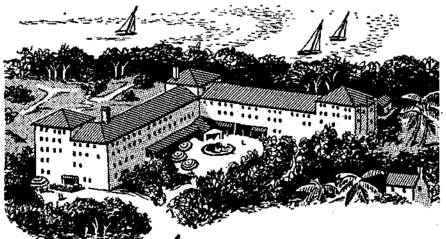
Ardena Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00
Liquefies instantly into searching, soothing oils; seeps into the pores to cleanse with a swift magic. Apply it with cotton dampened with Ardena Skin Lotion.

Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.00 to 9.50
Contains refreshing, bracing herb waters. The combination of cream and lotion cleanses and tones the skin with glowing effect!

Finally, smooth with
Ardena Velva Cream, 1.25 to 6.50
prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 22, PLAZA 9-2940

Bermuda's beautiful
Belmont Manor



All dressed up in exciting new decor, the famous Belmont Manor beckons you to make Bermuda your winter port of call. Fun for all ashore and afloat. Championship 18 hole golf course at door, swimming pool, tennis, cycling, fishing, sailing, beach privileges at exclusive club. Dancing nightly. Within easy reach of Hamilton by ferry, taxi or carriage.

For reservations see travel agent or N. Y. Office, 630 Fifth Ave., JUdson 6-1137

Belmont Manor
Hotel and Golf Club
Gordon W. Lane, General Manager
WARWICK • BERMUDA

AN OLD FAVORITE
IN A NEW SETTING
THE
RITZ-CARLTON
Restaurant
OF THE NEW
Carlton House
MADISON AVE., 61st to 62nd STS.

EMERY DEUTSCH
and his Orchestra
AT LUNCHEON—DINNER

OPERATED BY THE
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL CO., INC.

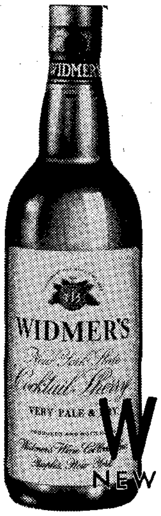
by Gretta Plattery after her recent trip to Africa. Prospector cloth (rayon sharkskin, that is) makes a sand or navy bush jacket with four big patch pockets, a quilted and padded back, and short sleeves; $22.95. It would be very MacArthur if there wasn't a belt of leopard cloth around it. The loose native shirt has been copied in a cotton in which vertical bands of two interwoven colors alternate with bands of solid color. Green and beige or black and beige are the combinations, and the price is $17.95. Made of a heavy white cotton with a herringbone weave, they're $11.95. Knee-length shorts, very pukka, of sand suède cloth and sporting a belt of real calf, go with the shirts; $12.95.

D. D. and Leslie Tillett, at 72 East 56th Street, are overflowing with separates. These people don't fuss much about intricate cut; their skirts, whether straight or full, are wrap-around and adjustable. Their severely tailored man's shirts are cut small for women who like to wear them hanging over shorts or slacks. (Shirts and skirts hover between $20 and $25). But it's their fabrics and their hand-screened prints that really draw the attention. Imported batiste, plain or printed, makes shirts to accompany skirts of upholsterer's-weight Irish linen. If this seems too bulky for you, they have poplin. Among their new patterns are Obscure Fish (melancholy denizens of the deep outlined in brown on an oyster ground that gives way here and there to the palest pinks and blues) and Sun Face (two-and-a-half-inch discs of the sun and its rays). The Tillett batiste horoscope prints (black and red on a white ground) make handkerchiefs, which the shop will gladly turn into blouses; a conversation piece for sportswomen is the Synoptical Account of Fishing in Florida Waters, with more maps, dope about what fish is to be found where and at what season, directions about what hook to use on him, and other information than seems possible to fit onto a thirty-six-inch silk square; $9. Engravers of heads of pins take notice.

WOMEN who are on the prowl for an all-purpose resort dress haven't been neglected either. Bendel's collection of tailored cotton dresses that can be worn anyplace and at any time includes one in a satiny awning stripe with a solid-color band down the front, inverted Vs playing all over the skirt, and dolman sleeves ending in wide, buttoned cuffs right below the elbow; $29.95. The Cotton Shops' most ingratiating cotton dress has scarf patterns

Nature
Knowledge
Cellar Care

It takes all 3 to bring you that Special Goodness of
WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES



WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

What Nicer Gift for Valentine or any time

Exquisite
MINIATURE
FLOWERS
UNDER GLASS

The rage of Grandma's age—revived in a delicate and lovely arrangement that will make *any* décor more delightful. Our wax "Gay Deceivers"*—so fresh and breathtakingly lifelike you'll lift the glass to catch an imagined fragrance—in an oldfashioned nosegay of miniature forget-me-nots, daisies, sweetheart roses, lily of the valley, tulips and others.

An inspired touch for a coffee table, cabinet, shelf. 6" high. $8.50 *Postpaid.*

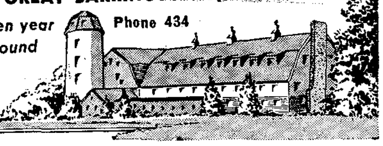
Send for our exclusive CATALOG IN FULL COLOR of other wonderful "Gay Deceiver" Arrangements.

*Registered

Constance Spry
INCORPORATED
Mail and
Phone Orders
Promptly Filled

50th St. & Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
Telephone: PLaza 5-2766

JUG END BARN
popular Club-Hotel resort
FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOD
You will enjoy the best in Winter Fun
SKATING—SKIING—TOBOGGANING
Dancing, entertainment. Write for Booklet N.
In the Berkshires—125 miles from New York
GREAT BARRINGTON 3, MASS.
Open year 'round
Phone 434



in purple, turquoise, brown, or black printed on white. There is V detail below the shallow V neck and simple box-pleated detail on the straight skirt. This is $12.95. Another engaging cotton dress is at Martha West. This has a scratchy pen-and-ink tweed design (black on white), and it's $29.95. The tight, horizontally tucked midriff and the collarless bolero, tying just under the bosom, give it an Empire look.

For well-upholstered women who love the outdoors, West's porous, lacy, and uncrushable rice tweed makes classic, short-sleeved, buttoned-down-the-front sports dresses that look good in sizes 10 to 44; $29.95. A jewel, in these as well as in half sizes, is of Irish linen, and suitable for all day long. It's a simple fly-front dress with contrasting bands on the slanting pockets of the skirt and around the turnover collar; also $29.95. Jay Thorpe present their very own dress of natural silk pongee trimmed with narrow white braid and buttoned straight down the front; $55, in sizes up to 20. Another good Jay Thorpe dress for mature figures comes in brown, navy, or green butcher linen. The skirt is narrow, and the wide shoulder straps are anchored by decorative buttons. Over this goes a horizontally striped waist-length jersey jacket, combining any of the linen colors with white; $49.95.

MANY of the beach clothes made by the firm known as Cabana are at Bonwit. The bathing suits have expertly built-in bras and seaming that flatters the figure. A one-piece suit of smooth cotton, in chartreuse, white, or deep rose, is all horizontal tucks; another, of chocolate sateen, has an allover, sprawly design of white rickrack. Both are $17.95. For $14.95, Cabana does a quilted navy-and-white cotton bathing suit that is not in the least clumsy. Bonwit also has nice terry beach robes from another house, decked out with longish, knotted fringe. A full-length, sleeveless one has a shawl-cape collar edged with the fringe, and a short, double-cape one has a single button under the turnover collar. Either variety is $17.95.

—LOIS LONG

•

SUB WEATHER

ARKANSAS—FAIR THIS AFTERNOON AND TONIGHT. INCREASING CLOUDINESS WEDNESDAY AND WARMER WITH OCCASIONAL RAIN. LOW 20 TO 30 TONIGHT.

TENNESSEE—PARTLY CLOUDY AND MUCH COLDER WITH COLD WAVE TONIGHT. LOW 15 TO 399;0)686, AT THE DIXIE FIREWORKS COMPANY.—*U. P. news dispatch.*

Never mind that; it's atypical.

Yes... we have Top Banana!

Enjoy unlimited encores of the music from this great show with the original Broadway cast—exclusively on Capitol Records.

Capitol
PAULA STONE and MIKE SLOANE present
top banana
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
PHIL SILVERS
Capitol RECORDS

They're "Spa-King" at The Greenbrier!

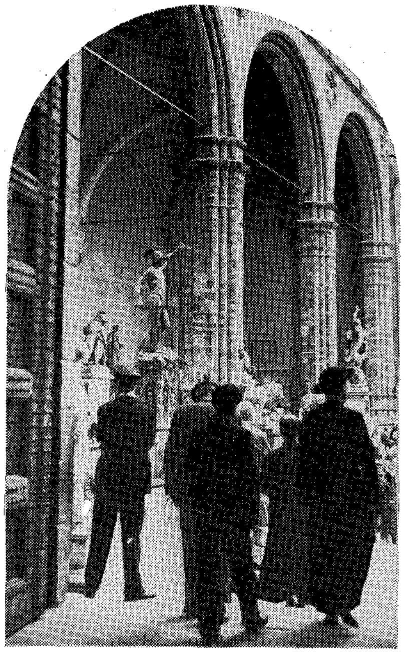
Yes, Greenbrier's world-famous Spa is still the scene, as it was over 150 years ago, of gay beaux and blithe belles taking the "waters." History recalls that many a romance was sparked... and many a match made... at this historic watering place.

Have you tried Greenbrier's Spa facilities? Why not plan a trip down here and have a go at it? Those wonder-working sulphur baths will surely make you feel like a million... anxious to play golf, swim, ride, or hike about Greenbrier's panoramic surroundings. And you're sure to agree that Greenbrier is the spot where lighthearted gaiety is the order of the day—and night, too.

May we expect you for a stay soon? Reduced rates now in effect, from $15 per day, per person—including Greenbrier's incomparable meals.

The Greenbrier
Early reservations advisable.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA
New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza—JU 6-2225
Chicago, 77 West Washington Street—RA 6-0625
Washington, Continental Building—RE 2642
Boston, 73 Tremont Street—LA 3-4497



for your spring
or summer holiday

Italy

inspiring modern man
with ageless beauty!

Again it is Italy which satisfies man's quest for inspiration. To abide awhile in this glorious land, particularly as budding spring burgeons to flowering summer, is to understand why.

Whether it be the knowledge that you stand where Caesar stood . . . or touch the very stone that Michelangelo transformed . . . or look upon a garden which delighted the eyes of the Medici . . . whether it be the grandeur bestowed by nature or the glories created by human hands . . . Italy stirs the imagination and warms the heart with ageless beauty.

Italy gives you everything under the sun . . . fine food . . . fine hotels . . . fine transportation . . . at dollar prices which make everything doubly appealing.

See your Travel Agent now and take advantage of the trans-atlantic "Thrift Season" rates.

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.
21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N.Y.

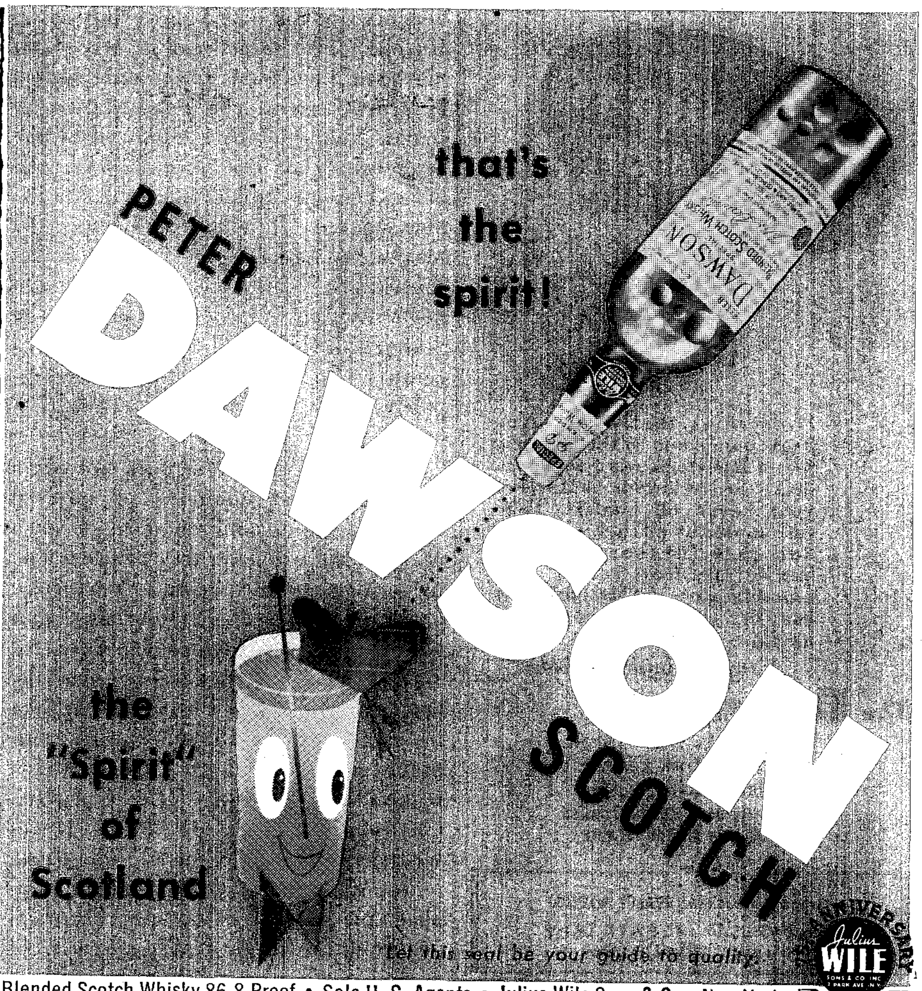
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 16

BECAUSE the announcement that General Dwight Eisenhower is a Republican and, presumably, a Presidential candidate was made from his SHAPE office in the nearby village of Rocquencourt, this ultra-important American news took on a local French quality, which most Paris political experts have not overlooked. Only the Socialist journal *Populaire*, which has been running downhill lately even in interpreting its own politics, was so naïve as to conclude, in its headlines, "EISENHOWER WILL NOT BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE . . . UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS"—which are little likely to come from La Maison Blanche. The rest of the editorial brains, showing, on the whole, amazing familiarity with the American scene, started right in analyzing the General, the American voter, and France, like a new dramatic triangle whose dénouement is of vital consequence to all here. Aside from the Communist papers, which only want the General to go home—though certainly not just to become President—literally all the Parisian dailies, with rare unanimity, have declared themselves anti-Taft. They are pro-Eisenhower because the General's speeches, mind, face, and manner have made him the most popular American resident in France, and, above all, because he is pro-European—too pro-European, some papers were recently complaining, with his European Army and Federated Europe convictions. As part of what looks like the French Eisenhower-for-President campaign now going on, the intellectual morning paper *Combat* sensibly warned enthusiasts that "the man who doesn't shake hands three thousand times a day, whose continued European activities are condemned by one out of three Americans, and who will not take part in the electoral jamborees of the early summer—this phantom candidate has not necessarily won even the first round. What do the small towns think of him, and the isolationist Middle West?" The independent *Monde*, on the other hand, immediately considered him as good as elected. It said, in part, "He will be a candidate *hors classe*, in a certain sense above parties, though the American tradition still demands that Americans choose one or the other"—poor fare indeed compared to that of the French, with their seven or eight major parties, which, among them, have just let France fall flat, with no government at all. "Not that he won't have inconveniences," *Le Monde* admitted, such as "Monsieur Taft, backed by the Republican Party's isolationist and anti-European elements," and went on, "General Eisenhower's biggest hurdle will be the Republican convention rather than the voters. The Democratic Party is losing headway. The foreign policy of the future Republican President," concluded *Le Monde* confidently, as if speaking on the day after the first Tuesday in next November and as if the Trumans had already started packing their music and things to move out of the White House, "will be turned like that of the Democratic President . . . toward Europe and the defense of the world against Communism . . . a necessary continuity in the tense world of today."

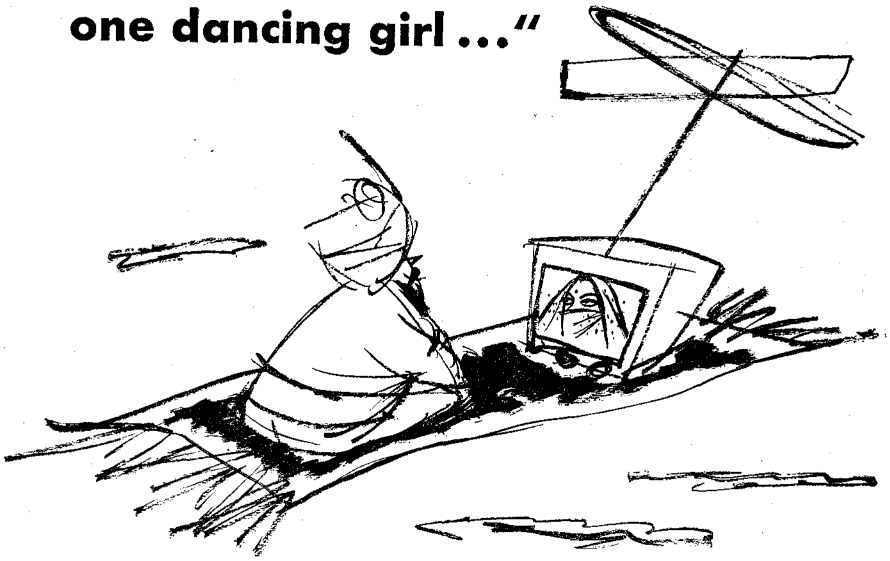
SINCE *Le Monde* thinks it has so clearly seen in prophecy what will take place in America ten months from now, Parisians wish *Le Monde* would take another squint and tell them which French political party and chief will be running the new government of France a few days or weeks from now. Actually, French papers have less concrete connection with regnant political parties than ever before in the Third and Fourth Republics. Half the major parties have no newspaper *porte-parole* at all. Most Paris newspapers, though they take a Left or Right line—some, like *Combat*, in maddening alternation—as a rule cantankerously agree with no party and criticize all, being what is called nowadays "independents," of which *Le Monde* itself is the most august and temperamental example. Thus, René Pleven, the Union Démocratique et Socialiste de la Résistance Premier off and on since 1950 and now fallen again, has no Party paper to back him except *Le Petit Bleu des Côtes du Nord*, a country sheet published in the Brittany town of St. Brieuc and not even on sale in Paris. The Mouvement Républicain Populaire, or Catholic reform party, of Bidault had a Paris paper, *L'Aube*, but it was blacked out by insolvency last year. The Socialist *Populaire*, reduced to two sheets, is now hanging on by its teeth. The controlling shares of *Le Figaro*, editorially pro-Catholic, though often sharply disagreeable to the pro-Catholic Mouvement Républicain Populaire, have just been purchased as an investment by Jean Prouvost, a man uninterested in religion, who lost his old newspaper empire in the war. *Figaro's* minority shares are still held by the widow of its former owner, the perfumer François Coty, who at one time also owned a fine, fancy Fascist sheet, *L'Ami du Peuple*. The de Gaullistes have *Ce Matin-Le Pays*, in title partly a resuscitation of the old Radical Socialist *Matin*, whose masthead was lost in the Liberation purge. Only the Communist Party has both a morning and an afternoon Paris paper—*L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir*—and weekly papers and monthly papers and quarterlies and even annuals. It can't be pointed out too often that in the Fourth Republic's democracy, which believes in the power and freedom of the press, it is certainly the Communist Party that has the most powerful, if not the freest, press.

UNDISTURBED by all the French plays that were box-office successes here or in London and became such quick failures on Broadway, Paris has put on—though not just to oblige—three new French plays, much touted in advance, which also would not go over in New York and may not even survive here. The noted playwright André Obey's "Lazare"—concerning the resurrection of Lazarus and his dissatisfaction at having to put up with life on earth again, which he freely expresses to Jesus, who also appears in the cast at the Théâtre Marigny—so confused Parisians that after the end of Act II, which fortunately is all the acts the play has, the audience was not even sure it was free to get up and go home. The theatre's repertory company, supposedly the best in France, had better watch its step. Manager-actor Jean-Louis Barrault played Lazarus with his customary excess of whispers and shouts—the latter most unbecoming to an ex-dead man—which are increasingly weakening the acting standards of his theatre. At the Nouveautés, André Roussin, author of Gloria Swanson's ill-fated "Nina," and the most productive postwar playwright, has launched his "Lorsque l'Enfant Parait" ("When Baby Comes"), a silly comedy in which everybody in the large cast has an infant, legitimate or otherwise. The big disappointment was the Comédie des Champs-Elysées' new play by Jean Anouilh, until lately ranked as one of the most intelligent psychological play-



Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof • Sole U. S. Agents • Julius Wile Sons & Co., New York IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

"SIMPLY... mail in one dancing girl..."



The magic that lifts an advertising approach above the competition is often simply a *fresh* idea... backed by the creative ability to turn it into sales.

HAROLD CABOT & CO., Inc.
Advertising
136 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

AT MANHATTAN'S FRONT DOOR

Everything that makes New York important to the visitor is just a few steps away when you make the world-famous Biltmore your haven of comfort. Here, surrounded by all that is pleasant and cheerful, benefiting by service that frees you of every mundane care, a New York visit, long or short, affords a full measure of satisfaction.

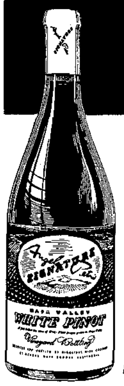
Write for illustrated folder

The Biltmore

Madison Ave. at 43rd St.
New York City
DAVID J. MARTIN, *Manager*
Elevator to Grand Central Terminal
Block from Airlines Terminal

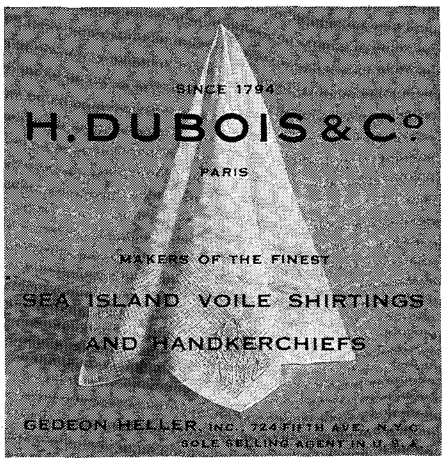
other
Grand Central Area REALTY HOTELS:
The BARCLAY • PARK LANE
FRANK W. REGAN, *President*

EXTRAVAGANTLY GOOD!



Angelo Petri SIGNATURE WINES

ANGELO PETRI VINEYARDS • ESCALON, CALIFORNIA


SINCE 1794
H. DUBOIS & Co
PARIS
MAKERS OF THE FINEST
SEA ISLAND VOILE SHIRTINGS
AND HANDKERCHIEFS
GEDEON HELLER, INC., 724 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.
SOLE SELLING AGENT IN U.S.A.

ONLY AT FINER STORES

wrights not only of France but of all Europe. For some reason, his recent plays and films have all shown a biassed bitterness against the unworthiness of female love—which is balanced by the lofty beauty of the male passion, just often enough unfaithful to make the plot piquant. This bitterness especially marks his new piece, "La Valse des Toréadors." Maybe Strindberg should have written it, for, as written by Anouilh, it is an unpleasant nineteenth-century period farce, full of coarse language.

THE French radio does not often offer first auditions of modern French music, and modern French music is not often written to order any more for a specific patron or performer or to magnify a poetic reference, as it was in the most golden prewar days. An exception to both generalities was the first performance in France, given over the radio, of Henri Sauguet's fifty minutes of musical setting for Rainer Maria Rilke's prose poem "Le Cornette, Chanson d'Amour et de Mort." It was written for Doda Conrad, the basso, whose dark, adult voice perfectly supplied the grave, passionate, historical quality of this tragic family narrative of a medieval German Rilke, who was killed as a young man in the French wars. Sauguet's music, which is a melancholy rhapsody of separate songs, is at once melodic, modern, rich, solidly composed, and of harmonious beauty. Because the French radio studios are not equipped to accommodate large audiences, the première (admission by invitation) was held in the Théâtre de l'Empire, and was attended by the leading musical figures of Paris. It was a recherché evening.

THE death, at sixty-two, of General Jean-Marie Gabriel de Lattre de Tassigny, France's commander-in-chief of its war in Indo-China, extinguished the most spectacular, aristocratic, mettlesome battle-horse personality of contemporary French arms. He was pony size, a smallish, beak-nosed, and elegant figure, a patriotic, cultivated, provincial martinet from the Vendée. At the beginning of the war of 1939, he was France's youngest general; after France's defeat, he was commander of its colonial troops in Tunisia, was imprisoned in a fortress by Pétain, escaped, and eventually became commander of General de Gaulle's liberating forces, starring in them because of his brilliant disobedience. When supposed to be guarding

Light-hearted Latin gayety awaits in

CUBA

Find a new, different charm under Cuba's sparkling sun. Share Havana's smart night-life, gaming, beaches. See Cuba's countryside—historic cities, noted spas, lovely Varadero Beach.

ONLY 90 MILES from the U. S. EASILY REACHED by air or sea. U. S. citizens need NO PASSPORTS. Average winter temperature: 73°.

See Your Travel Agent or

CUBAN TOURIST COMMISSION
122 E. 42 St., New York
336 E. Flagler St., Miami • Box 1609, Havana

"Cry, the beloved Country"

From the novel by Alan Paton

BIJOU THEATRE
45th St. W. of B'way • CO 5-8215
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES
Popular Prices

Service For People With Problems

We specialize in selecting homes for adults who are handicapped by age or a physical or emotional disability. Expert counseling service given to handicapped persons and their families. Placements personally supervised in carefully investigated family homes or nursing institutions. Also companion selection for ill or elderly. Fee service.

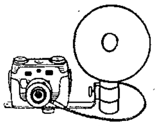
Adult Counselors & Home Finders
22 East 89 St. TR. 6-5689
Day or Eve. Appts.

Terrific Speed High Altitudes–
Protect your Comfort... Take–
MOTHERSILL'S AIR SICK REMEDY
USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

the Alps to cover the invading Americans, he was chasing the Germans to Lyon; when supposed to be holding with his First Army south of the Rhine, he crossed it and captured Karlsruhe. He triumphantly ran his own French war, reviving glory for tarnished French arms and driving the Allied command crazy. With his black colonial troops barefoot in the snow for lack of promised Allied supplies, and against Churchill's advice, he surprised and captured Belfort. He fought through western Germany, occupied the Black Forest (it is mostly due to him that France has so large a zone of occupation today), then forayed briefly into Austria, crossing the Danube. This gave his troops their proud shoulder patch—"Rhin et Danube," with its starlet indicating their astral speed. At the war's end, he settled down in fastuous style in a villa near his HQ at Lindau, on Lake Constance. It was there that some of us journalists knew him. Guests were always invited for lunch at one o'clock and were always kept waiting till three, on the dot. The villa table was invariably laden with a dainty mosaic of fresh flower petals, arranged by his Chinese cook, and with excellent German chicken and admirable German wines. Socially, de Lattre was a violent, charming talker. He flew into facile rages at his staff and his soldiers, who admired and feared him. A month after the war was over, he gave an al-fresco Lake Constance fête for sixty-one French and American generals and three hundred lesser guests, which began on a June afternoon and ended at the next dawn, with D.P. dancers and singers in the gardens, planes gyrating in acrobatics over the water, illuminated boat rides, and an early-morning barbecue breakfast of roast sheep in the camp of his savage Mohammedan *goumiers*, his horsemen from the Atlas Mountains. In magnificence, taste, and its use of a big slice of the French Army, his fête was modern Louis XIV.

De Lattre's last duty was his personal direction of the French Indo-Chinese war against the Communists, to which he momentarily lent his habit of victory. But his final report, at the end of November, was that only another eighteen months' fighting could bring any results. Alarmed now by last month's defeats and by growing rumors of a mass Chinese attack on the French outpost there, which, indeed, is like the last Western defense wall in that corner of the Far East, a multitude of French parents, and some politicians, are demanding either an honorable armistice

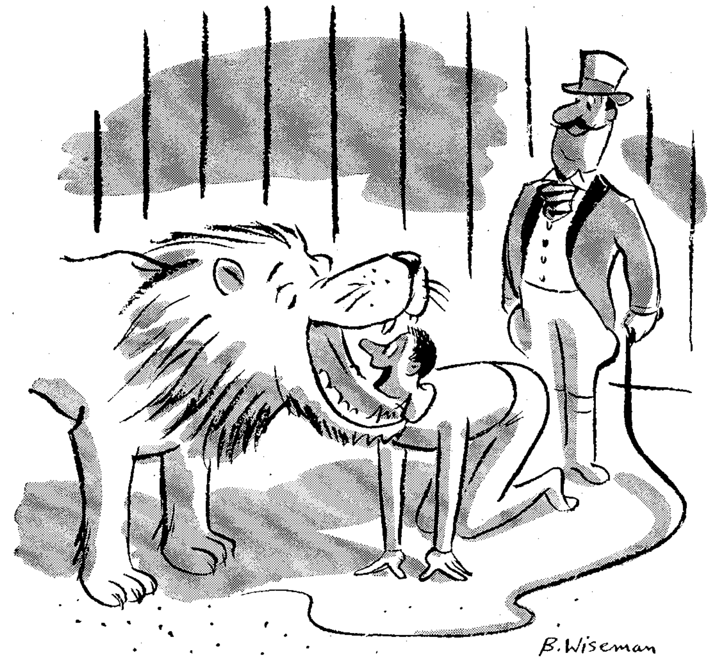
New range-finder "miniature"
with Kodak's finest lens
Kodak TRADE-MARK



Kodak
Signet 35
Camera

MIGHTY HANDFUL! For the first time in a moderately priced 35mm. "miniature," you get a famous Kodak Ektar Lens (*f*/3.5 Lumenized) —unsurpassed for sharp, brilliant color slides for projection or prints. Also coupled range finder, automatic controls, 1/300 flash shutter. $92.50. Flasholder, $10.55.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax



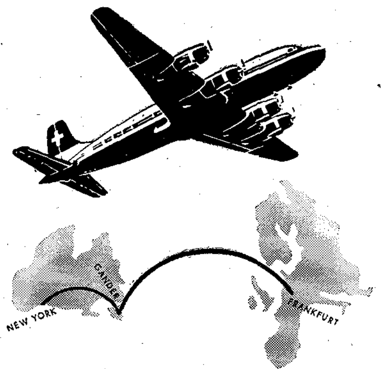
"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

COMMENCING FEB. 10TH

New

LUXURY FLIGHT



direct to

FRANKFURT

Every Sunday from New York, commencing February 10th, "*The Continental*" offers the only direct service to Frankfurt by newest, fastest and finest in relaxing flight, *at no surcharge*. In the pressurized DC-6Bs, with cabins designed for fifty passengers, arrangement of thirty-two berth length, fully reclining *Slumberette** lounge chairs assures glorious ease and comfort. ➤ ➤ Incomparable food and literally anticipatory service all in the tradition of fine Swiss resort hotels. Meals and beverages, of course, served in the leisurely Continental table d'hote manner . . . plus precision flying by the safety conscious flight crews make this the ideal route to Frankfurt, Zurich and Geneva with direct connections over Swissair's European network to capital cities . . . and the Near East. ➤ ➤ "*The Continental*" on Sunday via Frankfurt to Zurich . . . "*The Midweek*" on Wednesday via Geneva to Zurich. Off season rates now in effect.

*Trademark

SUBJECT TO GOVT. APPR. TOURIST SERVICE WITHOUT COMPLIMENTARY MEALS WILL SUPPLEMENT REGULAR LUXURY FLIGHTS.

"HIGHEST MAINTENANCE STANDARDS OF ANY AIRLINE IN THE WORLD"

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR:

THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

SWISSAIR

TO EVERYWHERE

10 WEST 49TH ST. AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK 20, N.Y. • PLaza 7-4433

or help from the United Nations or the United States. Lest it be thought that he was sheltering his only son, a young officer in Indo-China, de Lattre ordered him into the front line, where he was killed.

During the three days and nights of mourning accorded General de Lattre, he lay in state first at the Invalides, where throngs of Parisians filed by in respect until past midnight. Attended by his white-caped spahis, his catafalque was carried next to the Arc de Triomphe. From there, it was transported at night to Notre-Dame on one of his former gun tractors, followed by the mounted Garde Républicaine carrying flaming, smoking torches. For hours, Parisians by the thousands streamed in and around the floodlighted cathedral, whose façade rose window was specially lighted from within, so it looked like a giant medallion of jewels in the night sky. At eleven o'clock that evening, all the church bells of Paris in unison tolled his knell, in a quivering, melancholy tintinnabulation. The next morning, in a final procession, his flag-covered coffin, on a gun carriage drawn by white horses, rolled slowly up the Rue de Rivoli, with the beating of crêpe-covered drums, with prelates in purple marching on foot, with the law-court dignitaries in their red or black-and-yellow or black-and-pink robes, with a company of officers bearing his medals pinned to fancy cushions, and with his posthumously awarded marshal's baton of blue velvet carried before them all. Following them, his widow walked alone, with her black veil lifted, showing a sad, beautiful, young-looking face. For the three nights of mourning, the Ecole Militaire shone searchlights in a giant V for Victory in the sky. The sight recalled the V-lighted nights of peace in the spring of 1945, when there was no thought of new wars in Korea and Indo-China, and when France from her defeat had emerged with four great Liberation generals. There were de Lattre, now dead with his son; Leclerc de Hauteclocque, killed (some say assassinated) in a plane accident, whose wounded son was just lately captured in Indo-China by the Vietminh; Juin, now the Inspector General of the French Army; and, finally, de Gaulle, who has disappeared into politics.

—GENÊT

•

WALTER SEES LESSON IN
'SERMON ON THE MOUNT'
—*Headline in the University of Michigan Daily.*

Reading a lot of stuff into it, probably.

'NICER ICE BUCKET

Keeps Gallon of Ice Cubes All Evening!

ANOTHER
SPONGEX
PRODUCT

- 90% ice after 4 hours; 40% after 19.
- Holds gallon of hot stuff, too!

'Nicer, a real ice bucket that outperforms others costing many times its $7.45 price.

Unbreakable . . . just bucket and lid of flexible plastic.

Colors — red, green, yellow, blue and brown.

Available at Lewis & Conger, Abercrombie & Fitch, Hammacher Schlemmer, Ovington's and other fine stores.

THE SPONGE RUBBER PRODUCTS CO.
579 Derby Place, Shelton, Conn.

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Your Philadelphia Host
The DRAKE
15TH and SPRUCE STS.
Rates $5.00 Single—$8.00 Double
Suites $12.00 up
PEIRCE A. HAMMOND, Manager

FRENCH
GERMAN-ITALIAN
• *Private or class lessons in any spoken language!*
Open daily 9-9.
BERLITZ®
630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-0110

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Swiss Influence

“GOLGOTHA,” an oratorio by the Swiss composer Frank Martin, was offered in this country for the first time one evening last week at Carnegie Hall. The performing forces were the Dessoff Choirs (a very large mixed chorus), a fair-sized symphonic orchestra, an organ, a piano, and five vocal soloists. The audience, a small one, heard a mediocre presentation of a wordy but deeply moving account of Christ’s last days on earth. The dramatic part of the text, which is in French, is drawn from the Bible, of course, and it is interspersed with reflections, voiced mainly by the chorus, from Saint Augustine’s “Meditations” and “Confessions.” The work is divided into two sections, the first consisting of a prologue and four scenes, and the second of a lament, three scenes, and a closing chorus, and it lasted a little more than an hour and a half. Having set down this rather dull preliminary description brings me right up against the difficulties of analyzing this new musical setting for such an overwhelming story, which, even with less germane music, could scarcely fail to hold the imagination. I found that, like a spectator at “Hamlet,” I was getting so caught up by the magnificent drama that I was anxious about the outcome, in spite of its inevitability. The audience also seemed to be more interested in the story than in the music; a copy of Martin’s lengthy text, handsomely printed, with the French original and an English translation running side by side, was provided with each program, and almost everyone in the house followed it during the performance, setting up a concerted rustling every time the pages were turned. Under the circumstances, as I have suggested, it was hard to judge the importance of the music. In the dramatic scenes, like the trial and the meeting with Pilate, it underlined the action forcefully, but in its sweeter, more compassionate moments it produced in me the same feeling that much other religious music has produced, lulling, rather than stimulating, my perceptions. “Golgotha” struck me as a thoroughly devout work, employing no particular musical idiom but trying always to carry the inflection and import of the words. Still, I came away with the belief that a fine speaker, reading the same words with no accompaniment at all, would have been equally effective. Phyllis Curtin, a soprano with a lovely, pure voice, and Paul Matthen, an excellent bass, were the only soloists whose work I really enjoyed.

ALSO at Carnegie Hall last week, Ernest Ansermet, a Swiss conductor who has demonstrated, through recordings, his superior handling of some of Stravinsky’s early ballet scores, led the Boston Symphony in a program that included parts of “Petrouchka,” which he often conducted when he was musical director of Diaghilev’s Ballet Russe. The first, second, and last scenes of the ballet were offered, and, in the two of these that have the fair as a setting, Ansermet delineated the numerous tumultuous episodes with extraordinary clarity. However, this score is so closely tied to the stage action, which it is meant to heighten but not supersede, that the lack of the extra dimension is undeniably felt in a concert performance. By itself, the music is wry and tantalizing at best, and, listening to it, I was reminded that it’s about time one of our major dance companies restored this ballet to its repertory. Ansermet also conducted an exquisite performance of Ravel’s children’s pieces, “Ma Mère l’Oye,” and a somewhat light but enlivening reading of Beethoven’s Symphony No. 5.

GUIDO CANTELLI, the young conductor who is currently having his innings with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, presented a varied, and always interesting and skillfully led, concert last week—this, too, at Carnegie Hall. The highlight of the evening was Gian-Carlo Menotti’s Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, written in 1943. Rudolf Firkusny, who took the piano part at the première of the work, in Boston in 1945, was again the soloist, and he played excitingly and with complete technical assurance. Lively and ingratiating, the music moved along admirably, and won the greatest applause of the evening. I hadn’t heard this concerto before, and all during the first movement I was fascinated by the similarity of a catchy musical phrase, repeated over and over, to one that Menotti later (and perhaps unconsciously) employed, with splendid dramatic effect, in his opera “The Medium,” at the point where Monica cries, “Mother, mother, are you there?”

May I present...

To be sure, “Lastex” isn’t attending any of the new “coming out” parties—at least not in the form of its symbol, the lady clad in a bit of yarn. But ever since its own debut in ’31, Lastex has brought magic stretch to so many things worn by every debutante (and her mother!), especially to their girdles, bras, swimsuits, lingerie, and shoes.

Lastex
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
the miracle yarn that makes things fit
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

JOIN THE GIN AND TONIC CROWD!

YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY

with Gin and Tonic. Here's the smartest drink at the smartest places. You'll like its lightness... its dryness... its deliciously different taste. Only make sure that *your* Gin and Tonic is made with *Canada Dry Quinac Quinine Water.*

Quinac
CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER

THE Barclay
announces
the availability of
several unusual
FURNISHED SUITES
2 and 3 Rooms
with serving pantries
FULL HOTEL SERVICE

Each is a luxuriously complete town home with one or two master chambers and baths... all spaciously comfortable, bright and fresh... the quiet elegance of an ultra-smart social address just off Park Avenue. Immediate occupancy. Short or long term lease. Some larger suites available. Brochure on request.

Assistant Manager—PLaza 5-5900
The Hotel
Barclay
111 East 48th Street
Just off Park Avenue

Coming just before the Menotti work, and opening the concert, was the first performance of Alan Shulman's "A Laurentian Overture," dedicated to Tallulah Bankhead. "A Laurentian Overture" is a short composition in a holiday mood—tuneful, quick, and attractive—but, unlike Miss Bankhead, it makes no lasting impression. The second half of the concert began with an engaging performance of Schubert's Symphony No. 2. Immediately after this, a hundred or more people rose in various parts of the auditorium and took their leave before the final number, Hindemith's solemn "Mathis der Maler" symphony, got under way. Not looking forward to this heavy music myself, I watched their departure somewhat enviously. Cantelli, however, did an earnest, powerful job of conducting, and while I wasn't exactly won over to the piece, I did come to feel more respectful toward it. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

INFATUATION WITH NO SOUND WHATSOEVER DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Objector," by Jeb Stuart*]

Everybody in a rich, throbbing and deep silence watched Heath prepare himself. *—Page 17.*

In the room was a thick and uncomfortable warmth and a depressing silence. *—Page 27.*

A large, fat, enveloping silence . . . embraced the room and men. *—Page 37.*

There was a thick, worried silence in the room. *—Page 76.*

A great silence entered the room. *—Page 81.*

. . . the door closed and sealed in the room, leaving the two in an immense silence. *—Page 84.*

There was a silence in the room that was unlike any silence any of them had ever heard before. *—Page 91.*

. . . so eloquent was the tremendous silence surrounding Heath in the square. *—Page 113.*

There was a big, thick silence in the room. *—Page 128.*

Outside in the corridor was a desolate silence. *—Page 142.*

Thick, uncomfortable warmth and silence spread over the table and their shoulders. *—Page 164.*

In the room was a thoughtful, thick silence. *—Page 183.*

•

Each manhole cover weighs 100 pounds, wet or dry, and each catchbasin weighs 75 pounds.

The thefts, numbering 16 last week and six over the week-end alone, not only run up the city's bills but make it pretty tough for the unwary stroller, Warner points out.

A citizen tumbling through the 22-inch wide hole could drop six to 50 feet to the slimy bottom, depending on how tall he was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We pity those *little* shrimps.

BEFORE AND
AFTER THE THEATRE
The
COLUMBIA
ROOM
Concert Music at Dinner
No cover • No minimum
No Federal Tax
•
TED HUSTON
and his orchestra
•
Dancing at Supper
No cover • No minimum
Closed Sunday
HOTEL Astor
TIMES SQUARE

MIGRATION

Our feathered friends fly
South every winter.
But wise men
still travel
East.

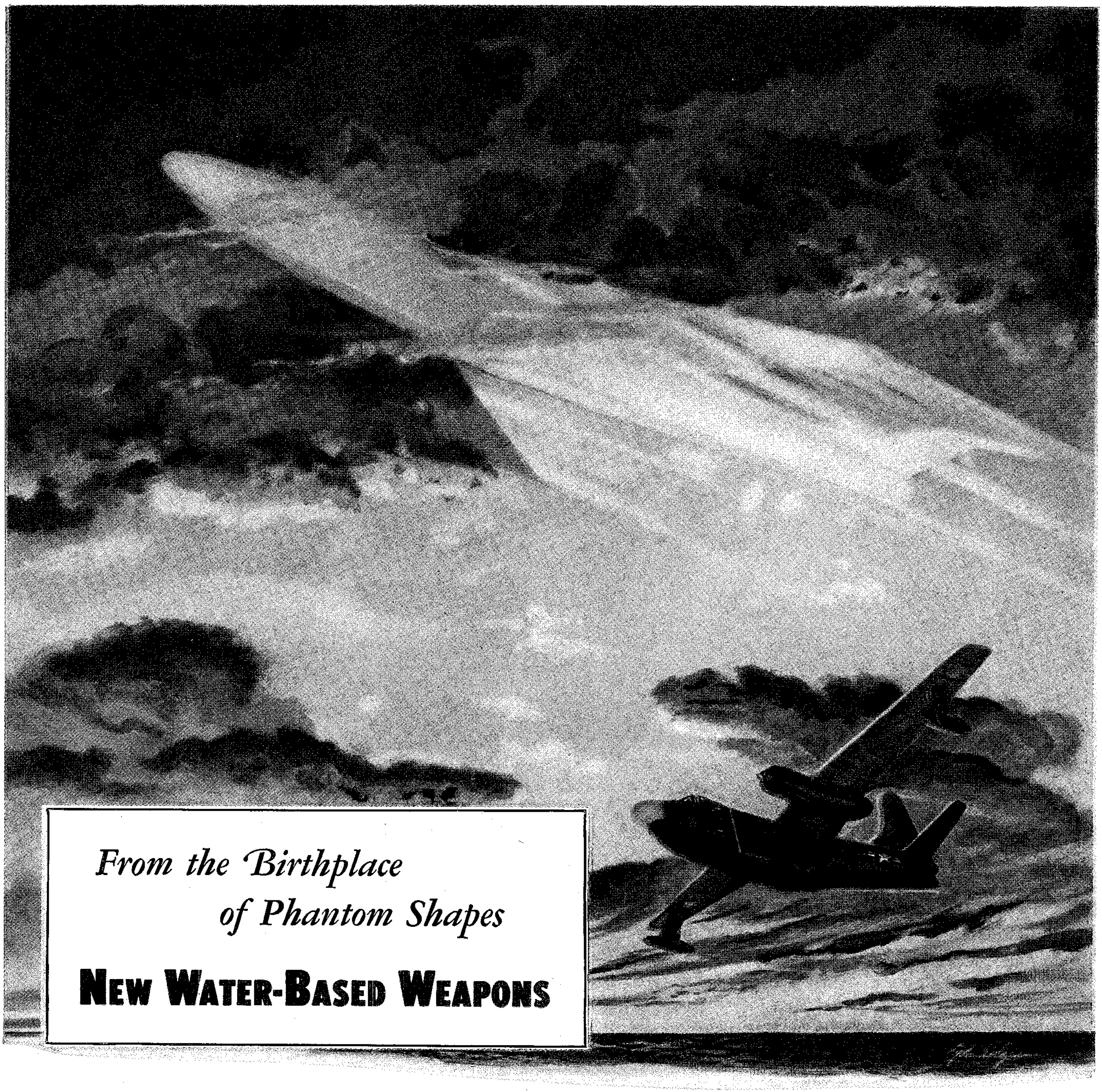
CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 62 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

THE NEW DRESS SHIRT IN
SEMI-SOFT BIRDS-EYE

Rogers Peet's new wide Center-Pleated Birds-Eye Pique Shirt—with 2¼" pleat, as worn by the international group on the Continent. Semi-soft Bosom, semi-spread Collar, French Cuffs. Buttons removable to insert studs. Coat style. Sizes 14—18. Sleeves 32—36. $7.50.

Mail Orders Invited

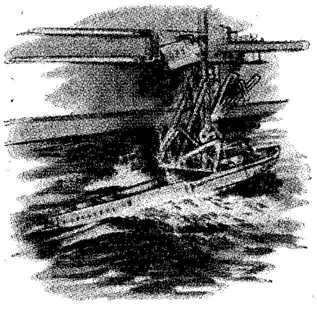
Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON
Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.



From the Birthplace of Phantom Shapes

NEW WATER-BASED WEAPONS

Seaplane research is bringing new phantoms to life in Stevens Tech's towing tanks, testing ground for the U. S. Navy Marlin's advanced hull design.



Delicately instrumented models prove today's dreams for tomorrow's air-sea power at the Experimental Towing Tank, Stevens Institute of Technology.

AN instrument-covered seaplane model knifes through the waters of a Stevens Tech towing tank. A Naval Bureau of Aeronautics researcher pores over plans for a jet-powered, swept-wing flying boat. A Martin engineer makes dreams take wings on his drawing board. And, step by step, planes that combine water-based mobility with land-based speed come closer to reality!

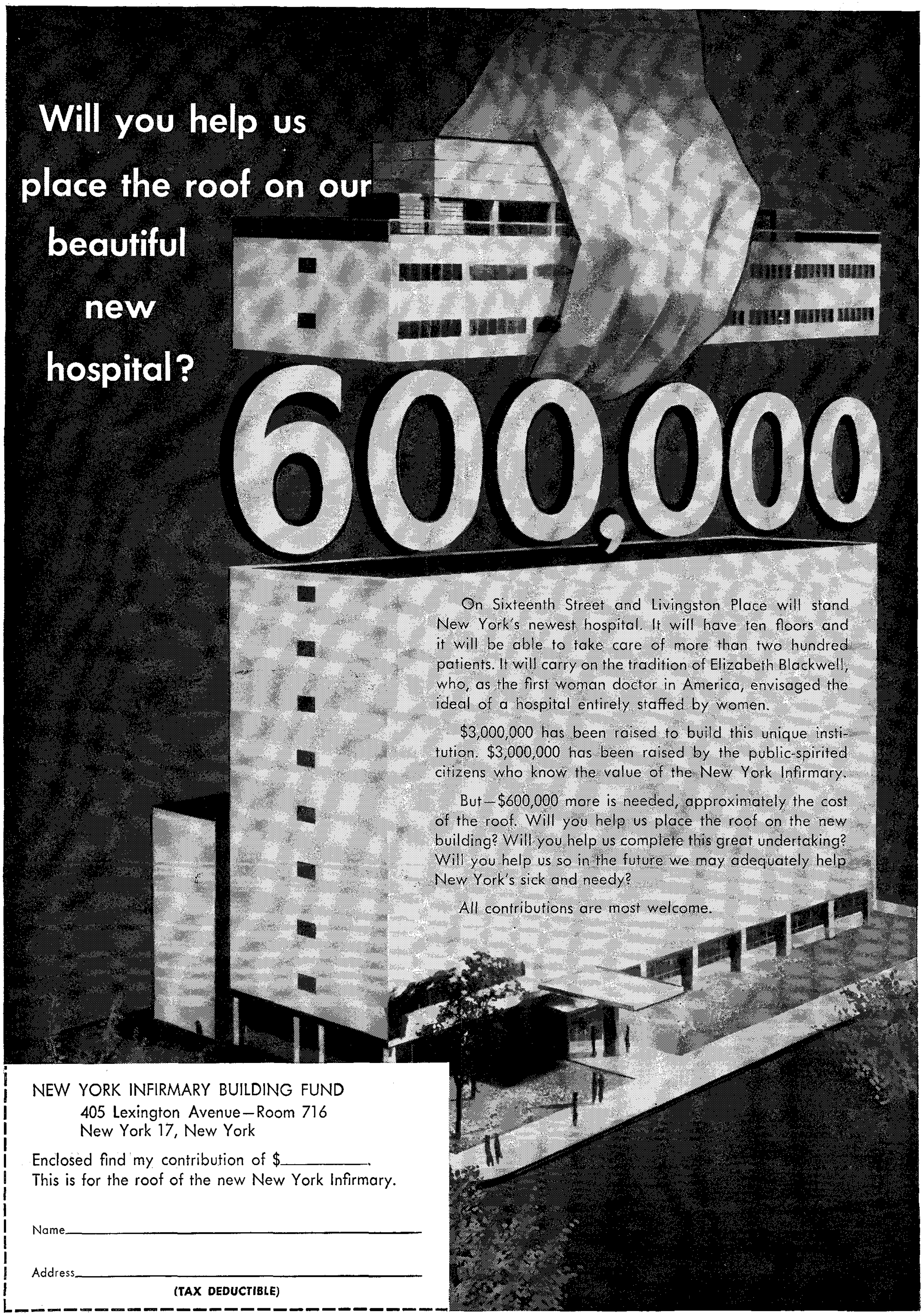
Latest product of seaplane research teamwork, today's advanced Martin P5M-1 Marlins add new sinews to our Navy's anti-submarine forces. Their performance is in the tradition of the history-making Martin seaplane flight to Catalina in 1912, the famous Martin China Clipper, the dramatic rescues of Mariner patrol planes and the record-load-carrying Mars flying boats of World War II.

Today's seaplane research promises to make their jet-powered successors tomorrow even more potent weapons in America's arsenal! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, Baltimore 3, Maryland.

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

DEVELOPERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF: Navy P5M-1 Marlin seaplanes • Air Force B-57A Canberra night intruder bombers • Air Force B-61 Matador pilotless bombers • Navy P4M-1 Mercator patrol planes • Navy KDM-1 Plover target drones • Navy Viking high-altitude research rockets • Air Force XB-51 developmental tactical bomber • Martin airliners • Guided missiles • Electronic fire control & radar systems • **LEADERS IN** Building Air Power to Guard the Peace, Air Transport to Serve It.


Will you help us place the roof on our beautiful new hospital?
600,000

On Sixteenth Street and Livingston Place will stand New York's newest hospital. It will have ten floors and it will be able to take care of more than two hundred patients. It will carry on the tradition of Elizabeth Blackwell, who, as the first woman doctor in America, envisaged the ideal of a hospital entirely staffed by women.

$3,000,000 has been raised to build this unique institution. $3,000,000 has been raised by the public-spirited citizens who know the value of the New York Infirmary.

But—$600,000 more is needed, approximately the cost of the roof. Will you help us place the roof on the new building? Will you help us complete this great undertaking? Will you help us so in the future we may adequately help New York's sick and needy?

All contributions are most welcome.

NEW YORK INFIRMARY BUILDING FUND
405 Lexington Avenue—Room 716
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find my contribution of $__________.
This is for the roof of the new New York Infirmary.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

(TAX DEDUCTIBLE)

THE RACE TRACK

Out on a Limb

IF I may venture a prediction—my first of the year—Counterpoint will win the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita a week from Saturday. I suppose you shouldn't be too enthusiastic over any horse, for sometimes horses can make you look pretty silly, but Counterpoint's performance in the San Fernando Stakes in California last weekend was something extra. From all accounts, he ran much the same sort of race he ran last November in the Empire City Handicap, which I still get a kick out of remembering. He started off slowly, although he had only a mile and a sixteenth to go (he's much better at longer distances—a mile and a quarter, say), and a furlong from home it looked as if he'd probably be second, but he finished with a great rush and beat Phil D. by inches. It must have been a good show.

I've always had the notion that Hill Prince was an excellent mudder. However, I could be wrong. Or perhaps his stable didn't want to give him a hard race his first time out in months. (You usually don't if your horse has ever had serious leg trouble.) Whatever the reason, Hill Prince didn't start in the San Carlos Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend. His stable mate Bryan G., who was a useful substitute hereabouts last autumn, took his place. It may have been all for the best, for Bryan G. was beaten easily by To Market, just about the largest and fastest sprinter in training. To give you an idea of his speed, on one of the few afternoons this season that Santa Anita has had clear weather and a fast track (racing had to be called off two days last week because of rain), To Market did six furlongs in 1:09, equalling the course record. One of these days, when the sun comes out again, I fancy he'll step even faster than that.

THEY say the Florida tracks never had it so good. Checking up on Tropical Park, a roving outside man reports that the meeting just ended there was the track's most successful one; nearly thirty million dollars was bet in the tote, a gain of roughly twenty-nine per cent over last year. Now Hialeah is booming along merrily with one million-dollar day after another. Its patrons, however, may be just a little dizzy. Only eight of the first twenty-seven races were won by favorites, and Hialeah racegoers are great favorite-players. I daresay their biggest disappointment was Woodchuck, the Palatine Stable's four-year-old who started at odds-on in the Inaugural Handicap and could do no better than finish third to Spartan Valor and Jumbo. For weeks, I've been hearing the most fantastic stories about Woodchuck. Not since Your Host was running in California has a racer had such a buildup. It's true that he won his first three starts—they were all at Tropical—in fast time, but you'd hardly call him another Coaltown for doing that. His trainer said the reason Woodchuck had never raced till he came to Miami was that he was so speedy he couldn't be caught for saddling. On the other hand, there's the tale that he was used as a riding horse last summer. Then, there's the one that an offer of a hundred thousand dollars was made for him—and refused. If so, somebody's lucky, for nothing happened to Woodchuck in the Inaugural—he just couldn't catch the leaders.

NO doubt you noticed that Bold, who won the Preakness last May, came in last in the Inaugural. Maybe he's one of those one-race horses. The Brookmeade Stable, which owns him, had better fortune in last week's Royal Palm Handicap with Greek Ship, who won by half a length. . . . An old Hialeah system (if you can call it a system) for playing the races for two-year-olds, in which there are a lot of runners and nobody knows very much about them, is to bet on the field. Well, the first day at Hialeah, the field not only won but ran one-two. It also came through beautifully on the second day, field horses finishing one-two again, if you please. Take my advice, however, and forget this system. Now it probably won't click for a fortnight, or maybe even for the rest of the meeting.

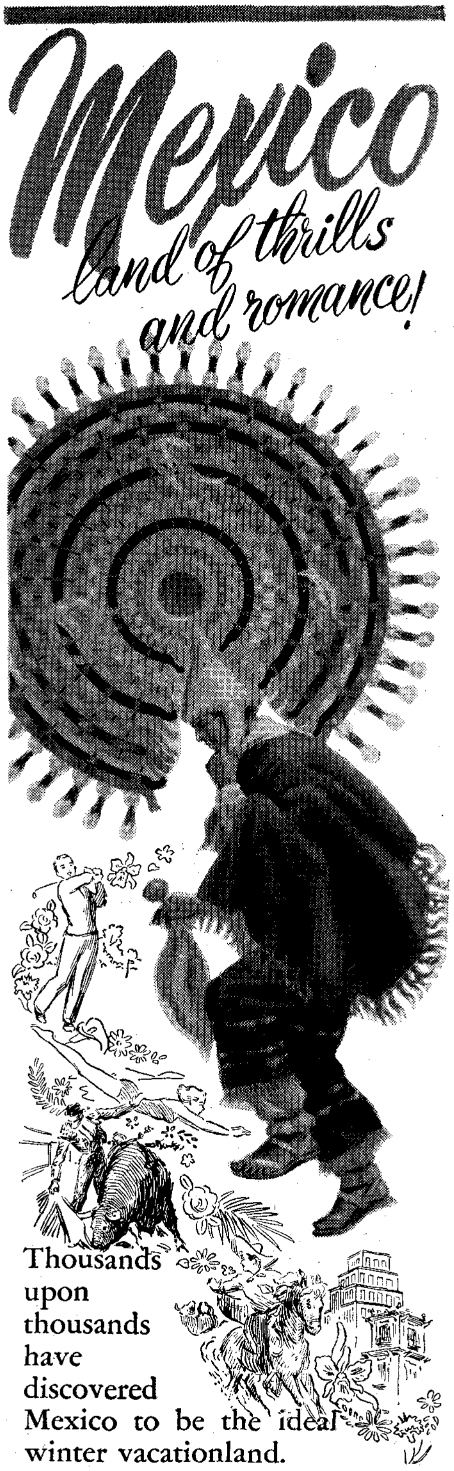
—AUDAX MINOR

•

KEENEST HEARING OF THE WEEK

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

Every legislator who heard Mr. Truman was listening for an answer to the question: "Is he a candidate?" And many thought they heard a distinct, though inaudible, "No."



Thousands upon thousands have discovered Mexico to be the ideal winter vacationland.

Warm, springlike weather permits you to travel in utmost comfort to unbelievable picturesque resorts, go to bullfights and colorful fiestas, dance under starlit skies or just relax to your heart's content.

And travel is so inexpensive while in Mexico!

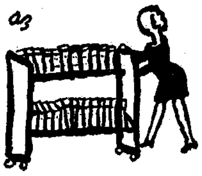
Your Travel Agent will tell you!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Mexico D.F. Av. Juárez 89
New York 8 West 51st. Street
Chicago 333 North Michigan Ave.
Los Angeles 511 West Sixth St.
San Antonio 518 W. Houston

BOOKS

What Happened to the Nineteenth Century?

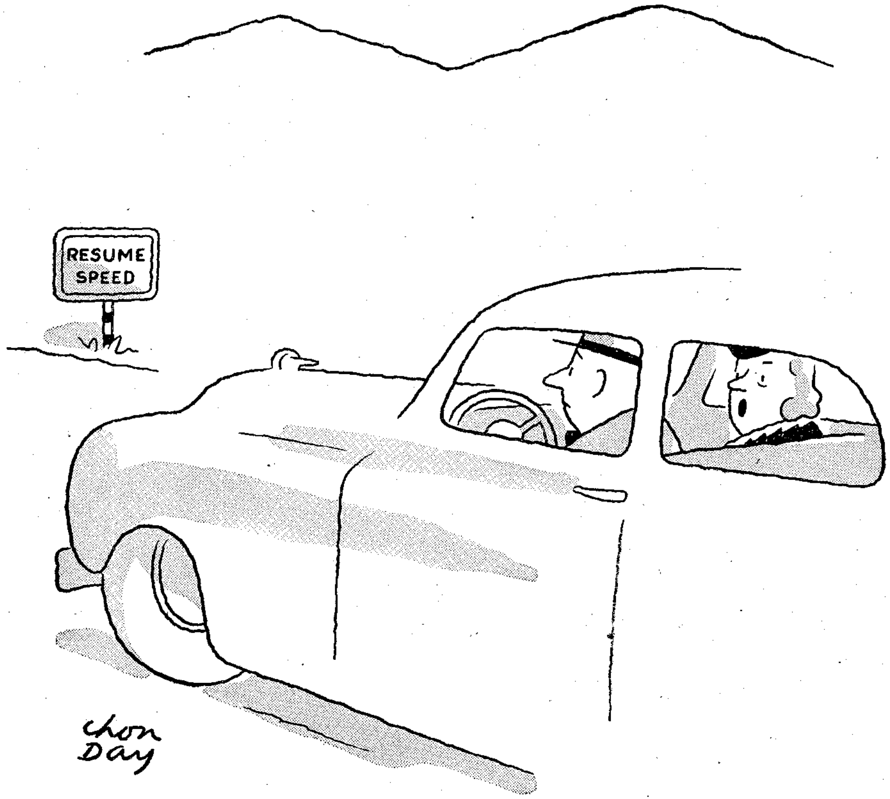


IN "The Confident Years: 1885-1915" (Dutton), the fifth and concluding volume in the series he launched sixteen years ago with "The Flowering of New England," Van Wyck Brooks turns to a climate of feeling that he helped to create, to a modern tradition he as much as anyone formed. Brooks was born in 1886, and his first important work, "America's Coming-of-Age," which the first truly creative generation in this country after Emerson and Thoreau recognized as a recognition of its deepest hopes, was published in 1915. He knew intimately a great many of the exhilarating young people described in this book, and the pure, unforgettable zeal of his good friend Randolph Bourne broods over those last chapters in which Brooks laments the death of "the vital social vision" that by 1919 had "all but vanished from the literary mind." Page after page of "The Confident Years" deals with writers Brooks was among the first to support and whom he defended against a savage enemy of the new literature like Paul Elmer More, or a distinguished old fogy like William Crary Brownell, who in 1915 turned down "America's Coming-of-Age" as "premature."

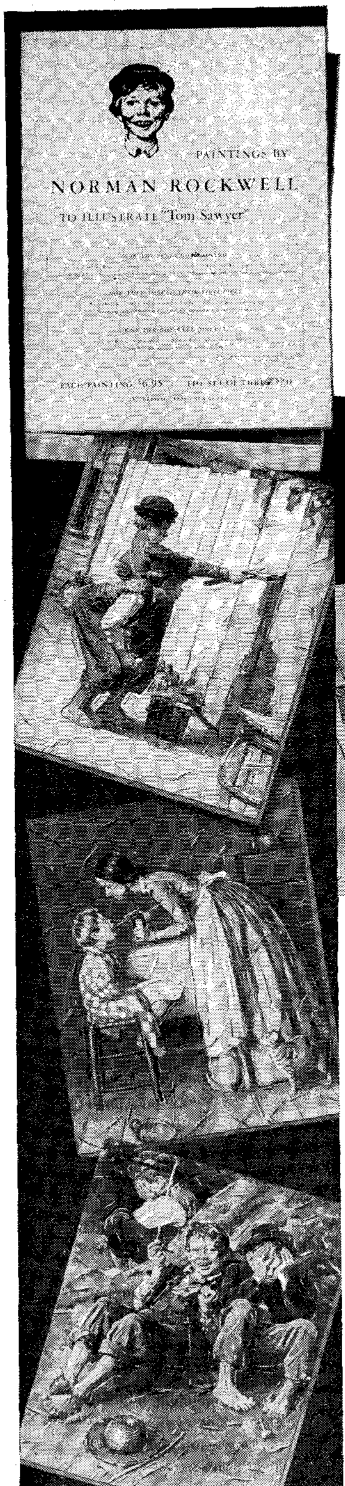
As one would expect of a writer who was in the midst of that "famous little renaissance" before the First World War, Brooks is nostalgic for the days when Wells and Shaw were the great educators of the modern intelligentsia; when young Willa Cather was the managing editor of the muckraking *McClure's* and even Walter Lippmann was a Socialist firebrand; when Edith Wharton, watching Isadora Duncan, "suddenly beheld the dance I had dreamed of," and Mabel Dodge, not yet Luhan, returned from Florence to "dynamite" New York. Brooks has many right and often witty things to say about writers so different as Paul Elmer More, whose "range of dead authors was singularly wide," and Upton Sinclair, "one of those hypercompassionate men who cannot sleep at night when they think of ten-year-old children working in mills;" about the fashionable anarchists of that innocent day, who "opposed the state on principle at a moment when the state was becoming a powerful instrument of the exploited masses," and Thorstein Veblen, who, "with his 'mail-order' clothes and his watch fastened on with a casual pin, was the modern American image of the ancient cynic. His tub was a shack in the woods and sometimes a cellar." Nobody has summed up Mencken better than Brooks does here, and no one has in recent years made Sinclair Lewis sound so vital—the Sinclair Lewis who was so much like Mark Twain in his "savage indignation against injustice and cruelty," and who, if he had "less genius . . . certainly had more courage."

Yet Brooks has left out of "The Confident Years" those passions of the period he once so excitingly urged on his generation—the open battle with what was most brutal and challenging in American industrial life, the refusal to be taken in by mere "literature," no matter how elegant or worthy. What is missing, above all, is what still makes Brooks' best book, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" (1920), so rousing today—a respect for greatness, for the inimitable and first-rate, the real thing that keeps a literature alive. What, after all, is Agnes Repplier doing in this book, or E. S. Nadal, a "literary amateur . . . who spoke for the old rural South and its leisurely life of the out-of-doors"? Why is Ernest Thompson Seton here, and Thomas Nelson Page? Of what possible interest is it, in a discussion of the nineteen-twenties' expatriates, to learn that John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home" in Paris? Why write about Josiah Flynt, the literary tramp, in a chapter on the old East Side that does not do justice to Stephen Crane's "Maggie"? Why should Brooks be so preoccupied with literary curiosities and with locating writers—sometimes, it would seem, *any* writers—in each region of the United States that he just barely manages, in a book that discusses Theodore Roosevelt's histories of the West and has room for a whole chapter on O. Henry, to squeeze in Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson?

Brooks now calls his five-volume work, after a phrase from Whitman, "Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America." The subtitle makes clear that the history is not a book about *literature*, not an examination of American thought, not even a history of American life as seen through its writers. Yet how curious that any "history of the writer in America" should be weakest on our best writers, and that the great and the indifferent should be put on the same plane simply because they all wrote in America. What now in-



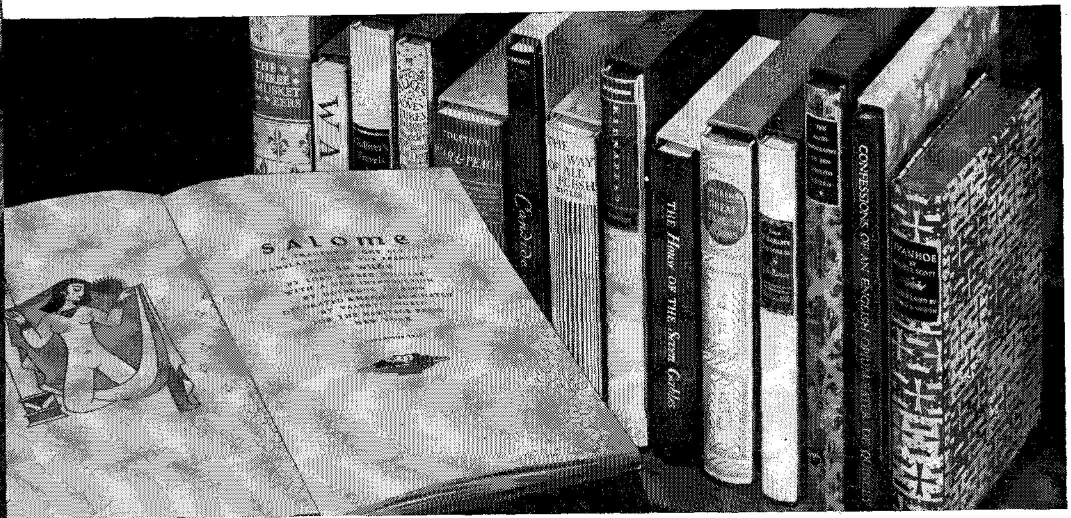
"*Disregard it.*"



THIS $20 box of Norman Rockwell's paintings is YOURS

FREE! Frei! Gracieusement! GRATIS!

if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *now*



BECAUSE we are offering you a $20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time,* we'll tell you about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils, you won't want these facsimiles. For they are facsimiles. Yet we will wager that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such. They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on board-canvasses such as painters use; and their surfaces are *moulded* into the brush-strokes.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of The Four Freedoms. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Tom Sawyer;* for they were made for the now-famous Heritage edition.

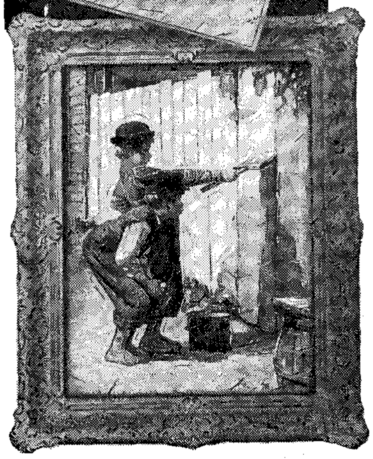
We have now created three facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long! Each will be sold in the shops for $6.95; the set of three for $20.

YOU WILL obtain a copy of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* illuminated by Valenti Angelo; *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg and Vasily Verestchagin; *Great Expectations* by Dickens; *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* in one colorful volume; *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon;* and *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list.

For the members of The Heritage Club obtain those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Yet each book costs only $3.65! or *only $3.28* if paid in advance!

You are invited to send for our new Prospectus. A Trial Membership will then be reserved for you—and a set of the Rockwell facsimiles. Never in book publishing has a greater bargain been offered. The coupon below enables you to put this statement to the test:



BUT we will give you a complete set, free, FREI, *gracieusement,* GRATIS—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time. Why?

Well, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—so that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained about a thousand extra copies. So we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to *try* the Club with these six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure: by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.

RESERVATION COUPON

TO
THE
HERITAGE
CLUB

595 Madison
Avenue,
New York 22

Please send me a copy of the Prospectus describing the limited number of Trial Memberships available at this time. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership for me, and that I am entitled to a portfolio of the Norman Rockwell paintings, without cost, when I send my application.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE 2N-616

He Did KNOW

WALDEN Can Help

THE CASE OF THE ANXIOUS AUTHOR
(Based on an actual happening)

Anxious Author is offered Sizeable Sum for reprint rights to three of his stories previously published and now out of print. Author (now very anxious) can find no copies of stories, so . . . he asked the nearest Walden Book Department for help.

Network of Walden Book Departments finds copies of missing books. Author (no longer anxious) is grateful for *extra* cooperation you find in any Walden Book Department.

The case of the anxious author is rare, but there are dozens of cases of harried homemakers looking for a few fleeting moments of relaxation between the duties of child raising . . . blushing brides who need a quick course in reproducing the dishes mother-in-law makes . . . bored bachelors looking for a pleasant way to wile away a winter evening.

No matter what your problem, you'll get a grand reception (and probably find your answer) in the Walden Book Department of these and other Leading Department Stores:

Altoona, Pa.	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.	R. H. White's
Bridgeport, Conn.	D. M. Read Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adam and Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	The Killian Company
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Lovemans, Inc.
Davenport, Iowa	Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Detroit, Mich.	The Ernst Kern Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer
Geneva, N. Y.	J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	The Wurzburg Company
Manchester, N. H.	Leavitt's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's
Oak Ridge, Tenn.	Lovemans, Inc.
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Brothers
Pontiac, Mich.	Waite's, Inc.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Luckey, Platt & Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle & Koch
Waterloo, Iowa	Black's
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stone and Thomas
Wilkes Barre, Pa.	Pomeroy's, Inc.
York, Pa.	Charles H. Bear & Co.

"Happy Is The Home With Books"

WALDEN BOOK CO.
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

terests Brooks even more than the lives of writers is their literary *careers*, and almost never their books as such. Each writer is shown in his own little world, portrayed for a moment against the particular American landscape that Brooks has re-created, sometimes with rare impressionistic beauty, out of the author's own words. As a literary work, "Makers and Finders" is the most loving, and probably the most learned, effort by a single writer to assimilate in his imagination the entire literary tradition of the United States. But one never gets from his work a positive idea of what the country was like at any time, what these writers suffered as men or fought for as artists. The atmosphere of Brooks' work is wholly literary; it has been re-created out of thousands upon thousands of books with such amazing equanimity of tone that one sees, finally, that what he takes for the lives of writers in America is usually the literary surface of their works, and that he supposes all this cozily bookish world is America itself.

Brooks' American heroes are exclusively writers and scholars; no other type in this country ever really engages him. It is not surprising that he has been able to go over the whole course of American writing—and this several times—with undiminished enthusiasm and curiosity, for the real passion in "Makers and Finders" is to show how rich this country has been in hidden talents. Melville and Whitman, Poe and Henry James and Emily Dickinson, all tend in this history to sound no more remarkable than other Americans. But how Brooks glows at the chance to tell his readers about Henry Charles Lea, the Philadelphian who wrote the standard history of the Inquisition, or the fabulous linguist Jeremiah Curtin, who "spoke fluently upwards of forty languages and read twenty-five or thirty more" and "who had grown up in a log cabin on a Wisconsin farm." For the entire work is based on a national and messianic literary idealism, a remarkable faith that writers and scholars and evangelical spirits in general have been the characteristic Americans, which leads Brooks to summon up with dismaying national righteousness what he is pleased to call *the* "American tradition" against many writers who, unlike himself, still feel themselves part of the continuing movement in twentieth-century literature.

In the last chapter of his history, "A Forward Glance," Brooks deplores the influence of Eliot and Pound after the First World War. He calls it "a tri-

THE JANUARY
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
SELECTION

Winds of Morning

by H. L. Davis

A story of the Northwest in the 1920s, by the author of the Pulitzer Prize novel, *Honey in the Horn.*

A. B. Guthrie, Jr.: "Robust, earthy, full of kick . . . great fun to read."

Bernard De Voto: "True originality . . . a continuous delight."

John Collier: "A vivid and a singular pleasure, a source of undiluted joy."

Orville Prescott: "Rich and fragrant with local atmosphere, thickly spiced with local color."

$3.50 at all bookstores

MORROW

Europe's Largest
Car Rental Operators—
Established 30 years

GODFREY DAVIS

- Self-drive—Chauffeur-driven
- Anywhere—Anytime
- Car will meet you on arrival
- Travel documents, insurance, etc., arranged and tours planned.
- New Rolls-Royce, Armstrong Siddeley and Morris-Oxford Cars.
- Cost about 1/3 similar U.S.A. services.

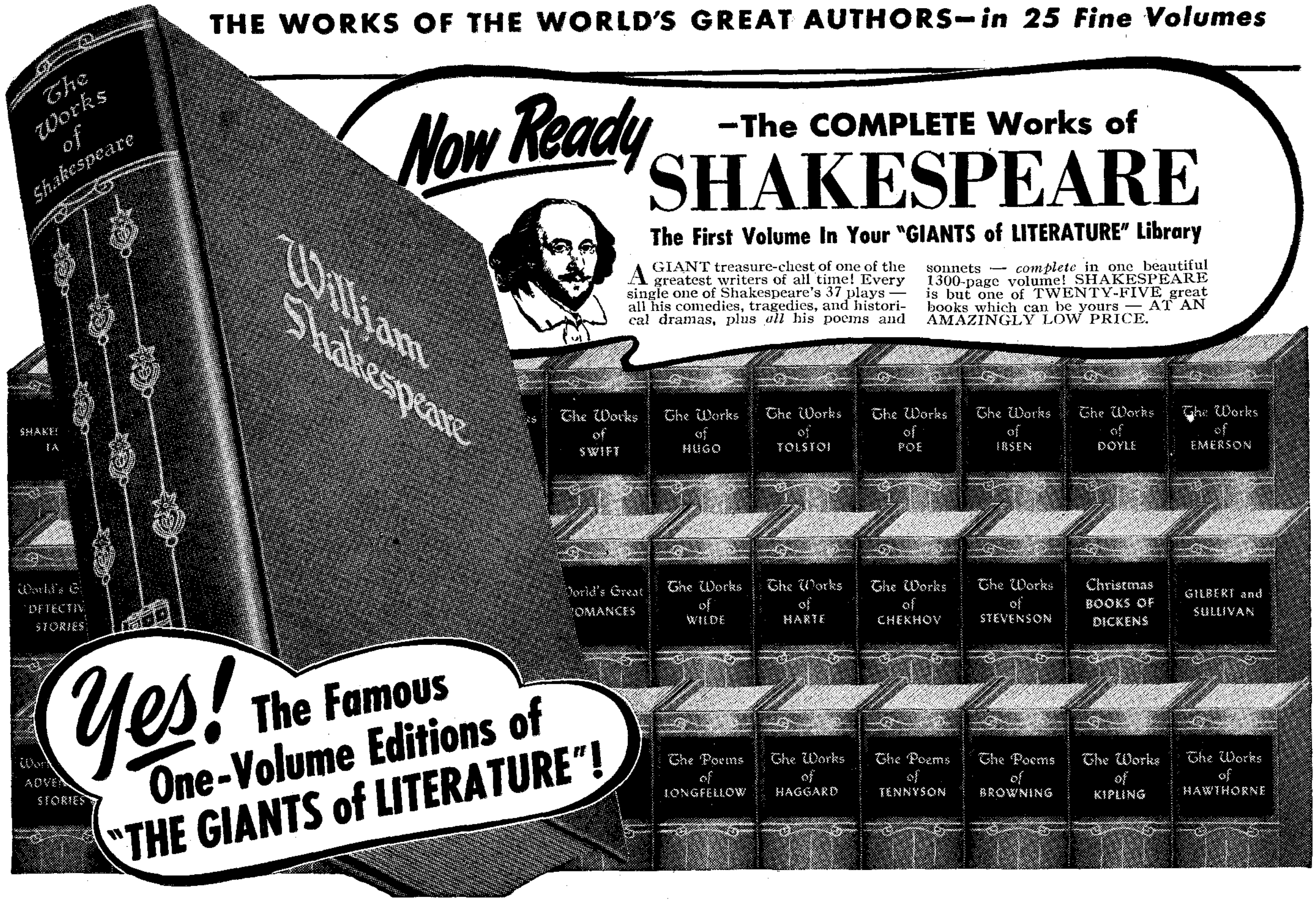
For full details write
W. A. LOGAN, Suite 1515,
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

GODFREY DAVIS LTD.
7 Eccleston Street, London, S.W.I. England
Cables: Quickmilez, London

FABULOUS, FANTASTIC, FRENZIED—
what it's like to visit or live in
NEW YORK TODAY
By AGNES ROTHERY • Illustrated $3.75 • PRENTICE-HALL

AMAZING OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE WORKS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AUTHORS—*in 25 Fine Volumes*


The Works of Shakespeare
William Shakespeare
The Works of SWIFT
The Works of HUGO
The Works of TOLSTOI
The Works of POE
The Works of IBSEN
The Works of DOYLE
The Works of EMERSON
World's Great ROMANCES
The Works of WILDE
The Works of HARTE
The Works of CHEKHOV
The Works of STEVENSON
Christmas BOOKS OF DICKENS
GILBERT and SULLIVAN
The Poems of LONGFELLOW
The Works of HAGGARD
The Poems of TENNYSON
The Poems of BROWNING
The Works of KIPLING
The Works of HAWTHORNE
World's G. DETECTIV STORIES
Wor ADVEN STORIES

Now Ready —The COMPLETE Works of

SHAKESPEARE

The First Volume In Your "GIANTS of LITERATURE" Library

A GIANT treasure-chest of one of the greatest writers of all time! Every single one of Shakespeare's 37 plays — all his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas, plus *all* his poems and sonnets — *complete* in one beautiful 1300-page volume! SHAKESPEARE is but one of TWENTY-FIVE great books which can be yours — AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE.

Yes! The Famous One-Volume Editions of "THE GIANTS of LITERATURE"!

The Opportunity of a Lifetime to Own Handsome, Luxuriously-Bound Books Which You Will Treasure and Your Friends Will Envy

HERE is your opportunity to own strikingly beautiful volumes of the greatest authors of all time—AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE!

Picture these magnificent books in your own home. Your family will enjoy reading them. Your friends will admire them and envy you for possessing them. Your children will gain an undeniable advantage by having them always at hand. Here are the most celebrated authors in all the world. Twenty-five superb volumes that bring into your home the most fascinating, thrilling reading ever known. The partial contents that follow give you only an inkling of the treasures they hold:

1. **SHAKESPEARE'S** complete works. (Described at the top of page.)
2. **HUGO.** 36 Complete Works, including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls, etc.
3. **TOLSTOI.** 27 novels, stories; Anna Karenina, Kreutzer Sonata, The Cossacks, Love, and many more.
4. **POE.** 91 tales, poems, essays. Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Pit and the Pendulum, etc.
5. **IBSEN.** A Doll's House, Ghosts, Hedda Gabler, Peer Gynt, and others.
6. **CONAN DOYLE.** All the best of Sherlock Holmes — The Sign of the Four, Red-Headed League, plus many others.
7. **EMERSON.** 112 Essays and Poems, plus Biographical Studies, Conduct of Life, etc.
8. **WILDE.** The Picture of Dorian Gray, Lady Windermere's Fan, The Ballad of Reading Gaol and many more. 91 tales, essays and plays in all.
9. **BROWNING.** The best known works of the beloved poet; "Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Cavalier Tunes," and others.
10. **STEVENSON.** 39 adventurous novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnapped, etc., etc., all complete.
11. **HAWTHORNE.** 2 complete novels and 37 tales by the Great American author — Scarlet Letter, House of Seven Gables, etc.
12. **KIPLING.** Complete novel, The Light That Failed, and other exciting stories. 74 great ballads, verses, including Gunga Din, Danny Deever, The Ballad of East and West, etc.

The other one-volume editions now in preparation are: 13. DICKENS; 14. RIDER HAGGARD; 15. JONATHAN SWIFT; 16. WORLD'S GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES; 17. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN; 18. LONGFELLOW; 19. LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE; 20. TENNYSON; 21. WORLD'S GREAT ADVENTURE STORIES; 22. WORLD'S GREAT ROMANCES; 23. BRET HARTE; 24. CELLINI; 25. CHEKHOV.

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

Send no money! Just mail the READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. This entitles you to examine the first volume in the "Giants of Literature" Library, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. A copy will be sent to you at once. With it will come a special reader's invoice for $1.89 as complete payment for this volume, plus a few cents mailing charges, and instructions on how to get your other volumes on this amazing offer.

SEND NO MONEY

There are no other charges, and you need send no money. Right now, without delay, send in your RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. No "Deposit" in advance. First come, first served. DO IT NOW, before you mislay this page! BLACK'S READERS SERVICE CO., Suite 1000, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

How is this amazing offer possible? First, because of the great demand for these volumes, a tremendous printing has been ordered—cutting costs to the bone. Also, by offering these superb volumes DIRECT to readers, many distribution costs have been saved. These savings are passed on to you!

MAIL RESERVATION FORM TODAY!
DON'T DELAY!
NO MONEY NEED BE SENT

READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

BLACK'S READERS SERVICE CO. **PG**
Suite 1000
1 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

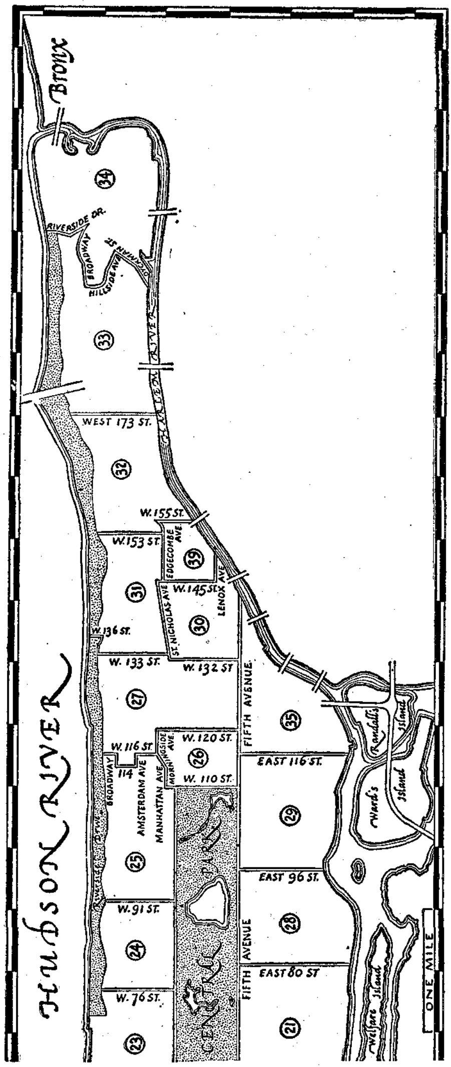
Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine. Send me at once the first book, The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; but within one week I will send you only $1.89, plus a few cents mailing charges — and I will be entitled to receive each following beautifully-bound volume as it comes from the press, at the same low price, sending no money in advance. (*Books shipped in U. S. A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address..

City..............................State..........

MAIL RESERVATION FORM NOW! DON'T PUT IT OFF AND LOSE OUT ON THIS OPPORTUNITY!


Bronx
Riverside Dr.
Broadway
Hillside Ave
Harlem River
West 173 St.
W. 155 St.
W. 153 St.
Edgecombe Ave
W. 145 St.
St. Nicholas Ave
Lenox Ave
W. 136 St.
W. 133 St.
W. 132 St.
Fifth Avenue
W. 116 St.
W. 120 St.
W. 110 St.
Amsterdam Ave
Manhattan Ave
Morningside Ave
East 116 St.
Randall's Island
Ward's Island
East 96 St.
East 80 St.
W. 91 St.
W. 76 St.
Central Park
Welfare Island
One Mile
Hudson River
34
33
32
31
39
30
27
26
35
29
25
28
24
23
21
114

Send for this Manhattan postal zone map, complete with directory. It will help you with your mail. Please help us to aid young people, veterans and the physically handicapped of all ages by sending a check to:

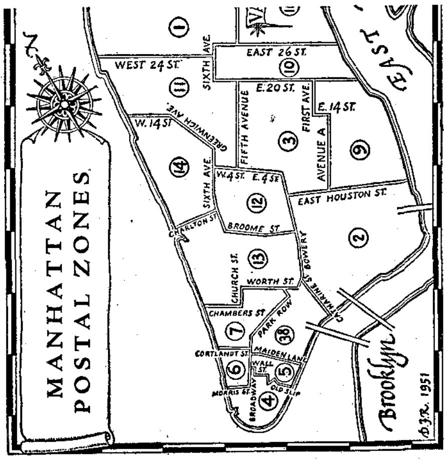
VOCATIONAL ADVISORY SERVICE

Counseling • Scholarships • Information

432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Mrs. Beardsley Ruml
President

Dr. Helen R. Smith • Leonard D. Adkins
Director Treasurer


Manhattan Postal Zones
West 24 St.
East 26 St.
E. 20 St.
E. 14 St.
W. 14 St.
Sixth Ave.
Fifth Avenue
First Ave.
Avenue A
7th Ave.
Greenwich St.
W. 4 St.
E. 4 St.
East Houston St.
Broome St.
Church St.
Worth St.
Chambers St.
Park Row
Bowery
Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St.
Wall St.
Old Slip
Morris St.
Broadway
East River
Brooklyn
1
10
11
3
14
9
12
2
13
7
38
6
4
5

umph of aesthetics over human sensitivity that was to set a new fashion for Anglo-Saxons," and reproaches many of today's writers for regarding man as "fallen" rather than "upright," which was the tradition of Jefferson—a tradition that has by no means ever been our whole "American tradition." It is easy enough for Brooks to select quotations that tell us what we know—that Eliot is a most unloving kind of Christian and Pound a good deal of a faker; that Hemingway finds a peculiar pleasure in watching bulls slaughtered; that our nineteenth-century belief in unlimited progress has yielded, among many literary people who parrot Eliot's every phrase, to a fashionable acceptance of original sin. But though Brooks is kind enough to Eugene O'Neill's amateurish prose to call it "relatively undistinguished," nowhere does he do justice to Eliot's poetry, and nowhere does he make it plain that from Crane to Hemingway the tough guys have usually been our most original novelists. How odd it is that the people Brooks most abhors—above all, so giant a figure as Proust, in whom he astonishingly sees "contempt for man"—are those who have most clearly proved man's undiminished creative possibilities.

"A Forward Glance"? Brooks might better have called his last chapter "What Happened to the Nineteenth Century?" What happened to the noble optimism of Wells and Shaw, which—as Brooks does not say—they both lost before they died? What happened to "the years of confidence," to "the vital social vision of the old circle of Randolph Bourne," to the good old days when even the young mavericks of 1915 "felt that society was . . . based upon moral values that were virtually unchanging"? What happened? Did our writers suddenly become depraved? Why did they inexplicably turn away from Jefferson, from the Anglo-Saxon "tradition"? Why are they so confoundedly without a clear moral purpose—deep in the wasteland and the mud and the bombed and burning cities of today?

—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TIME AND THE PLACE, by Robert Paul Smith (Simon & Schuster). The story of the career and marriage of Paul Marrane, a gregarious, affectionate, rather juvenile, but likable man who works for a New York publishing house. Mr. Marrane and his wife, Louise, enjoy a very happy

Nino

FEATURES
A Special After Theatre Supper
•
with
RUDY TIMFIELD
New York's Preferred Pianist
playing from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.
•
HARRY MEYEROWITZ
playing at luncheon and cocktail hour

N

Luncheon - Dinner
closed Sundays

N

TEN EAST FIFTY-SECOND
Reservations PL. 3-9014

THE FABULOUS FINGERS OF
irving fields
AND HIS TRIO

NO MINIMUM
NO COVER
NO TAX
•
Mermaid Room

PARK SHERATON HOTEL 202 WEST 56th ST.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT
finest STEAKS and DRINKS in the VILLAGE
Ricky
GREENWICH VILLAGE
115 WAVERLY PL. • GR 5-9745

DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST
BROADWAY at 82nd ST., N. Y.
QUEENS BLVD. at 75th RD., FOREST HILLS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

union, but as a gesture in defiance of his approaching thirty-ninth birthday, he engages in a love affair with a young girl named Mary. Mr. Smith's writing is fast, economical, and always to the point, but it is doubtful whether he has ever tried to really write a sentence when he could maneuver a piece of slang into doing the work for him.

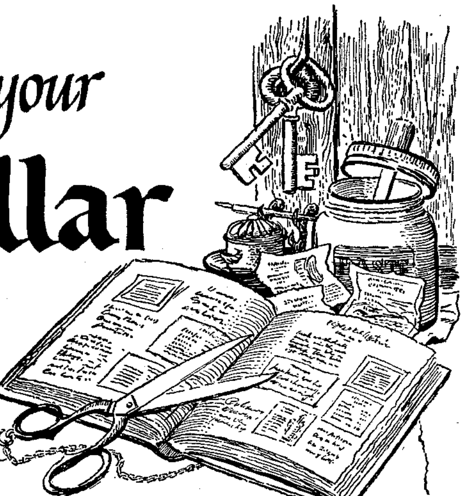
The People with the Dogs, by Christina Stead (Little, Brown). A loose, desultory story, told in deceptively brisk little sentences, about an old New York family, the Massines, and in particular about the youngest member of the family, Edward, who is thirty-three. There is hardly any plot. For the most part, Miss Stead is content simply to let her characters talk at or about each other, but their conversation is half bored and half tired, and not even the variety of their accomplishments and means of livelihood can make up for their lack of vitality and wit.

Two Sofas in the Parlor, by David Cornel DeJong (Doubleday). A book about a Dutch family and its first encounter with America. The name of the family is Kegel, and they settle in Grand Rapids in the year 1913. Besides the mother and father, there are several children, ranging in age from a few months to fifteen, and they all have their separate experiences according to their ages and dispositions. Mr. DeJong tells their story in a breezy tone, allotting sympathy to all and relying on whimsey for his humor.

GENERAL

The Accused, by Alexander Weissberg (Simon & Schuster). A personal testament by a former Communist who was imprisoned in Soviet Russia during the great purge of 1937-39. The author, an Austrian experimental physicist, is well known in international scientific circles; Albert Einstein and the Joliot-Curies wrote protests to Stalin when they heard of his arrest. Mr. Weissberg went to Russia in 1931, by invitation, to help build up the Soviet nitrogen industry, and was arrested six years later on a charge of conspiring to assassinate Premier Stalin and Commissar of Defense Voroshilov. He was urged to confess and purge himself of guilt, and was told that if he did, he would be allowed, after a nominal jail term, to resume his place in Communist society. (Of course, if the secret police had had the slightest suspicion of any

Notes for your Wine Cellar Book



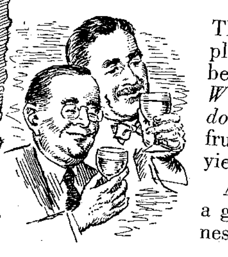
Looking at Labels

The gourmet likens the label on a wine bottle to a book—a guide book that can lead the way to some of the world's most interesting taste-tours. For written there, under the signature of the author-vintner, are the history, the character and the pleasure promises of the wine within.

The wine lover finds special assurance in the knowledge that the writing of California's wine labels is guided by State codes of law — as well as the vintners' own integrity. Thus, when a *varietal* grape name (like Traminer or Pinot Noir) appears on a California label, its pride is true. The wine *is* of such a grape — and with the grape's characteristic flavor, body and bouquet.

You can as well be sure of the locale — that the wine truly comes from the California wine district designated. And that the vintage date is of honest unblended age.

Some Unusual California White Wines



Those who are discerning about wine are finding particular pleasure in the numerous *varietal* wines of California — wines bearing the name of their grape parent. Among these are the *White Pinots* of California — the *Pinot Blanc* and *Pinot Chardonnay*. These great grapes take to vineyards where soil is frugal, summers are long and nights are cool. In return, they yield wines of smoothness, finesse and bouquet.

Another outstanding white varietal wine is the *Traminer* — a green-gold Riesling-type wine distinguished by an extra spiciness and a gay, fruity flavor to delight the connoisseur.

Some Interesting California Red Wines

Considerable acclaim is now being given to California's unique *Zinfandel* and charming *Rosé* wines.

The *Zinfandel* is exclusively a California grape. Grown in the cooler, Northern regions, it provides a wine of vivacious, fruity flavor and youthful zest. When cultivated in the warmer valleys, *Zinfandel* is fuller in body, an interesting companion to heavier main-course dishes.

California *Rosé* wines are typically mild in body and pink in color, with characteristic lively, fruity taste. Made from *Grenache*, *Grignolino* or *Gamay* grapes (and often bearing those grape names), the *Rosés* of California are gay as a summer party—versatile wines that, served chilled, will add to the taste pleasure of most any food.

We winegrowers of California invite you to try these and other of our table wines. When you do, we feel sure you will share our pride and agree that many are unmatched throughout the wine world. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

LIBERTY
IN GOD WE TRUST
1950

A DIME

IS A DIME

IS A DIME

But even today's shrunken dimes hold tremendous power. For the more dimes you give to the 1952 March of Dimes, the more health and hope can be given to America's polio victims. They need your help today. For there has been more polio in the last four years than in the previous ten years *combined*. The March of Dimes has ended each of these four years in debt. A growing army of patients from past years still needs help. And tomorrow's victims will need help. At the same time, March of Dimes research—the most extensive voluntary program ever levelled at a disease—must continue. Your dimes can do all this!

JOIN the MARCH of DIMES

real murderous intent, they would have shot him out of hand.) Mr. Weissberg turned down the offer and spent the next three years in Soviet prisons. His story of that period, and of how he baited and outfoxed his jailers and survived their brutal "interrogations," is one of the most moving and dramatic contributions anyone has made to the unhappy literature of the Communist terror. He is able to write it now because he was expelled from Russia during the days of the Nazi-Soviet pact, when the Russians, as an earnest of good faith, turned a group of Austrian and German Communists over to the Gestapo. Since Mr. Weissberg is a Jew, the Soviets must have had few misgivings about letting him go, despite the damaging knowledge in his possession. Somehow, though, he escaped in Poland and lived out most of the war years in the Warsaw underground.

THE LOST CHILDHOOD AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Graham Greene (Viking). This is one of those volumes of reviews and other short contributions to British weeklies that practically all British writers seem to publish from time to time. But Graham Greene's collection turns out to be one of the most interesting. With his Catholic point of view goes a sharp concern for moral values, which distinguishes his studies of other writers from the mere neat appreciations of the Virginia Woolf school. He is particularly good on Henry James, to whom the first five of these pieces are devoted, and on the repellent Frederick Rolfe (Corvo). A failure to share Mr. Greene's belief in the possibility of possession by evil spirits does not really invalidate his ideas on these writers, for there was undoubtedly at the back of the minds of the writers themselves a residuum of this belief. Though all these essays have the limitations of articles that cannot be allowed to run to more than ten pages, they do not give, as many such pieces do, the impression that the critic has dropped the subject before he has even got into it. In such brief essays as those on Saki and Walter De la Mare, you feel that Mr. Greene has succeeded in beating the space limit by seizing at once on the essential points.

FORCE MULBERRY, by Commander Alfred Stanford (Morrow). An authoritative account of the planning and execution of one of the most audacious operations of World War II—the installation, under fire, of the artificial harbor off the Normandy beaches. The harbor (no one remembers how it got its code name of Mulberry) was conceived as a "technical surprise," for no strategic or tactical surprise was possible in that theatre. The description of the high-brass difficulties that had to be overcome in the planning stage is almost as impressive as the story of the actual operation. (It may be news to some that the success of Mulberry is debatable; it is still a lively topic among naval officers.) The book is sometimes hard for the civilian; much of it is, of necessity, told in unfamiliar language, studded with nomenclatural monsters like "ComLanCrabEu" and "ANCXF," and Commander Stanford's habit of backing into his sentences doesn't help any. It is a good yarn, just the same, if you stick with it. Photographs.

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE, by Erich Fromm (Rinehart). The author, an eclectic psychoanalyst, has a theory that dreams and myths are messages to ourselves from ourselves, composed in what he calls "the forgotten language" of symbols—a language that must have preceded speech and that, unlike speech, has a more or less universal grammar. He also holds that our minds are frequently at their clearest and noblest in sleep. These are appealing concepts, at least to the layman, and the opening stages of Dr. Fromm's argument promise so much that one is all the more disappointed when it ravels off into demonstrations of the art of dream interpretation and of the use of symbols in literature.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Our own Bob Considine has sold the film rights to "The Great A-Bomb Robbery," the series of stories he did for the Hearst newspapers. Bob sold his brainchild to Papa Yates, who personally negotiated the deal for Republic.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American, January 2nd.*

Republic refused, as the basis for a modern espionage melodrama about atomic secrets, the newspaper series written by Bob Considine under the title of "The Great A-Bomb Robber."—*Thomas M. Pryor in the Times, January 3rd.*

•

Two story modern building in thriving town. Ideally suited for doctor with slight alteration. . . . F. White, Luzerne, N. Y.
—*Adv. in the Medical Factotum.*

Now, take those trousers!

Scotland's
Prince of Whiskies
Scotch Whisky
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
THIS WHISKY IS 12 YEARS OLD
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF PROVISIONS AND SCOTCH WHISKY TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI. AND TO THE ROYAL FAMILY SINCE 1843
CHIVAS REGAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
DISTILLERS ABERDEEN SCOTLAND

CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD — By Appointment
Purveyors of Scotch Whisky
to His Majesty King George VI

A flavor
age alone can confer

CHIVAS REGAL

12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Available
in limited quantity

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORP. • N. Y., N. Y.

**Interesting Book, "Story of Scotch Whisky", free for the asking. Write to Dept. M-33, Box 1749, N.Y. 17, N.Y.*

The Square Bottle Tells You!

Mount Vernon
Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
100 Proof
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
Distilled By
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

• IT'S MOUNT VERNON • IT'S BOTTLED IN BOND • IT'S THE SQUARE WHISKEY

Here it is—a favorite of yesterday and today. Yes, when you see that familiar square bottle, you can be sure the straight rye whiskey it contains is bottled in bond. Treat yourself and your guests to the smoothness and flavor of moderately priced Mount Vernon soon.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT ★
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

100 PROOF

THE
SQUARE
WHISKEY

IN THE
SQUARE
BOTTLE

MOUNT VERNON Brand Straight Rye Whiskey • The Mount Vernon Distillery Company, Baltimore, Md.